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TWO VIEWS OF EDUCATION

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WITH OTHER PAPERS CHIEFLY ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE

BY

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47681

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PREFACE

IN gathering these papers into a volume, I have been moved by three considerations. First, a number of friends and pupils, including certain teachers of English, would have it so. Secondly, there has been a demand for some of the articles from persons unknown to me, and some of them have been handled as pamphlets by book-shops in a fashion not altogether satisfactory to the dealers or customers, or to the author. Thirdly, I have found nearly all the contents of the present volume useful in my teaching at Cornell University, as well as in summer courses given at the University of Illinois, Stanford University, and the University of California. Meanwhile the supply of offprints and pamphlets has been virtually exhausted, so that I must either reprint most of the papers, or relinquish the hope of giving again certain courses for teachers in what seems to me the most effective way. Perhaps it will not be amiss to add that I have faith in the eclectic body of doctrine here offered to a wider public. The volume naturally represents my own experience as a student and teacher in a special province; yet so much of it is assimilated from writers and thinkers, teachers and scholars, of all ages, that it may fairly be said to represent a broader range

of experience than could fall to the lot of any individual; and hence I entertain the hope that the collection may be serviceable to others who are interested in the teaching of language and literature.

It will be found that these pages contain many, and some long, illustrative quotations, and frequent citations of opinion on questions that in recent years have been the subject of controversy. One entire paper, The Function of the Leader in Scholarship, is, of set purpose, largely made up of quotations. There and elsewhere, it has been my fortune to side with the few rather than the multitude, in respect to the solution of problems concerning which nearly every one has fairly definite opinions. In fact, I have more than once, after reading a paper at an educational gathering, experienced an attack upon what were called *my* 'ideas,' when I had taken pains to let Milton, or Wordsworth, or Plato, or a number of such men of weight, say for me what seemed to be unquestionable truth. A great deal of the truth concerning education is unpalatable to any crowd, and I am aware of no field where the truth is less palatable to the generality than in the teaching of literature. I must therefore beg the indulgence of the reader for a method of presentation by which I am enabled to set forth, not my ideas—as if ideas ever could be the property of an individual—but permanent human ideas, expressed with the skill and force of men whose utterances are likely to win assent, or at least to receive attention.

The papers here included have been subjected to a revision designed to eliminate chance errors and unnecessary repetition of illustrative materials, and, so far as might be, to remove the signs of their occasional origin, together with personal allusions. And something has been done to fit them into a reasonable sequence. That the personal tone which may be excused in an occasional address has entirely disappeared is more than one could hope for. Nor is it to be expected that the parts of this book should read like the successive chapters of a treatise. If I had tried to avoid all overlapping, it would hardly be feasible to reprint some of the items at all. Where repetition occurs, I trust that the importance of the thought, or at least the strength of my convictions as to its importance, may serve as an excuse for what, after all, in a systematic treatise would amount to little more than a rhetorical device for the sake of emphasis.

It gives me pleasure to thank the editors of the various periodicals in which the majority of these articles first appeared, for permission, always generously granted, to reissue the articles in their present shape; these and other obligations are, I trust, in every case duly indicated at the proper place in the volume. But I now subjoin a list of the passages quoted with the kind consent of the English publishers from recent books published in Great Britain.

The extract on pp. 26–7 from Zielinski's *Our Debt to Antiquity*, pp. 2–3, is reprinted with the consent of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons. The extract on p. 83 from Frederic Harrison's *Tennyson, Rus-*

kin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates, pp. 153–4, that on pp. 83–4 from Lord Morley's *Studies in Literature,* pp. 222–3, that on p. 133 from Goldwin Smith's *Reminiscences,* p. 71, and that on pp. 150–2 from Welldon's translation of Aristotle's *Rhetoric,* pp. 164–6, are reprinted with the consent of Messrs. Macmillan and Company. The extracts on pp. 160, 184–5, 189, from Jowett's translation of *The Dialogues of Plato* 1.472–3, 2.124–5, 2.129, that on pp. 195–6 from Andrew Lang's *Memoir of W. Y. Sellar* in Sellar's *Horace and the Elegiac Poets,* pp. xxxi-xxxv, that on pp. 212–4 from Jackson's translation of Dante's *Convivio,* pp. 31–4, and that on p. 249 from Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men,* p. 38, are reprinted with the consent of the Clarendon Press. The extract on pp. 179–81 from Andrew Lang's *Essays in Little,* pp. 80–3, is reprinted with the consent of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, and also of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The extract on pp. 187–8 from Gierke-Maitland, *Political Theories of the Middle Age,* pp. 131–2, is reprinted with the consent of the Cambridge University Press.

Finally I wish to thank two friends of mine, from the circle of my former students, who have materially helped me in bringing these papers in their present shape before the public. But for the generosity of these two friends and pupils it would have been impossible for me to publish the volume at all. To them, since they wish to remain anonymous, I herewith informally dedicate the book.

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I

GREEK CULTURE[1]

SINCE the following pages often lay stress on the importance of the ancient classics in a general education, it may be well to begin with a brief estimate of Greek antiquity, and some hints respecting our debt to it.

The term 'Greek culture' properly embraces all the activities of the Hellenic race throughout all ages, with the influence of the Greeks upon other peoples and civilizations. A rapid survey can include only what is typical of the best periods, together with a few aspects of Greek tradition and influence.

Fifty years ago, Greek civilization seemed an inexplicable phenomenon, conditioned, indeed, by the geography and climate of the eastern Mediterranean, yet not derivative in the usual sense, since the early culture of Egypt and Asia Minor could not account for it, while to Thrace the Greek owed little more than an earnest desire to escape from Thracian barbarism. Of late, however, we have become aware of a vast pre-existent Ægean culture, not only having

[1] This article (save for the opening paragraph) is taken from the 1919 edition of the *Encyclopedia Americana* 13. 384–387, with the kind permission of the editor-in-chief; I have utilized the opportunity for revision by modifying a very few statements.

centres at Argos, Mycenæ, and Orchomenos, and in the Troad and Crete, but extending from the Archipelago to Syria and other distant shores of the Mediterranean. Archæology has pushed back the origins of Hellenic culture six thousand years or more; and if it does not explain the Greek genius and Greek art (since in art and genius there is always something that defies analysis), yet, by affording glimpses of age-long preparation, it satisfies the mind that is accustomed to the notion of simple origins and a process of evolution. Even so, in contemplating the efforts of the Greek genius, we should doubtless suspect the bias of our day, and be ready to credit more rather than less to the originating power of great individuals, and to the mutual inspiration of gifted men in groups, as compared with the vague effect upon them of the masses.

Explain the origins as we may, two periods stand out pre-eminent in Hellenic civilization: the Homeric age, from the tenth to the eighth century B.C.; and the age associated with the name of Pericles, an interval of 100 years or so, beginning about 480 B.C. To these we must add the less creative, more scientific and critical, Hellenistic age, including the third and second centuries B.C.

The Homeric Iliad and Odyssey represent the flower of early Hellenic culture. They were not, as Lord Macaulay thought, the outcome of heroic barbarism; certainly they evince no unsophisticated art. Rather they seem to have appeared near the end of a high stage of civilization, possibly as it began to

decline; though they idealize the life of a more heroic past. As to their origin, modern scholarship is now veering again toward the ancient belief in the existence of a great poet who may have organized earlier materials into the two masterly epics. True, there is in the Odyssey a difference in tone which led Longinus (or whoever wrote the treatise *On the Sublime*) to ascribe this poem to the old age of the author; and there are grounds for believing, not only that the Iliad is a more primitive work, but that more than one hand may have been concerned in giving it the form it now possesses. But in any case the Iliad, and still more the Odyssey, betray a wonderful command of metrical composition, a vast knowledge of history, geography, tradition, and myth, extraordinary insight into the ways and motives of men, and an ability to unite all these poetical resources into a single plot for the attainment of a designed artistic end. In structure the Odyssey is more perfect than most of the dramas of Shakespeare and the works of virtually all modern novelists. Such an art no doubt is unthinkable in a poet working in isolation, without predecessors to learn from, and contemporaries to inspire and appreciate him. Accordingly, we must imagine a school of Ægean bards who gave rise to at least one superlative genius: Homerus, 'he who sews together'—a maker or fitter, not merely of verses, but of characters and incidents into one orderly plan with a beginning, middle, and end. The final measure of Homeric civilization is the poetic art to be seen in the two

epics, from which, centuries after, the Aristotelian theory of poetry was largely deduced. But we have evidence also that the Homeric age possessed a noble architecture, knew the art of writing, was skilled in weaving tapestry, was expert in metal-work and woodwork, understood landscape gardening and road-making as well as sculpture, and had developed a seemingly naïve, but very subtle, eloquence. To judge from its two great epics, the age was benevolent toward religious tradition; not atheistical, but employing the tales of the gods in no very edifying way. The Olympians are brought down not quite to the level of the heroes, while the heroes are elevated until, in conduct if not in power, they move on a plane not much lower than the gods as agents in the story. More important than all else, then, the Homeric age transmitted to that of Pericles ideals of human conduct—bravery and endurance in time of war, good counsel and fidelity in time of peace; at all times courage for individual achievement, coupled with reverence and an instinctive feeling that communal interests are supreme.

The age of Pericles is justly regarded as attaining the high-water mark of Greek culture. At this time Athens became the chief city of Greece and the centre of Mediterranean civilization. Here the various excellences of the several Hellenic stocks, Doric, Æolic, and Ionic, were tempered and united in one superior blend of character. Here the streams of dialect merged into one clear, vigorous, and beautiful medium of expression, the Attic. Here the sys-

tems of philosophy which had arisen in Asia Minor and in Sicily and southern Italy were sifted and incorporated into the native systems of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Here the Sicilian theory and practice of rhetoric matured into perfect eloquence. Here was developed tragedy; hither came comedy from Syracuse. Here the Homeric poems were learned by heart as the one basic element of education; and tragedies founded upon stories from the great epic tradition became familiar to a populace, large numbers of whom in course of time took part in the choruses. In this period, Athenian life was characterized by the dominance of a regulated imagination in every sphere of activity, and by a complete interpenetration of theory and practice. Imagination, hand in hand with reason, appeared in the ordering of the State, in the development of commerce and colonies, in the public festivals and religion, in the consummation of every fine and every useful art. In fact, the distinction between fine and useful art was not observed, so that even the commonest utensils became objects of beauty, to be wondered at by subsequent ages. For the simultaneous flourishing of sculpture, painting, architecture, music, and poetry, no other age can be compared with this, unless, perhaps, the thirteenth century of our era in France and Italy. But in Greece the arts subsisted in closer combination with each other, with the functions of the State, with religion, and with life. Witness Attic tragedy and comedy, which arose in the worship of Dionysus, and were associated with the chief re-

ligious festivals and processions; were exhibited in a theatre which was virtually a temple of the god, a masterpiece of architecture in marble, capable of holding a large share of the free populace at once; were supported by a State that supplied every citizen with the price of admission; were produced by poets who took part in the acting, as well as in training the actors and chorus, and who were eligible to any office in the democracy (as Sophocles was appointed one of the ten generals who led the expedition against the revolt in Samos); were attended by strangers from every part of Greece, serving to unify the Hellenic consciousness; and in fact combined in one our modern drama, opera, dancing, and lyrical poetry, with the embellishments of the best landscape-painting and artistic costume.

But Greek civilization was something more than what the Greeks actually accomplished, in art, or in commerce, or in statesmanship. The creator is greater than his works. More important than what they wrought were the agents, the men themselves, with their ability to produce both these and other works—with their unlimited capacity for contemplation and construction, for the highest kind of action, the orderly life of the spirit. Greek civilization means Phidias and Praxiteles, the sculptors, rather than the small part of their work now remaining. It means Ictinus and Polygnotus, the architect and the painter; Socrates, Anaxagoras, and Plato, the philosophers; Pindar, the lyric poet; Herodotus and Thucydides, the historians; Demosthenes, the orator;

Aristophanes, the comic poet, prince in the realm of mirth and fantastic beauty; Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the masters of tragedy; and Pericles, the statesman, the artist and philosopher in government. There were also strange, indecent men, like Diogenes; and bad or irresponsible men, like Alcibiades and Cleon. Yet on the whole the Athenians, nobly simple, and quietly great, maintained a norm of good and beautiful conduct, observing measure in all things, even while devoting themselves each to his chosen way of life and communal service; for the life of the individual was subordinated to the welfare of the State, and found complete realization therein—the State did not, as in modern times, mainly exist for the sake of the individual.

From this wonderful group and succession of gifted and cultivated men, whose activities really constituted the essence of Greek civilization, it is customary, following the example of Plutarch, to single out Pericles, leader and conserver of the Athenian polity, as the representative citizen, and the type of Hellenic culture. Grave and reserved, fearless and eloquent, combining judgment with imagination, intelligence with sentiment, forethought with passion, of commanding presence, endowed, as it seemed to his fellows, with every physical excellence and power of mind, and possessed of the good breeding which is the crown of virtue, he might well have sat for the character-sketch of the 'high-minded man' that is drawn by Aristotle in the *Nicomachean Ethics*. But for our purposes of illus-

tration, the magnanimous Sophocles may serve even better. For, first, he is a poet, or 'maker,' *par excellence;* and examples of his work are still intact, while the Periclean State came to a sudden termination. And secondly, it is easier to compare him with other typical Greeks, since he occupies the place of a golden mean betwixt the religious Æschylus, who 'did right' as a dramatist 'without knowing why,' and the rationalist and realist, Euripides, who drew men 'as they are'; whereas Sophocles, as he himself was aware, proceeded aright from correct principles of art as well as correct sentiments, and, observing men and human life even more truly than Euripides, nevertheless properly idealized his characters for the ends of tragic representation. As in his own well-ordered life, so in elaborating his dramas, and in the very process of displaying the misfortunes of a self-blinded Œdipus, he shows how the artistic regulation of impulse leads to success and happiness. Nor did his fellow-Athenians blunder in their estimate of him, for in the dramatic contests he secured first prize no fewer than twenty times. Moreover, in the comedy of the *Frogs,* Aristophanes, with his keen eye for disproportion, ridicules Æschylus somewhat, and Euripides yet more, for departing on this side or that from the golden mean, while he significantly refrains from attempting to distort the work of Sophocles.

As a typical Greek, Sophocles is religious; not, like the Athenians in their later decadence, 'too religious,' as Saint Paul described them. He is also

many-sided, with a number of diverse faculties ready for the accomplishment of both his immediate and his final aim. But the unity and compactness of structure in his *Œdipus Rex* or his *Antigone* reflect the inner unity of spirit in their author. Sophocles knows when to amplify and when to inhibit; he is equally sensitive to broad perspective and to the value of each detail. His vision is steady and comprehensive, as a comparison of the eighth Psalm, in the Bible, with his chorus on man, in the *Antigone,* will disclose. He has formed a just estimate of the relation between external nature, mankind, and the divine. In the delineation of character he has never been surpassed, yet his plays do not, like those of Shakespeare, fail to take direct cognizance of the action of a higher divine power (something more than impersonal moral law) in the affairs of men.

But the typical Greek has his limitations. Although Homer and Sophocles have a sense of the divine in relation to human life, they are both polytheistic. Though in both we find ideal relations between men and women represented or suggested, and though Athens and the Parthenon by their very names imply a lofty conception of womanhood, Greek society was disfigured by an attitude to homosexual impulse that often resulted in words and actions at once base and grotesque; nor should one forget that the leisure of cultivated men was made possible by the labor of slaves. And though both of these poets attribute human failure to human blindness of heart rather than to fate or divine prejudice, the Greeks did not

in the main identify divine providence with divine good will. Æschylus, it is true, may almost be termed monotheistic; and Plato has been called by the Jews themselves the Greek Moses, as by English scholars he has on occasion been styled a Puritan. But Æschylus said that his plays were only morsels from the Homeric banquet; while Plato, in spite of the criticism passed on the ancient epic poems in the *Republic,* is heavily indebted to them, and, closely as he approaches Hebraism or the modern spirit in his deepest reflections, he still remains a pagan. It was left for the Hebrews and Christianity definitely to assert a pure monotheism for transmission to modern times; to develop the idea of the fatherhood of God; and thus to establish upon a firm foundation the principles governing the relations between men and women, women and women, men and men. Again, the joyous Greek was not the joyful Christian; nor was death to him the beginning of life—the 'cross' of the Stoics takes on a new meaning in Saint Paul. And again, the mediæval doctrine of 'the gentle heart,' from which our modern conceptions of lady and gentleman are mainly derived, was neither Greek nor Roman. While these conceptions owe much to classical antiquity, to the Homeric and tragic heroes and heroines, to the 'highminded man' of Aristotle and the refined orator of Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian, to the Virgilian Æneas (who was borrowed from the Greeks), they owe more to the Provençal and Italian, and to the Germanic and Celtic, attitude to woman; at the core they are Christian.

The Greek culture of the most vital period has been handed down to us by intervening civilizations. Even the Hellenistic age may almost be regarded as intermediary and transitional; though under the influence of Aristotle there came not only a critical evaluation of what preceded him in the way of rhetoric, political science, and poetry, but new developments of both moral and physical and biological science. In Theophrastus we have the father of botany; in Euclid, the founder of modern mathematics; in Eratosthenes, the beginnings of modern scholarship. From Athens Greek culture passed to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to Rome. Græco-Roman culture was succeeded and preserved by that of Byzantium, and then, during the decay of learning in southern Europe, was preserved in Ireland and England and in Arabia and Syria, whence it returned to the Continent in the later Middle Ages. It has on three occasions reasserted itself with special force: at Rome under the Emperor Hadrian; in the thirteenth century—for example, in the scholastic philosophers and Dante; and again in all Europe beginning with the Italian Renaissance, this last, however, being mainly Latin in character, and but secondarily Greek. Still, if we regard the Renaissance as extending to our own day, we find a better and better understanding and assimilation of Hellenism, until in poets like Shelley and Goethe we discover an approximation to the Greek spirit almost as close as that achieved at Rome by Cicero, Virgil, and Horace. All five are, so to speak, not Greeks

proper of the triumphant age, but, like Lucian and Plutarch, late and provincial imitators—who nevertheless have in them something of the original Hellenic genius. But perhaps, in their respective arts, Raphael and Mozart more truly reveal it, working freely in the classical spirit, and yet escaping any domination by particular models since the music and painting of Athens are lost.

What has Greek culture done for the world? The enthusiastic Shelley (writing in the year 1822) exclaims:

'We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece. But for Greece, Rome—the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors—would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution as China and Japan possess.' [1]

If pressed, Shelley would have to admit that European law was the invention of Rome; and that, so far as concerns religion, the function of the Greeks under the Roman Empire was that of formulating and transmitting, not of producing it. Moreover, the principle of government by elected deputies comes to us, not from antiquity, but from the mediæval monasteries. The Christian liturgy, however, though based upon Hebraic forms, may have originated among Christian Greeks; ecclesiastical music is es-

[1] Preface to *Hellas*.

sentially Greek; the most original literary efforts of the early Christian era, the hymns, were composed, some in Greek, and some in Latin; and the New Testament was written in the commercial Greek (adapted) that had spread after the supremacy of Athens, and was the general means of communication for the eastern Mediterranean. For all that, the customary attribution of intellectual culture to the Greeks, and religious culture to the Hebrews, is in the main justified, if we remember that the difference between the two races is one of degree and emphasis rather than kind, that the Greeks were not unreligious, nor the Hebrews unintellectual. Strictly considered, the gifts of the two races to civilization cannot be regarded apart. Thus, as Renan points out, the Hebrews discovered various literary types as well as the Greeks. And yet we are safe in deeming the main literary types, and, as Shelley says, the arts in general, a bequest of the Greeks to the world. It was they who provided the models which have aroused the enthusiasm of mankind: for the epic and mock-epic, the poems of Homer; for tragedy, Æschylus and Sophocles; for romantic tragedy and tragi-comedy, Euripides; for political comedy, Aristophanes; for the character-sketch, the rhetoricians and Theophrastus; for domestic comedy, Menander; for history, Herodotus and Thucydides; for the dialogue, Plato; for the oration, Demosthenes; for lyrical poetry, Pindar; for pastoral, Theocritus. From the Platonic dialogue, through Seneca, came the essay. The satire, so far as we know, was another in-

vention of Rome. But what is often thought to be the peculiar type of modern literature, the prose novel, nevertheless has its prototypes in the last productions of the Greek genius, the romances of Heliodorus, Achilles Tatius, and Longus. Even our scientific monographs, and the various types of literary criticism, in verse as well as prose, go back to Aristotle and to his successors at Alexandria. They who speak slightingly of Hellenistic and 'Alexandrian' scholarship and science know little of the matter.

In the main, Greek art has given us a conception of orderly structure, when we have been willing to accept it, pervading all human activity and achievement. The Greek, in his city-state built upon a hill, developed a sense for architecture which reappears in every other art, and in all domains of life. The words and sentences of his oration or his drama are arranged like the stones in each section of his citadel and hill-crowning temple, and the several parts are fitted together in order due, like the face and divisions of the Parthenon. The nomadic Hebrew originally dwelt in tents under the stars of the desert. His architectonic sense is relatively weak. But his Psalms have expressed the grief and exultation of mankind; it is he who gave the final meaning to the Greek *Logos*, the Word incarnate and undying; and the Greek words Christ and Christian take us back not only to Rome and Greece, but, through Rome and Greece, to Palestine. In any case they lead us to the Mediterranean sources of all modern civilization.

II

ANCIENT AND MODERN LETTERS[1]

PHI BETA KAPPA is a 'Greek-letter' society. Beta and Kappa, B and K, the second two constituents of its usual name, are found in what we call the Roman alphabet also, and hence in the English. But the first, the letter Φ, is not; nor may the concept which Phi here represents, that is, *philosophia,* be perfectly understood by those who never have received a direct and literal message from the Greeks.

Were it feasible to discuss at length the history of the separate words, 'Philosophy, the Guide of Life,' in which we render the noble motto, Φιλοσοφία βίου κυβερνήτης, it would not be difficult to show how the phrase suggests an essential unity in all the diversity of ancient, mediæval, and modern culture. The words 'guide' and 'life' do, indeed, take on a different coloring when translated into other tongues, and interpreted for different stages of civilization: *La Philosophie, la Règle de la Vie; Die Philosophie,*

[1] The substance of a presidential address to the New York Theta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at Cornell University, delivered after the initiation of new members, April 1, 1912. The address was first published in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* 11. 234–243 (July, 1912), and is reprinted with the kind permission of the editor.

der Leitstern des Lebens. French, and German, and English life at least have a very different outward appearance, as have different epochs in the life and thought of any one nation. The resemblances between French thought in Abelard of the twelfth century, for example, and French thought in Loisy of the twentieth, are not wholly on the surface. Yet in every age, in the principal modern tongues, and to the most modern, who are often the most conservative, of their times, the word 'philosophy' must remain essentially unchanged, and essentially Greek.

The Society was organized in the first year of our national independence, at a time when the study of Greek and Latin authors was felt to be indispensable to the cultivation of philosophy and the study of belles-lettres in general—'beautiful letters,' as the French so well express it. Subsequently there has intervened a brief space—brief, that is, in the perspective of the centuries, and even in the history of our own nation—during which certain alleged exponents and purveyors of culture have seemed to feel otherwise. At all events we have beheld ostensible leaders of education, themselves sometimes owing the best that was in them to the study of Greek, yet acting as if they fancied that the contemplation of less beautiful letters might embellish the souls of our American youth quite as well as the most excellent letters of all—namely, those most excellent letters in which the Homeric poems, the tragedies of Sophocles, the dialogues of Plato, and the books of the New Testament have come down to us. These

intervenient guides have argued, in effect, that any kind of mental pabulum is wholesome for a man, so long as he craves it; that one subject is just about as good as another in the curriculum, so long as no sneering demagogue has labeled it 'aristocratic'; and that the main principle in a general education no longer is, 'Let a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily,' but, 'Let every man follow his bent.' Yes, and on the same principle let the nation follow its bent, disregarding that piece of counsel in the *Nicomachean Ethics* of Aristotle: 'We must also observe the extremes toward which we ourselves are specially prone, for different natures have different bents; and we can ascertain our natural tendencies by a consideration of our feelings of pleasure and pain. And we must drag ourselves in the direction opposite to our bent . . . as we do when we straighten warped timbers.'[1] Under the elective system in studies, the drift of the nation, as of individuals, led away from Greek, and for many reasons; the chief one being that Greek, like mathematics, is hard—it brings students to a consideration of their feelings of pain,—while, unlike a part of the mathematics, it has little obvious bearing upon the production and distribution of animal comforts and necessities. Yet there is reason to believe that the evil time of lost distinctions and educational anarchy in America is past, or passing; that Greek, for example, was in its greatest peril about the beginning of the present century; that signs now point to its coming rehabili-

[1] *Nicomachean Ethics,* Book 2, chap. 9.

tation; and that not a few persons whom it formerly nourished, who latterly have been faint-hearted or treacherous in its defence, are ready to join in the acclamation when the subject once more comes to its own.

In this rehabilitation, it is safe to predict, the teachers of the modern literatures, and in particular the teachers of English, will ultimately be found to have exercised a decided influence. It may not be improper to say that I yield to none in the veneration of my own subject, the English language and literature. I will even venture to affirm that the man who teaches his own vernacular has, with certain manifest disadvantages, certain paramount advantages in the general culture of his students over the teacher of any foreign literature, whether ancient or modern; nay more, that certain advantages can accrue to the pupil only on the condition that his teacher shall approach the ancient or foreign literature through the vernacular. If this be granted, there will be less danger of misunderstanding when we add that it is a most pernicious error to assume that one subject, considered in itself, is as important as another in a general scheme of studies. Properly considered, English literature, the most significant of modern literatures unless it be the Italian, is a very feeble instrument of education indeed as compared with the ancient classics, if it be dissociated from them; and if a severance were necessary between the ancient and modern, the modern had better be dropped from the curriculum, and the ancient, above all the Greek, retained.

Of course there is at present no likelihood that such a mischance will occur. What seems probable is that the teachers of modern languages will more and more clearly recognize the futility of pursuing their respective subjects, French, German, Italian, English, with students who are ignorant of Greek and Latin. They will more and more insistently demand that what is fundamental, what precedes in point of logic as well as time, shall be acquired by students before they approach the special investigation of a modern literature. In fact, during the past few decades, while Greek may have seemed to be losing ground, and Latin perhaps not to be gaining, eminent professors of English have been sending out of our American universities a succession of young doctors of philosophy convinced that the hope of the classics is the hope of any thorough general culture, and that the cause of English will stand or fall with that of Greek and Latin. What these eminent teachers of English have been doing, the eminent teachers of other modern literatures have likewise been doing, with the result that we possess in the best-trained younger men and women in some of the more popular subjects of instruction a growing influence in favor of the classics, to be added to the persistent influence of classical scholars themselves.

It would be impossible to explain in brief the cogent reasons that move these teachers of modern literature in their effort to direct the younger generation betimes into the study of Greek and Latin; yet a few reflections upon the relation of our own literature to the classics may be suggestive.

It will doubtless be granted that the first requisite in understanding a poem in any language is a measure of sympathy with the author. The reader must have had certain experiences in common with the poet. Now, with exceptions so rare as to be negligible, the English poets, beginning with Cynewulf, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, and including Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, have had the common experience of reading Latin—every one of these, for example, knew Virgil; and, from Spenser and Milton to Tennyson and Browning, most of them read Greek before they wrote English poetry of any consequence. The inference is obvious; we may put it in the form of the advice which one of them, Wordsworth, gave to his nephew: 'Remember, first read the ancient classical authors; then come to us, and you will be able to judge for yourself which of us is worth reading.'[1] Precisely so. Let our Freshmen and Sophomores first study Greek and Latin (and we may add, history and mathematics); then, in the Junior or, better, the Senior year, let them specialize if they will in English, and they will be able to judge for themselves what is worth while in that subject. As for prospective teachers of English, one may say to them: Remember, first acquaint yourselves with the method of interpretation and criticism that has been developed by twenty-three centuries of classical scholarship in Europe, and you will be able to judge for yourselves how

[1] *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, p. 467.

much or how little variation there need be in applying this method to the study of the vernacular.

Again, it will surely be granted that on the part of a student, as distinct from the naïve and unformed reader, no greater mistake can be made than to fancy a particular thought or expression in an English author to be original with him, and an indubitable mark of his special genius, when in fact it is not original with him, but comes, let us say, through successive intermediate translations, from the Greek of Plutarch. There is a striking description in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* of the Egyptian Queen as she first appeared to the hero:

When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart,
upon the river of Cydnus . . .
The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description; she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.[1]

Is the description original? So far as we are

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra* 2. 2. 191–2, 196–210.

aware, the only measure of its originality is the passage, in North's translation from the French version of Plutarch by Amyot, which Shakespeare happens to be adapting:

'When she was sent unto by divers letters . . . she . . . mocked Antonius so much that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, howboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her.' [1]

Upon this showing, which seems to be the more original, Shakespeare, or the biographer of Chæronea? And if Shakespeare and his age could draw so much inspiration from Plutarch at two or three removes, why has Plutarch disappeared from the circle of humane studies to-day—that Plutarch who subsequently made fruitful the genius of a modern educator, Rousseau? Moreover, Plutarch is himself a late and relatively unoriginal Greek. The ultimate sources of vital ideas, of *philosophia*, lie far behind him.

But again, it often happens that some portion of a modern author is almost unintelligible unless we

[1] See *Plutarch's Lives of Coriolanus, Caesar, Brutus, and Antonius in North's Translation*, ed. by R. H. Carr, pp. 185–6.

are familiar with the Greek or Latin image which he has in mind. One is bound, for example, to think that Shelley's picture of himself in lines 289–295 of *Adonais* must be well-nigh meaningless to the reader who is unacquainted with the Greek conception of the suffering wanderer Dionysus:

> His head was bound with pansies overblown,
> And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
> And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
> Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
> Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
> Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
> Shook the weak hand that grasped it.

And certainly it makes the voluptuous nature of the hero in Wordsworth's poem, *Ruth*, more comprehensible if our previous studies have shown us that the panther and the dolphin are the classic companions of Dionysus in his joy:

> He was a lovely youth! I guess
> The panther in the wilderness
> Was not so fair as he;
> And, when he chose to sport and play,
> No dolphin ever was so gay
> Upon the tropic sea.[1]

'The poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, and modern Italy, and our own country,' says Shelley in his Preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, 'has been to me, like external nature, a passion and an enjoyment. Such are the sources from which the ma-

[1] *Ruth* 37–42.

terials for the imagery of my poem have been drawn. I . . . have read the poets and the historians and the metaphysicians whose writings have been accessible to me.' And he adds that the training he has received, with the feelings it has evoked, does not in itself constitute men poets, '*but only prepares them to be the auditors of those who are.*'

One might multiply examples without end. The truth is that English literature, not merely from the time of Chaucer, but from the very outset, far from being original in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is derivative to an extent undreamed of by the layman; and, though the direct sources of inspiration are often French authors or Spanish, or more often, perhaps, Italian, the chief immediate source of most of the ideas of our poets has been Latin literature—and the ultimate source (aside from the Old Testament) is Greek. That all roads lead to Rome is as true for English as for the modern Continental literatures; and a thousand roads lead back from Rome to Greece. Accordingly, the one great model of English prose is Cicero, whose model was Demosthenes; and the great writers of English prose from Milton to Burke, and from Burke to Newman, have been familiar with either or both. And the two chief wells whence English poets have drawn their notions of poetic style, as well as their mythological allusions, have been Virgil and Ovid—Virgil, who takes his inspiration from the Alexandrians and from Homer, and Ovid, who collected and arranged nearly all that is known of Græco-Roman

mythology. To an age that is eager for almost any short cut to the intelligent reading of our English poets, we might say that a hundred hours devoted to Ovid and Virgil, even read in translations, would be worth thousands of hours spent upon most of the books in the lists that have been adopted for 'entrance English.' Of the mythological allusions in Shakespeare 'for which a definite source can be assigned, it will be found that an overwhelming majority are directly due to Ovid, while the remainder, with few exceptions, are from Virgil.' So says a competent investigator; and he adds: 'A man familiar with these two authors, and with no others, would be able to make all the mythological allusions contained in the undisputed works of Shakespeare, barring some few exceptions'[1]—which we may here neglect.

But there is no need at present of advocating a short cut to the interpretation of modern authors; if there were, it would be time to remark upon the necessity of studying the English Bible before attempting to read authors who knew it by heart, and who use its thought and language as a common possession of the reading public. What needs to be advocated is a short cut to that inner substance of the Greek classics, that *sophia* which the Greeks especially loved, that leaven which has diffused itself, by way of Rome, throughout all modern literatures. There is but one short cut to the substance of Greek, and that way lies through the letters which enfold

[1] Robert K. Root, *Classical Mythology in Shakespeare*, p. 3.

it. They are not dead, and they do not kill. The eternal spirit which inhabits those letters imparts its life to them, and makes them beautiful. There really is no arguing about the matter; only they who know that spirit, incarnate in those letters, are in a position to speak of the value of either in a system of education. Emphatically must one add that they who have but dabbled in Greek, and have not loved it, or do not now love it, are not in a position to speak on the subject; nor are they who never had an opportunity of studying it. But the latter class at least may attend to the deliberate judgment of a teacher of English, a judgment based upon direct observation: In nine cases out of ten, the undergraduates who think the best thoughts and express them in the best way, and who utter right opinion when they examine the standard modern authors, are those who have studied, or are studying, Greek and Latin. 'A great London editor told me,' declares Goldwin Smith in his *Reminiscences*,[1] 'that the only members of his staff who wrote in good form from the beginning had practised Latin verse.'

'In regard to antiquity as an element of education,' says an eminent Russian, Professor Zielinski, 'people are disposed to deem it merely a singular survival, which has maintained its footing in our modern school curriculum in some unintelligible way, and for some unintelligible reason, but which is destined to make a speedy and final disappearance. But the man who understands the true position of affairs will rejoin that antiquity, . . . owing both to historical

[1] P. 36.

and psychological causes, is, and must be considered, an organic element of education in European schools, and that, if it be destined to disappear entirely, its end will coincide with the end of modern European culture.'[1]

In America, such groups as the Society of Phi Beta Kappa are not to regard themselves as unconcerned in the cultivation of Greek letters and the diffusion of the Hellenic spirit. The influence possessed by small, yet well-organized, groups is sufficient to divert thousands of new students every year into the pursuit of classical subjects; it is sufficient within a generation to convert twenty American universities into as many leading institutions in the realm of humane studies; it is sufficient to accomplish this, if each individual who has faith in Greek will attempt at the beginning of every academic term to implant his faith in the heart of two other persons. The effort must begin with individuals. Let all who believe shake off their apathy and indifference, their timorous regard for vulgar opinion, their supine acquiescence in conditions which they know to be evil; and let them resolutely send their most promising pupils, and younger fellow-students, to the tables where generations of those who hungered and thirsted after wisdom have been fed, and felt no lack.

Meanwhile the members of our learned societies should strive, according to their powers, to make each society perform its office in the body educational. At many of our colleges and universities, an election

[1] *Our Debt to Antiquity*, pp. 2–3.

to the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, for example, constitutes the sole distinction that is conferred upon pure scholarship without an attendant pecuniary reward. By their words and actions the members should make clear that they believe in the distinction; because it sets a premium on the men and women whose nominal and real business in a place of study are eminently one and the same, that is, the business or activity of students; and because it puts the mark of high success upon the sort of men and women for whom American idealists have founded universities. After a period in education during which everything has been tolerated save orthodoxy, it might be well to tolerate orthodoxy. Furthermore, in order to enhance true distinctions, one need not hesitate openly to condemn, wherever it may appear, the shallow thinking that gives honor to the man whose nominal business is study, but who slights his manifest duty, and, apparently, succeeds at something else. A characteristic of the vulgar, says the caustic Shakespearean Ulysses, is their frantic worship of a tinsel success that is not conjoined with the permanent issues of life:

> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
> That all with one consent praise new-born gawds . . .
> And give to dust that is a little gilt
> More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.[1]

[1] *Troilus and Cressida* 3. 3. 175–6, 178–9.

But our athlete of the intellect may say to the world, to the heroes of the stadium, in the language of King Agamemnon:

> Why, then, you princes,
> Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,
> And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
> But the protractive trials of great Jove,
> To find persistive constancy in men:
> The fineness of which metal is not found
> In Fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
> The wise and fool, the artist[1] and unread,
> The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin.
> But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
> Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
> Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
> And what hath mass or matter, by itself
> Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.[2]

[1] The student of the seven liberal arts.

[2] *Troilus and Cressida* 1. 3. 17–30.

III

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH AND THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS[1]

THE 'cultural value' of the classics is a large topic, which we must in some way restrict. There will be a suitable restriction if we discuss the value of an early training in Greek and Latin as it appears to a teacher of English, after an experience of a dozen years and more with pupils in the modern subject. This done, it will not be improper to indulge in a few general reflections.

Let us have specially in mind the needs and the opportunities of first-rate students when they leave the preparatory school, and are not immediately to take part in active life. They are about to enter the academic course of a college or university, where they will be called upon to write numerous essays in the mother tongue, and to read selections from the standard modern authors. What qualities, and what training, should we expect them to bring to the performance of these tasks? To write a fair essay presupposes a certain grade of cultivation; and

[1] The substance of a paper read before the Classical Association of the Atlantic States at its eighth annual meeting, April 18, 1914. It is reprinted, with a few alterations, from the *Educational Review* for January, 1915, pp. 37–47, with the kind permission of the publishers.

to sympathize with one of the great English poets—with Spenser or Milton, for example, or, let us say, with a lesser poet like Coleridge—means that one must have something in common, in the way of training, with a man who wrote well, and who did so, partly because of his genius, but partly also because he was well-taught. This immediately raises the question, how have the masters of the English tongue been educated—how did they learn to write?

Before suggesting an answer to this question, it may not be out of place to marvel at teachers of English, and of other modern literatures, at our administrative officers in the higher education, and above all at our professors of pedagogy, for their general lack of interest in certain inquiries which no teacher, and no overseer in the art of teaching, should neglect. Their interests commonly are of another sort. They have traced the general history of education, and the history of various movements in education, and can tell you, it may be, what Plato and Comenius, or Herbart and Rousseau, have said or thought about the discipline of youth; perhaps they can even explain the relation of experimental psychology to what we used to call 'mental arithmetic'; but they have given little heed to the way in which great teachers actually have taught, or men of acknowledged attainments have acquired their power.

We need not pursue this line of thought beyond remarking that the authors in whose works our collegians will read, and about whom they will write, had, almost to a man, a classical training, and did

not secure their command over the English tongue without some acquaintance with Greek and Latin. The record of the studies of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, and of Bacon, Chatham, Johnson, Burke, Ruskin, and Newman, represents the great experiment in English education—an experiment lasting through centuries, and a successful one, the results of which no teacher or theorist on teaching in the field of English may set aside.

So much in general; it may be wise to add a concrete illustration. Let us consider the weekly routine of the upper class in Christ's Hospital, the school where Samuel Taylor Coleridge was prepared for Cambridge, and was inflamed with a love of English —where, in fact, he laid the foundations of a literary training. Here is approximately what he and the best of his fellow-pupils, the 'Senior Grecians,' were doing at the famous charity school at London in the year 1790:

'Monday morning: Homer or Tragic Chorus by heart; Greek Tragedy. Monday afternoon: Hebrew Psalter; Horace or Juvenal. Written exercise for Monday: English and Latin theme, in alternate weeks.

'Tuesday morning: Xenophon at sight; Homer. Tuesday afternoon: Mathematical Scholium. Exercise for Tuesday: Huntingford's *Greek Exercises*.

'Wednesday morning: Cicero's Orations at sight; Livy or Cicero. Wednesday afternoon: English Speaking; Tacitus. Exercise for Wednesday: Greek translation.

'Thursday morning: Virgil by heart; Demosthenes. Thursday afternoon: Mathematical Schol-

ium. Exercise for Thursday: Greek verses, and translation from English into Latin.

'Friday morning: Horace or Juvenal by heart; Greek Tragedy or Aristophanes. Friday afternoon: Hebrew; Latin Speaking. Exercise for Friday: Latin translation.

'Saturday morning: Seale's *Metres;* Repetition. Exercise for Saturday: Latin and English verses alternately, with an abstract.'

'As the time of continuance on the Grecian's form is always three, and generally four, years,' says the historian of the school, 'a very considerable acquaintance with the higher classics, as well as a readiness in the composition of English, Greek, and Latin, verse and prose, is easily attainable within this period, and forms a substantial groundwork for the more extensive researches of academical study.'[1]

'At school,' says Coleridge himself, 'I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe, master [James Boyer]. He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, (in such extracts as I then read) Terence, and, above all, the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so-called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that

[1] William Trollope, *A History of the Royal Foundation of Christ's Hospital,* London, 1834, p. 183. For the close relation between the scheme of studies under Trollope and the one originated by Boyer, who taught Coleridge, see Trollope, p. 182.

we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to "bring up" so as to escape his censure. I learnt from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent upon more, and more fugitive, causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word.'[1]

The career of Coleridge shows the way in which the great experiment, if one may so describe it, worked out in a particular instance. Such instances might be multiplied;[2] and the inference as to the nature of a liberal education, which means an education in good taste, would not be obscure. But the experiment of a classical training still continues, not only in England and on the Continent, but even in America; nor can we make light of the results as they appear, or are wanting, in the successive generations of young men and women who throng to our higher institutions of learning in search of what is termed culture. What can we discover from an inspection of our students?

First, those relatively few young persons of our day who possess an adequate grounding in Greek and Latin have this in common with the English

[1] Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, ed. by Shawcross, 1. 4; compare Young's Preface to *Ocean, an Ode.*

[2] See, for example, Section V, On the Studies of Poets, in my *Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature*, 1915, pp. 96–186.

poets: they know something about grammar—not English grammar specifically, nor Greek, nor Latin, but grammar in general. They recognize subject, copula, and predicate, whenever they meet them; they have an understanding for order and relation in the parts of a sentence. They are accustomed to see the elements of language as elements, and are not incapable of arranging them in orderly fashion. They know the difference between a temporal and a causal connective; they can distinguish between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*—a very important distinction in life. The reason why they can do so is that, whereas it is possible to express oneself either loosely or distinctly in English, according to one's previous education, both Greek and Latin compel the schoolboy to make a sharp distinction between one thought and another. This is precisely what they who have missed a severe linguistic training are never prone to do. The teacher of a modern language and literature should in this case know whereof he speaks. He should know why he is glad to welcome students of Latin and Greek to classes in English. There may be exceptions; if so, these are negligible. In the long run, they who have done well with Greek or Latin in the preparatory school can write passable English as Freshmen in the university, and they who have had neither are ungrammatical and otherwise slovenly in usage.

Next, the youth with a classical training has a superior knowledge, not only of connectives that are by themselves non-significant, but also of the signifi-

cant elements in the English vocabulary. In particular, as compared with the youth who lacks that training, he recognizes and can use what we call 'learned' words—that is, the sort of words that an educated man employs, and an uneducated man does not. Year after year one may toil with successive groups of uneducated Sophomores over the meaning and pronunciation of the sixth stanza in Coleridge's *Dejection, an Ode,* that stanza in which the author has epitomized his tragic life. And why this recurrent toil? Because the poet has here made use of terms like *resource, research,* and *abstruse*—

> And haply by abstruse research to steal
> From my own nature all the natural man—
> This was my sole resource—

which fifteen out of twenty in a class will mispronounce, and which they do not comprehend, being unfamiliar with the Latin that survives in modern French and English. The ugly combination 'résearch work' (and who is responsible for this pronunciation?) they have heard, perhaps in a laboratory; it does not, one may readily imagine, occur in any English poet. Our fifteen Sophomores will dimly gather what the combination signifies, because in intellectual *work* they see their ancient foe; they will look wise or otherwise when told that *research* is a 'learned' word; they will smile when they hear that its fellow is one of those that students of Latin and English call 'popular.'

Again, the fit though few among those undergraduates who engage in the study of English have more

orderly minds for the larger details, as well as the smaller, in written composition. They excel their untutored comrades in joining sentence to sentence when they build up a paragraph, and in linking paragraph to paragraph to form an essay. And why is this? Because the fit though few have had their mental operations regulated by a progress through some portions of Greek and Latin literature; and because the Greek and Latin authors that have come down to us differ from the rank and file of modern authors in evincing a better sequence of thought. Of course we must guard against any misapprehension that the ancient classics are to be deemed in all ways superior to modern literature. On the contrary, it is evident that in developing a boy of our generation into a clear-headed gentleman, if the ancients will help more in making him clear-headed (and yet to some extent gentle as well), the modern writers, or some of them, can perform the greater service in creating within him a clean and tender heart. The fact remains, however, that in Sophocles the train of thought is more cogent than in Shakespeare, as the internal order of a speech in the Odyssey is more lucid than in *Paradise Lost.*

Further, the boy with the classical training, since he is not so apt to be muddle-headed, is more likely to discriminate against false sentiment in what he reads, and still more likely to object to metrical bombast or nonsense when it is offered him as poetry. 'Coleridge!' said his redoubtable teacher at Christ's Hospital, 'the connections of a declamation are not

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the transitions of poetry. Bad, however, as they are, they are better than apostrophes and "O thou's," for at the worst they are something like common sense.'[1] Since the time of Coleridge, as the influence of classical poetry has declined, the besetting sin of poets has been a lack of precision and good sense. In her fumbling description of *A Lost Chord,* Adelaide Procter writes:

> It seemed the harmonious echo
> From our discordant life.

The echo of a discord is not harmonious. A boy who has studied the fable of Echo and Narcissus in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid is aware that in literature, as in his own experience among the hills, an echo is true when it closely resembles the original sound. As an able critic notes, 'Sentimentality has, in this disguise or that, existed and poisoned English poetry at all times since the sixteenth century. But, for its fellow vice, vagueness, this is otherwise. For vagueness there has indeed been no time so fertile as the first forty years of the nineteenth century.'[2] The beginning of the twentieth century is not free from it. Greek poetry in the fifth century before Christ is not vague or sentimental, nor is Homer or Virgil. When our Freshman is imbued with the spirit of Greek and Latin verse, he is in

[1] Coleridge, *Complete Poetical Works,* ed. by E. H. Coleridge, p. 3, footnote.

[2] Edith Sichel, *Some Suggestions about Bad Poetry,* in *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association,* collected by A. C. Bradley, 1910, p. 139.

some measure armed against the insidious attacks of bad taste.

Finally, the boy who has been drilled in the classics has an immense advantage because he knows something of ancient story, of tradition—of mythology in a wide sense—and is not unacquainted with those living forms, divine yet human, in which the ancients embodied their highest conceptions of man, and their noblest religious convictions, the head and front of their culture. In dealing with English authors, he is not continually checked and baffled by allusions which were intended to be clear, and are so to an educated public. To the boy who is otherwise trained, that is, untrained for the study of English, they are not clear, and may envelop in an atmosphere of uncertainty passage after passage in any substantial author that he happens to take up. Can he appreciate George Eliot in *Romola* when she likens the shifty Tito Melema to Bacchus, if he is wholly ignorant of ancient ideas concerning the slippery and unstable Dionysus? And how can he read Milton if he is unfamiliar, not only with the Bible, but also with Homer and Virgil? For, be it noted that, whatever the reason, a decline of interest in the Scriptures has gone hand in hand with a growing indifference to the literary art of Greece and Rome. Indeed, one is reminded that Charles the Great, at a critical juncture for modern civilization, enjoined the study of letters, that is, of Latin, upon his clergy, in order that the study of the Scriptures might not languish in his realm. Would that

a modern statesman might arise with equal power and foresight to influence our general education, and that shortly no one having the reputation of a cultivated man might be unable to read at first hand the most sublime of all mysteries, in the Greek of the New Testament! The boy with a classical training has immediate access to the highest ideal of mankind.

In this gamut of advantages we have run from small details to large considerations. We began with the discipline a youth may receive through Greek and Latin in using the elements of expression; we have come to the benefit he may derive from these subjects in the interpretation of human discourse, or of a masterpiece as a whole, and in the assimilation of humanizing ideas. It is common, of course, to separate the disciplinary function of the classics from the cultural; but it is better to assume that no such cleavage exists. One never can draw a sharp line of demarcation between the outward form of expression and the idea that is expressed, or view the spirit apart from the letter through which it is revealed. And so long as this is so, literary discipline, involving a detailed examination of language, cannot be severed from literary culture.

Indeed, it cannot be too often observed that all culture is unified, and that its final aim is to eliminate the trivial and the false from our ideal of humanity; to abstract from the best sources, however remote or neglected, whatever will define and ennoble that ideal; and to transmit an ever more vital

image of humanity for daily contemplation by the next and succeeding generations. This is what teachers of the humanities are striving to do, whether they know it or not, and whether they deal with Greek and Latin, or with French or German or English. But as is shown in the history of Europe, so in the development of the individual American, the basic elements of this ideal are most promptly secured through direct contact with Greek and Latin. When a foundation has been laid by skilful instruction in the elements, the teachers of the modern Christian literatures can proceed with the superstructure.

The destiny of Greek and Latin as a means of culture primarily rests with teachers of the classics, and secondarily with principals of schools and other men of influence in preparatory education.

It is important that teachers of the classics at the present time should feel the great need of mutual recognition and support among all the friends of culture in America. But perhaps the need is greatest as between scholars in the ancient languages and students of the modern vernacular. They depend upon each other in performing their due service to the State; for a study of the ancient classics with no attention to their bearing upon modern life is only less futile than the study of English when it is dissociated from the accumulated experience of the past. Yet we should not exclude from our ideal organization any person whatsoever who contributes to the enrichment and intensifying of human life. And,

perhaps, all told, the friends of real as opposed to seeming culture are not so few as teachers of the humanities sometimes imagine. Few or many, if they would but make their cause a common one, they would hold the fort against every assault. The foes of thorough culture, the haters of ideas and ideals, are many—how often are they professed opponents of Greek! And the officious heralds of a shallow and unmeaning culture, who abhor the industry without which no cultivation ever was obtained, may be fraudulent and dangerous. They are not, and can not be, at one in their efforts, since they have nothing positive to unite them; but they do succeed in deterring young people who are ignorant of what is good and what is bad in education from taking up the proper studies at the proper time.

The foe is numerous but unorganized. Upon what ground can the friends of culture best unite? To what practical effort can the teachers of the humanities most profitably devote their superabundant strength? Obviously to the maintenance and advancement of the study of Greek. The defence should be concentrated where the attack is most frequent. If Greek were ultimately to disappear from the curriculum of all the schools, Latin in no long time probably would make a similar exit, and sooner or later the serious study of modern languages and literatures would be discountenanced, too. Every effort that is made for the study of Greek is favorable to humane learning in its entirety. If Greek is duly cared for, Latin will take care of itself, and

so will English. If the teachers of all these subjects would combine for the rehabilitation of Greek, no enemy could withstand them. The program is simple. All that is needed is a measure of faith like that of the Centurion, whose suggestions every one followed because he expected it. If the teacher of English, or the teacher of Latin, were to advise a small number of promising young men and women every year to study Greek, they would do it.

There are, indeed, signs of hope for the future. To judge from the utterances of university presidents and the like, the cause of Greek is now growing stronger in the eastern section of the country; the conservative South has never lost its hold upon the subject; and the great Middle West is imitative in matters of education, so that a renaissance of any sort in New England would ere long be duplicated in those western sections which draw so many of their teachers from the older universities. One thing, at least, is very significant. Within the last few years, our teachers of the classics have become noticeably less apologetic in their speech and attitude; they are growing more and more courageous. It would seem that they need only to act as if they were not losing but winning, and to recognize and abet their friends in other subjects, and their cause might be saved. As for numerous teachers of Latin, they should evince a higher selfishness, and not be but penny-wise. Too many have been merely bent upon saving themselves for the moment, instead of rushing to defend the point where the enemy has been most successful.

And as for the teachers of the modern languages, they should act upon the knowledge they possess; they are aware that a first-hand acquaintance with the classics is the indispensable prerequisite to any real insight into Italian, French, and Spanish, as well as English and German.

Principals of secondary schools doubtless are open to reason, and the arguments in favor of Greek and Latin are many and varied, virtually all of them being found in Professor Kelsey's collection of papers, by several hands, in the volume entitled *Latin and Greek in American Education* (published by the Macmillan Company). It is hard to believe that any one could resist the evidence contained in that volume—for example, in the last section, Symposium VII, Formal Discipline, under the headings, The Doctrine of Formal Discipline in the Light of the Principles of General Psychology (by James R. Angell), The Effects of Training on Memory (by W. B. Pillsbury), and The Relation of Special Training to General Intelligence (by Charles H. Judd).

To every man who has a voice in guiding our secondary education, either the arguments advanced by those who have studied the classics to some purpose are sound and convincing, or they are not; but until he has fairly weighed the arguments, the sensible man will withhold his opinion. If he is in a position where he must pass judgment, such a man will take pains to inform himself. For nine out of ten bright boys and girls, Greek either does what it is said to do, or it does not. We may leave out of

account the rare exception of a tenth, brilliant mind that is said to be incapable of learning this language. We hear of such minds, and one is inclined to think they must exist; for myself, I never have met one. Capable boys, and some dull ones, too, have been able to master the subject when they have not been spoiled for it by bad teaching. And we may also disregard the incompetent teacher of Greek, the pedant who does not make his pupils read as soon as they can, and lets them form the wretched habit of treating the language as if it were a Chinese puzzle, or the ignoramus who himself is unable to read continuously in either of the ancient tongues. These scattered individuals we may pass by. In general, it may be supposed, the teachers of the classics are as well trained to do their duty, and perform their office as well, on the whole, as any other body of instructors in the high school. If not, the solution of the difficulty lies in securing better teachers of the classics. It is no reasonable solution to throw these subjects out of the schools.

To return, then: either Greek affects the subsequent career of the pupil as is said to be the case, or it does not. If it does not, we are free to neglect that study in the schools. But if it does so affect it, we are bound to promote the study—unless we are willing to lose our own self-respect. If one never has read Greek, or, having read a little long ago, has forgotten the experience, how can one decide the question of its value? No doubt the books of Kelsey and Zielinski[1] would help the formation of an inde-

[1] Zielinski, *Our Debt to Antiquity*, published by Routledge.

pendent judgment; but it is desirable to look at some of the Greek masterpieces in translation. The hesitating principal, or the doubtful member of the school board, might read the *Republic* of Plato in the version of Jowett, and the *Nicomachean Ethics* of Aristotle as translated by Welldon, and then, let us say, Jowett's rendering of the *Politics*. If, being previously unacquainted with those fountains of good sense and lofty inspiration, one were to find in them something of permanent value, it would be right to believe the persons who have read the original as well as the pale translation, and who declare that the Greek is better than the English version. And finally the principal might consider what he owes to the boys and girls whose education has been entrusted to his hands by his nation and his Maker.

IV

GOOD USAGE[1]

THE following remarks concern our national language, and incidentally the study of Latin. Our chief topic being, not simply *usage*, but *good* usage, we may begin with a recognized authority upon the subject, and one who is likewise an exemplar in his practice. In the *Ars Poetica* Horace observes:

> Yes, words long faded may again revive,
> And words may fade now blooming and alive,
> If Usage wills it so, to whom belongs
> The rule, the law, the government of tongues.

So runs the spirited rendering by Conington. That we may be sure to catch the unexpected emphasis of the Latin poet, let us take also the matter-of-fact translation by Wickham:

> 'Many a term which has fallen from use shall have a second birth, and those shall fall that are now in high honor, if so Usage shall will it, in whose hands is the arbitrament, the right and rule of speech.'

[1] Adapted from an address delivered at the meeting of the American Classical League in Cincinnati, June 24, 1920. Another version of the paper, but under the same title, appears in the University of California *Chronicle* 22. 259–269 (July, 1920). The present version is printed with the kind consent of the editor of the *Chronicle*.

It is often supposed that this tyrannous usage is the blind custom of the mass of the people—though we find nothing in Horace to warrant the supposition; rather, both he and easily observed facts seem to indicate that the arbiters of custom are, first of all, the poets. When you are in doubt about the meaning or pronunciation of a word, or its propriety, you turn to a dictionary—for example, to the *New English Dictionary* of Sir James Murray and his fellows; there you see how Milton, or Gray, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson, has used it; and ever after you try to use the word in that way. The statement of Horace is in keeping with this habit, and is the reverse of the popular notion. He means that the favorite words of poetasters, and of the crowd, are not likely to endure. He means that the diction of great poets, on the other hand, has great vitality. In the standard authors of an earlier day he has noted words and phrases that seem to have disappeared, and seem to be replaced by new and popular terms, but which come to life again in the verse of a well-read genius like himself. He perceives that good words of an elder time have actually come to life again in his own works. He knows that good usage is the custom of men of good taste, and exists through the consent of the learned. Thus, if we may illustrate his contention by an example from English, the adjective *cedarn* was employed by Milton in *Comus*—

about the cedarn alleys;

it was revived by Coleridge, a diligent student of Milton, in *Kubla Khan*—

Down the green hill, athwart a cedarn cover;

then Sir Walter Scott took it from Coleridge; and through these two poets it lives on in modern English verse. In similar wise Lord Tennyson revived the verb *burgeon*, 'to bud,' and other writers have accepted it from him.

That the mass of the people have an influence upon usage it is perhaps idle to doubt. Certainly the plain man likes to think this influence very great. And not the plain man only; one American pundit or journalist quotes with satisfaction an utterance of the philologist Darmesteter:

'Universal suffrage has not always existed in politics, but it has always existed in linguistics. In matters of language the people are all-powerful and infallible, because their errors sooner or later establish themselves as lawful.'

Yet the process of growth and decay that Horace observed in the poets goes on in the masses too, only more swiftly. Like leaves in the autumn, the crowd dies, to make room for another generation; and its words die likewise. In all this world of change, nothing dies so quickly as the words of some people. But good usage implies an element of permanence in language; the conception itself is the antithesis of change. It is not the crowd that can truly affirm: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' Moreover, when a word that

has seemed to perish is brought back to life, it is not brought back by the crowd; it is brought back *to* the crowd by some one who is in the crowd, but not of it. Ordinarily it is brought back to the rest of us by a poet, or at all events through the instrumentality of some piece of literature that has seemed to merit preservation in type or writing.

Good usage clearly is something better and more vital than average usage. The people who say 'Lunnon,' 'Brummagĕm,' 'N'Yawk,' 'Cincinnatah,' and 'Frisco,' have been, are, and will be, far more numerous than they who have said, now say, and will say, 'London,' 'Birmingham,' 'New York,' 'Cincinnati,' and 'San Francisco.' The crowd says 'this much' and 'that much'; good usage, and good syntax, favor 'thus much' and 'so much.' We modify an adjective, not by another adjective, but by an adverb? And, again, we do not use an adverb to modify a noun, nor sign ourselves, 'Sincerely, Warren Wilson,' but close the letter with 'Sincerely yours,' and then the proper noun. The crowd says 'I claim,' instead of 'I assert' or 'I contend'; it 'voices its sentiments,' instead of *uttering* them. In common usage we hear 'áddress,' 'ínquiry,' 'rómance,' 'résearch'; in good usage, 'addréss,' 'inquíry,' 'románce,' 'reseárch.' Good usage does not tolerate the ugly but familiar combination 'résearch work' any more than it would tolerate the tautological expression 'search work.' In common usage we have 'verzhion,' 'converzhion,' 'excurzhion,' 'Azhia,' 'Perzhia'—that is, with the sound of *zh,* not *sh.* Byron properly rhymes 'ver-

sion' and '*Excursion*' with 'assertion.' In these cases the voice does not carry through from vowel or semivowel to vowel; there is an intervening unvoiced consonant as at the end of the word *hush.* And similarly, in spite of the crowd, we should say 'Rossetti' (not 'Rozeti') and 'Renaissance' (not 'Renaizance'), with a true hiss, made by the breath alone, not with a buzz produced by the voice too. It is unlikely that the usage of the many will ever make the pronunciation 'Rossetti' wrong.

Unfortunately we have had a school of persons, who ought to have known better, advocating the notion that the usage of the crowd, the usage of the many, does dominate, and should dominate, in matters of expression. The late Professor Lounsbury, I grieve to say, was one of these 'authorities'; and there are professed advocates now living, not merely of average usage, but of bad usage, as if it were good usage. However, the average of any class—even of the class we call 'authorities'—falls short, and sometimes far short, of the good; nor is there any reason why a false conception of democracy should be imported into the realm of linguistic usage. Words are like men in being either average, or below the average, or above the average; they are better or worse in character and in origin, and better or worse, too, according to their associations.

Usage is, of course, the usage of *all,* when some definite custom really is the possession of *all* those who speak a given language. Some part of our current English doubtless is the common property of

every one who knows the tongue. But at most only a fraction of any language is used alike by all who speak it. At most only some of the words are always pronounced in the same way; only certain constructions are common to all sections of the country and all stages in the scale of society. Within limits, then, we do have to consider the usage of the whole number, as against the idiosyncrasies of the individual. But we must distinguish between the usage of the whole number and the common practice of any fraction, large or small, of that whole number. What we call the crowd, or the many, are not all. However large a part, they are not the whole.

The whole is, in fact, made up of parts, or groups, some of which have more power in linguistic usage than others. When there is a possibility of choice, the *voices* or *votes* are not all equally *telling*. Of all the voices of men in Homeric times, only the voice that is heard in the Iliad and the Odyssey has carried down to us. Now scholars are pretty well agreed that the diction of the Homeric poems is not a popular language at all; it was a special diction devised for a special kind of verse. Of all the voices that were heard in the age of Pericles, only a few have come to us—the voices of the philosophers, historians, orators, and poets. Among the Romans, the voice of Cicero and that of Virgil have produced the most widespread and distinct echoes in all subsequent times. From the fourth century A.D. the cadences of Jerome reached the ears of our northern ancestors at the end of the sixth, when the mission-

aries brought his Latin translation of the Bible to pagan England; nor have those cadences ceased to resound at the present time, whether in the Latin Bible or the English. In our own day, the influence of the few continues to be relatively more powerful in linguistic matters than the influence of the many; and these few have generally had, among other things, a training in Latin. If this truth is not evident now, future years will make it so.

Among the groups that compose the entire mass of speakers or writers (the illiterate, the half-taught, and the well-taught, all taken together), the following are very influential: public orators—for example, clergymen, educators, and statesmen; singers; scholars—for example, Sir James Murray and the other editors of the *New English Dictionary;* poets—for example, Mr. Kipling, who has studied Horace, and whose words are often more fully alive in the ear of the reader than are the words of the reader himself. Nor may we forget the typesetters, the men who actually print the books, who exert an enormous influence, though one that is seldom noticed, upon linguistic usage. The best of them know Latin. They are very conservative, and, even without the help of the poets, orators, and the rest, would do much to maintain the purity of the English language. Think of the numbers of them in the British Isles, and the British colonies, from Canada to South Africa, India, Australia, and New Zealand—not to mention the United States of America. The American 'Simplified Spelling' Board, a radical and artifi-

cial body, has accomplished nothing in the face of the silent, natural, habitual conservatism of printers from Edinburgh and Oxford to Calcutta and Melbourne. Publishers, too, are more likely to study and preserve good usage than to indulge in innovations.

In the long run, we may say that all the influential groups have studied Latin, if not Greek as well, and that all are conservative, especially the fraternity of poets. Thus Wordsworth objected to the use of the nouns *spring* and *autumn* as adjectives, vehemently advocating the employment of the true adjectives *vernal* and *autumnal* instead. And, quite in the spirit of Horace, he remarks: '"Joying," for *joy* or *joyance,* is not to my taste; indeed, I object to such liberties upon principle. We should soon have no language at all if the unscrupulous coinage of the present day were allowed to pass, and become a precedent for the future. One of the first duties of a writer is to ask himself whether his thought, feeling, or image cannot be expressed by existing words or phrases, before he goes about creating new terms, even when they are justified by the analogies of the language.'[1] Horace allows the poet to invent a new term only under stress of necessity, and in that case advises him to derive his new term by studying the best sources of the language. For him the best source was Greek; for us the best sources are Latin, Greek, and Old English.

People like to think that what is bad usage in one

[1] *Letters of the Wordsworth Family,* ed. by Knight, 2. 397.

generation becomes good in another, and take pleasure in noting that expressions once condemned by careful writers have eventually become established in the language. But nearly every one likes paradox, while few care to study the efforts by which a Chaucer, a Tindale, a Spenser, a Gray, and a Wordsworth have purified the English tongue. It is, of course, true that a number of words to which Swift objected are now tolerated; but more noteworthy are the expressions that have been approved by the judicious, and have remained in use. Meanwhile it is equally true that chance coinages seldom long survive. Mr. Kipling's 'scumfish,' for example, in

> . . . leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,

has not, it would seem, taken root; so far as I have observed, he himself used it but once, in the *Road Song of the Bandar-log*. The truth is that most of what is bad or casual in one age does not become legal tender in the next; the chances are against it. The concerted action of scholars and literary men in general is against it. When education in a country is systematic and good, the tendency of any language is to improve, partly by additions critically made, partly by critical elimination. Moreover, slang dies a natural death so quickly that a man who has been absent for two or three years in a foreign country will not half understand what the young folk are saying when he returns to his own land and attends to the new ephemeral growth. The slang of five years ago is for the most part utterly dead, and never will

be heard again. Good English and good Latin remain steadfast; nor are they likely ever to be disjoined.

People are fond, too, of showing that what is called bad usage can all be explained by natural laws; that it has its origin in psychology, or in the earlier stages of the language, or that it has a parallel in the good usage of another tongue. The double negative of illiterate English, they say, is only the counterpart of the double negative in Attic Greek. Well, 'He didn't know nothing about Latin' may be literally rendered into Greek that is good; but it isn't good English. It is bad English for the reason that good writers do not use it. That it can be explained by natural laws does not help, for everything that happens can be so explained. The actions of a thief have a natural cause. Bad manners and bad conduct of every sort, filthy language and base thoughts, as well as bad grammar and false pronunciation, can all be explained by something or other. According to Euripides, Menander, and Saint Paul, it is evil communications that corrupt good manners; and the term includes every kind of bad usage. To lay bare the causes of a phenomenon does not justify our acceptance of any practice as a norm. And further, if illiterate English on occasion will turn into tolerable Greek and Latin, slovenly English can more often be rendered by force into slovenly Greek and Latin. But more important is the fact that the best of Plato can often be translated word for word into the best English; and yet more

important is the fact that they who have practised Greek and Latin composition, and have rendered Plato and Cicero into English, write a better English style of their own than they who have not enjoyed this sort of literary education.

Good usage also is natural, and has its origin and laws. It is nature improved by art; and art likewise has its origin and laws. Good usage is the custom of the trained writer and speaker. It is an art that has become second nature. It is not the impulse or habit of the old Adam, but the wisdom of an Adam regenerate. Like all other arts, it is based upon a study of nature. The student of language aims to find out what nature at her best is trying to produce; and this he strives to perpetuate, being himself one of the agencies in the survival of the fittest. Words are natural forms, like living animals—like mice and such small deer. You may clip their tails for a generation, or for more than one—and the next generation will have tails of the old length, if usage so determines. Nature is too strong for the 'simplified' spellers. It is not too strong for the student of Greek and Latin. It was not too strong for Milton, who made extensive collections for a thesaurus of classical Latin usage. With nature the poet joins forces, and so do the editors of the *New English Dictionary*, who record the leading facts of our language as these are evident in the best poets and prose writers. Nature was not too strong for the conservative Horace; nor for Wordsworth, who remarked that a poet would be likely to

know more than the average reader concerning the history of words. The arbiter of good usage must study the history of the language, so as to discover what is the newest of the old and the oldest of the new—for that is the right custom of speech.

Not only so, but he must study the languages from which descending streams have contributed to the powerful current of good English, that main current which runs unsullied through the troubled waters of bad usage; for there have always been poets enough to serve as a clear channel. He must, above all, study Old English and Latin, and Chaucer, that well of English undefilèd, and the main poets, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, who have drawn water from that well.

Our language, called English (not 'Anglo-Saxon') by the Germanic tribes, the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, who brought it to England, originally consisted of three main dialects. These were severally domesticated in the north-eastern, south-eastern, and south-central parts of England bordering on the North Sea and the English Channel. Those tribes had not been quite untouched by Christianity and Roman commerce in their Continental home on the Danish peninsula and in adjacent districts washed by the German Ocean. But on that casual contact we need not dwell. Yet we may recall that they brought with them from the Continent to England a set of letters, the Runic alphabet, which the entire body of Germanic tribes had long since derived from Greece and Rome. On the whole, however, they were

essentially unlettered, and essentially pagan, when they began to harry the island of Britain about the middle of the fifth century. When they had been settling there for perhaps one hundred and fifty years, and were established in the land, there came among them a band of Christian missionaries, gathered from various Mediterranean countries, and sent from Rome. The first of these missionaries was Augustine, with a good Latin name; and the most important of those who immediately followed him were Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, and Rufinianus. They were sent by Pope Gregory, who, according to Bede, 'was by nation a Roman, . . . deducing his race from ancestors that were not only noble, but religious.' Of the early missionaries, all, of course, knew Latin, and some knew Greek. Their first task was to learn English, and to write it in the Latin alphabet; their second, to adapt the resources of English to the expression of ideas brought from the Mediterranean. Within seventy years they had done the fundamental work for the transformation of the English race from unlettered pagans into civilized Christians. Without the missionaries and their converts there would have been no English literature, for there would have been no records, no study, no safe tradition, no development of style. Without the missionaries and their Latin training we should have had no standard of good usage in English. Without them we now should have no such language as modern English, and possibly no homogeneous speech whatsoever, but a set of relatively crude dialects.

But for the missionaries and their Latin, the thought of Greece, the ideals of Palestine, might never have entered into English civilization. Pope Gregory was right when he said:

'Behold, a tongue of Britain, which only knew how to utter barbarous language, has long since begun to resound the Hebrew Alleluia. Behold, the once swelling ocean now serves prostrate at the feet of the saints; and its barbarous motions, which earthly princes could not subdue with the sword, are now, through the fear of God, bound by the mouths of priests with words only; and he that when an infidel stood not in awe of fighting troops, now, a believer, fears the tongues of the humble.' [1]

The history of good usage, then, goes back to the Mediterranean; and good usage as a whole represents the progress of civilization from Homer and the Old Testament down to the present day. On the classical side it represents the cumulative effort of the Greek poets and scholars, resulting in Attic Greek, and the effort of Roman poets and scholars, the inheritors of Greek culture, culminating in Cicero and Virgil. The line continues, then, let us say, through the Church Fathers and the Latin grammarians to Saint Jerome, a pupil of the grammarian Donatus, schooled in all the classical learning of his time, yet with the fervor of a Hebrew prophet, and the first translator of the Bible whom we know by name. The missionaries took to England a knowledge of

[1] *Moralia* 27. 11, quoted by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History of England* 2. 1; see Cook and Tinker, *Select Translations from Old English Prose*, p. 28.

the classical Latin authors, and some knowledge of Greek. They doubtless very early imported the grammar of Donatus, together with Priscian. But, with the actual volumes of the Latin authors, they brought to England the most influential book for post-classical European civilization that ever was produced, Jerome's translation of the Bible into Latin. Out of this, through a series of adaptations and partial translations into Old and Middle English, there subsequently arose the most influential of all books upon modern English culture, the Authorized Version of the Bible, the Bible of King James.

In the Vulgate of Jerome—for example, in the Book of Lamentations—the cadences of Ciceronian and Attic eloquence unite with the substance of Christian and Hebraic thought, and, on the whole, classic usage bends only in so far as is necessary to express conceptions that had not been familiar to ancient Rome. Let a single instance suffice. The Romans, like the English in their pagan state, virtually never attained to the conception of monotheism. When they prayed, they addressed the immortal gods in the vocative plural; or they addressed some individual deity, as Hercules or Jupiter, using the vocative singular of his particular name. Because they worshiped gods many, they had no vocative singular from the nominative *deus*. Accordingly, when Jerome came to translate the opening of the Fifty-first Psalm, 'Have mercy upon me, O God!' there was no classical usage that he could follow; he was forced to make use of the nominative singular as a

vocative: '*Miserere mei,* Deus.' The entire history of civilization here converges on a point in usage. For the new conception the translator did not invent a new word, nor did he devise a new form by analogy. We find him as conservative as circumstances permitted him to be; he makes a word and a form already in existence answer his purpose. His '*Deus*' is the first instance in Latin of an appeal to the one Divine Being in the vocative singular.

The Vulgate, then, was the principal gift of Latin scholarship to the English race—to the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, with Frisians and others intermixed. As the race became politically more unified, and also more thoroughly permeated by Christian civilization, the centre of government and of intellectual life moved, in the course of events, from the north-east to the south-west, and the three strains of the native language tended to unite in the south-midland district, while the influence of classical and ecclesiastical Latin remained constant throughout. Eventually the south-midland dialect, with admixtures from the other two, became the English language proper, taking shape as a fairly homogeneous unit in what has become the great centre of English population and culture, notable for London and the two main seats of classical learning, Oxford and Cambridge. In this south-central district at the close of the Middle Ages we find the two scholars and great writers, Chaucer and Wyclif (both of them students of Latin), who, more than any others, gave form to that English tongue which has spread to the

ends of the earth. Though the process of development in earlier stages was gradual, leading up to the fourteenth century, we may definitely take this century of Chaucer, Langland, the unidentified author of the *Pearl,* and the beginnings of the English drama, as the critical age for the supremacy of the midland dialect, and the formation of modern English. To the poetry of Chaucer and the Wyclif translation of the Bible we usually give the credit for fixing the language; but the age as a whole was one of extraordinary originating power—in this respect incomparable in English history—and full of literary activity. Witness the genius of Richard Rolle, and the high degree of talent in Gower, both of whom wrote with equal ease in Latin and English. It was also the most important epoch for the assimilation in our language of words of Latin origin.

The language which then became unified, and dominant in England, was later moulded and made flexible on the Elizabethan and Jacobean stage, in the time of Shakespeare and of the Authorized Version of the Bible, while the colonial expansion of Great Britain was beginning over-seas. 'The works of the old English dramatists,' said Wordsworth, 'are the gardens of our language.' Of the bond between the Authorized Version and earlier English translations of the Scriptures, and between these and the Vulgate, I have already spoken. On the influence, deep and wide, of the Authorized Version upon English usage it is needless to dwell. A well-known authority says: 'The elevation and nobility of Bibli-

cal diction, assisted by its slightly archaic tinge, have a tendency to keep all English style above meanness and triviality.' In the words of Coleridge, 'intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style.' But we must note that this age of Elizabeth and James, again, was one in which strictly classical studies had a very large share in providing standards of good usage. The eloquence of Bacon, for example, comes partly from the Latin Bible, partly from Tacitus, partly from Cicero.

The language handed down by the Elizabethan court and drama, and by the preachers of the Reformation, that spoken language which is the basis of the written, virtually took final shape in the drama of the Restoration; and the spelling, too, was practically fixed in the same period of Charles the Second; while Latin continued to be the groundwork of a literary education. Addison, the eighteenth century in general, only refined our prose in small, though not insignificant details. At the end of the century it was at length possible to make an authoritative dictionary of modern English, that of Samuel Johnson, an accomplished Latinist.

Since then, the language has not, indeed, remained stationary; there has been an increase in the number of words to be found in a dictionary—but mostly of technical words derived from Greek and Latin. There has been some increase, too, in the flexibility of speech and writing. Still, the last considerable reaction in the history of the language took the shape of a re-

turn to earlier standards. The movement is rightly associated with the effort of Wordsworth to imitate the diction of 'real men,' and to purge away the insincerities that had crept into English verse through the influence of Pope. Wordsworth himself gave some color to the notion that he was experimenting with the language actually used in his own time by humble and rustic persons. His 'real men,' however, knew the English Bible and Liturgy by heart; he eliminated the crudities of rural speech by a standard derived from his studies in the history of words; and when his usage at any point was called in question, he defended himself by an appeal to the usage of the earlier poets. With respect to diction he mainly succeeded in bringing back the simplicity and directness of Biblical English to poetical style, and in restoring to favor many words and phrases of permanent value from Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, and not a few of the minor poets. His practice demonstrated that the usage of the common people is a kind of material furnished by nature, which the poet moulds by conscious art into a new creation. He also observed that nature is at work in the minds of mighty poets.

The last great fact in the history of good usage is the production of the *New English Dictionary* (now almost complete) at Oxford, England, in the midland district where the language was formed, and at the home of English classical learning.

Let us go back a little. The eighteenth century is especially important for America, since the chief

differences that we need to consider between English and American usage then arose—not in America so much as in England itself. We have to study the English usage of that century if we wish to know whether our present American usage, when there is a difference, is justified. Take, for example, the word *labor,* and other words which the English now uniformly spell with the ending *-our.* Gray (a very careful writer) and his age spell them in either way, without betraying a preference. But since English has taken many of them directly from Latin rather than French, since there is ample authority in the best writers of the eighteenth century for spelling them like the Latin, since this is simpler and more natural, and since there is no good reason for spelling them otherwise than *labor, color, humor,* etc., we are more than justified in adhering to what is called the American orthography. Ours really are eigtheenth-century English forms; and they are Latin forms. Possibly we should make an exception of *Saviour,* but on grounds of the best usage, and not arbitrarily.

Let us take a final illustration: *for ever*—written or printed as two words, and not, as so often is done in America, in one. You cannot very well print it as one in the most familiar case of all, namely, in the Lord's Prayer; there you must print or write it 'for ever and ever.' So Keats gives it:

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

In the eighteenth century it has been noted once as a single word, in the poet Falconer. Shelley (or

his printer), in the nineteenth, gives it sometimes as one, sometimes as two. But at present we may distinguish the artist in language from the man who is not so artistic, by his use of *for ever, centre, theatre, metre, thus much, so much, some one, any one, every one,* and the like.

Taken singly, such matters appear trifling; but perfection is made up of minutiæ—and perfection is no trifle. Good usage is a thing of beauty. Calverley did not think the orthography of *for ever* a trifle, since he wrote nine Horatian stanzas on it:

FOREVER

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two;
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

It looks, ah me! how trite and tame;
It fails to sadden or appal
Or solace—it is not the same
At all.

O thou to whom it first occurred
To solder the disjoined, and dower
Thy native language with a word
Of power:

We bless thee! Whether far or near
Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair
Thy kingly brow, is neither here
Nor there.

But in men's hearts shall be thy throne,
While the great pulse of England beats:
Thou coiner of a word unknown
To Keats!

And nevermore must printer do
As men did longago; but run
'For' into 'ever,' bidding two
Be one.

Forever! Passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour;
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deemed it two.
Nor am I confident they erred;
Are you?

The phrase *for ever* represents the two words *in æternum,* an expression repeatedly used in the Vulgate, a Latin book brought into England at the beginning of the history of our race and our literature. Latin has been read and written by men of English speech from the Old English period till our own day. The influence has been absolutely continuous, and on the whole invaluable. I have no desire to mini-

mize the beauty and utility of the native element in our language, or to slight any other element such as Greek. Rather I would suggest that these elements are so interwoven that they must be studied together by any one who desires to perpetuate standards of good linguistic usage. Yet it is proper to emphasize the fact that, in the main, the relation of Latin to English has been that of conquering and dominating form upon a plastic, vital matter. If Old English is the mother of our present tongue, a mother to be loved and cherished, Latin has been its father, a father to be revered and consulted. There are other strains in our speech, but the original wedding was between Old English and Latin. And there has been constant intermarriage between these two lines ever since.

Here is one of the products. For a choice specimen of virile English, I present the following utterance of Ben Jonson on good usage. He says:

'Pure and neat language I love, yet plain and customary.'

That is the kind of sentence people call good straightforward Anglo-Saxon. Yet here the words of native origin are the least significant; of the really descriptive words, *pure* goes back to Latin *purus, neat* to Latin *nitidus, plain* to Latin *planus, language* to Latin *lingua,* and *customary* to Latin *consuetudinarius.* It is impossible to study English without a knowledge of Latin. Shakespeare is said to have had little of it; but he had more than the classes that nowadays read him in this country. It is said

that Lincoln had less than Shakespeare; but he knew the Latin terms used in his practice of law, and he saw to it that his son was not deprived of a classical education. Milton wrote enviable Latin, both prose and verse, before he attained to the purest English style developed by any of our great poets. And he calls barbarism 'a destructive intestine enemy to genius,' and takes careless speech as the mark of an indolent mind 'already long prepared for any amount of servility.' It is his way of saying that bad usage corrupts good manners. In his day the cure was the study of Latin, which would still be effective, if our schools chose to make it so. In addition, we now have the *New English Dictionary* as the great antidote to bad language. It records the thrilling voices of a noble past, and indicates the course of good usage in the future. But one cannot consult it to the best advantage without a Latin dictionary at one's elbow.

Actually, every one believes in good usage. Little children are quick to notice and correct any departure from what they consider right, namely, the speech of their fathers and mothers. They are by nature imitative and conservative of what they admire. The illiterate, too, believe in the principle of good usage. Even the natural impulse of the individual to resent correction when he is wrong displays the same conservative tendency; likewise his subsequent reaction, after he has looked the point up in the dictionary. The normal process is this. The teacher corrects the pupil, or the pupil corrects

the teacher. Some heat arises in the discussion, and the battle ends without an admission of defeat on either side. When the combatants separate, each furtively repairs to an authority he deems better than himself—to some one who knows both English and Latin. He goes to the work of Webster, or Funk and Wagnalls, or Murray. One of the contestants finds himself in the wrong. Thereafter he avoids a repetition of the controversy with his previous foe, being careful, however, not to mispronounce the same word again in the same presence. But he will be acrimonious from that time on in denouncing the fault in any one else. In this way his self-love recovers from the hurt it has suffered, and the stream of the native language tends to rid itself of one more impurity.

V

THE TEACHING OF WRITTEN COMPOSITION[1]

LIKE the 'cultural value' of the classics, the teaching of English composition is a large subject for consideration within narrow limits. Properly amplified, the subject would involve some treatment of various other topics, among them the gradual decline of interest in the disciplines of Greek and Latin, which have been essential to the development of English style in the past; and the concomitant popular demand for a kind of education in the vernacular which shall directly liberate the utterance of the masses, rather than produce a body of learned men whose paramount influence might elevate and sustain the standards of taste and good usage.

My purpose, however, is necessarily restricted. It is my hope to direct the attention of teachers of English, and particularly those who are concerned with classes in written composition, to certain underlying principles that should govern the practice of requiring themes or essays from the immature. Fundamental principles are seldom free from the danger of neglect.

[1] Reprinted, with alterations, from *Education* 30. 421–430 (March, 1910), with the kind consent of the editor. The paper was read before the Modern Language Association of America at Ithaca, New York, December 28, 1909.

With reference to composition in the vernacular, there seems to be a special propriety in reverting to such principles, since within recent years a great and exemplary educational power in the East has had to rediscover one of them, and has at length concluded that the children of America should not be forced to make bricks without straw. In the academic year of 1907–08 at Harvard University, the number of undergraduates enrolled in courses primarily devoted to the writing of English was considerably larger than the number in courses primarily devoted to the study of English literature, the proportion being almost three to two. Since then, owing, it would seem, to measures taken at Harvard by the department of English, this disproportion has undergone a change; in the next academic year there appears to have been a leaning toward courses the first aim of which was the acquisition of knowledge, and the development of insight rather than expression. There would be no advantage in the use of precise statistics; the preceding case, and the following, are cited only in order to define a general impression, namely, that in 1909 or thereabouts the tide began to drift away from courses in the 'daily theme' and its like at the place from which many other institutions have ultimately borrowed such devices, though this drift may not have been immediately perceptible everywhere else. For the first semester of the year 1909–10 at a representative university in the Middle West, the number of students in courses mainly devoted to English composition, as against those in courses mainly devoted to the study of English literature, bore a proportion of about ten to seven. I have

no desire to draw especial notice to the university in question, and have given the instance as presumably typical of a good many institutions.[1]

To one who from the beginning could have watched the daily theme advance from its home in New England to a gradual conquest of the South and West—while Greek kept sailing ever farther into the north of Dame Democracy's opinion—the spectacle must have been attended with some misgivings. In the case of many teachers who, after years of experiment, persist —to use the words of Milton—in 'forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment,' a process which he compares to the wringing of blood from the nose, and 'the plucking of untimely fruit,' [2] it may be that the only words to apply are those from Burns:

> One point must still be greatly dark,
> The moving *Why* they do it.[3]

[1] Following the delivery of this paper, changes were made by certain of my colleagues in the preliminary work in English at Cornell University; since then virtually no courses there have been given in which the practice of composition has not been in some measure connected with the study of a more or less definite subject-matter. Following the publication of the article, letters came to me from several quarters evincing a belief that I had in mind this or that institution other than the one actually alluded to.

[2] Tractate *Of Education;* in the edition by Laura E. Lockwood, p. 6. Throughout the paper I have kept in mind certain passages from Milton's tractate, Wordsworth's sonnets entitled *Personal Talk*, and Bacon's *Advancement of Learning.*

[3] *Address to the Unco Guid* 7. 5–6.

To do a thing, and to continue in the practice, mainly because one hundred or one thousand others are engaged in the same pursuit, may be reasonable in a polity like that of Mr. Kipling's Bandar-log; it is not the sort of motive that should dominate the republic of American colleges and universities. Yet one may pertinently inquire whether some such external imitation of one institution by another in this country has not been the chief cause in forcing the jaded wits of partly-trained instructors in English, sometimes known as 'English slaves,' to correct numberless themes, essays, and orations; an occupation which allows these young men to do little else during what should be a most critical period of their growth, that is, during the period when the *Docent* in a Continental university pursues the liberal investigations that shall shortly make him, within his field, a master of those who know. In a land like ours, which prides itself upon the development of efficiency, no harsher accusation could be brought against the 'daily theme' than that it squanders the energy of the teacher. It causes him to spend an immoderate share of his time upon a mass of writing that has no intrinsic value, and easily leads him into the habit of regarding the details of outer form, rather than the substance of what he reads. 'Here, therefore,' as Bacon says, 'is the first distemper of learning, when men study words and not matter.'[1] Is it not true that, if you take care of the teacher of English, his pupil will be taken care of? Whatever value may attach

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, Book I, ed. by Cook, p. 29.

to this notion, daily themes and their like, once established in the curriculum, constitute a barrier to its acceptance. But let us turn to the pupil.

What, then, are the laws that should govern the kind and amount of writing which we may require from our undergraduates? In asking this question, we are to have in mind the needs of university or college students of the first and second years, but the answer is applicable to a much larger circle of learners.

By way of preliminary, one might inquire whether it is necessary that the art of written composition should be taught at all. The common belief that it is necessary may be too readily accepted. The wisest of all teachers, though He constantly referred to written tradition as a standard, and expected His hearers to be familiar with it, is not reported to have written more than once—and then in the sand. The wisest of the Greeks in the time of Pericles is represented by Plato at the end of the *Phædrus* as arguing to the uttermost against the art of written composition, except as a means to the preservation of records, or as a pastime for the old. Aside from his main contention, this argument of the Platonic Socrates in favor of the spoken word offers no little comfort to the increasing number of those who maintain that our present courses in English composition should turn more and more upon the exercise of distinct utterance, that clear and well-formed speech is more intimately connected than writing itself with that precision of thought and feeling

which is the basis of all good style. Yet it may be urged that Plato, the consummate artist in Greek prose, is himself an example with which to combat the argument against writing that he chooses to put into the mouth of a dramatic character. Even so, shall we, then, immediately rush away to the conclusion that it is desirable, both for the individual and for the State, that all persons, or all the persons in any group, should obtain an equal opportunity for self-expression, whether in writing or otherwise?

So far as concerns the individual, it is clear that the teacher, whether of English or any other subject, should prefer to make his pupil well-informed and happy, rather than enable him to advertise his wisdom and contentment. Even in a democracy it may now and then be true that silence is golden, and 'long, barren silence' better than 'personal talk.' As for the State, it is obvious that the commonwealth is benefited when the few who have a comprehension of its needs receive a hearing, and the many possess their souls in quiet. Nevertheless, among the platitudes that have escaped challenge is the current notion that every one should be taught to express himself when on his feet, since there is no telling how often, in the way of civic duty, the average man may need to address an audience. One may venture to think that an inordinate amount of precious time has been lavished in windy debate upon generalities by students who have never made a speech, or needed to make one, after turning their backs upon the aca-

demic rostrum; and the fact remains that the average man, either in civic or in private relations, always needs to know his business before he talks about it. A similar observation holds good with reference to the inordinate practice of written composition for its own sake. It sounds like a truism to say that to acquire, and to meditate upon what is acquired, are more necessary than to express the result in writing. Yet this essential priority of insight over expression is not reflected in the large number of undergraduates throughout our country who have engaged in the writing of themes with little or no restriction of subjects, as compared with the number engaged in the systematic study of English literature under teachers who have made this field, or some part of it, their own.

It may be objected that the disproportion exists only on the surface, and that the student's whole experience, including his activity at the time in other branches of the curriculum, should furnish him with material about which he can tell the truth in writing. But the experience of the Freshman or Sophomore is easily exhausted; he reads, and has read as a schoolboy, very few solid books for himself; and, in the other subjects which he may be studying, his teachers are better fitted to gauge the propriety of his statements than is the teacher of English. In any case, we can hardly avoid the admission that everywhere, and at all times, the truth is of more importance than any language by which it may happen to be represented.

May we not put the argument into a form like this? The main function of the vernacular, Talleyrand to the contrary notwithstanding, is the communication of truth. In a given case the importance of the function is measured by the importance of the truth to be conveyed. Since we may seldom take it for granted that the unripe student is in possession of a valuable truth, and since the first inquiry of the teacher should, therefore, be concerned with the truth and accuracy of the pupil's communication, it follows that the teaching of self-expression can never safely be made the immediate aim of any course. If a sense of values is, in the nature of things, primary, it will remain so in spite of a thousand courses that may be built upon some other hypothesis. If expression is a medium for imparting one's sense of values, if it is essentially a means to an end, we fall into the gravest possible error when we treat it as an end in itself.

Our main question, therefore, resolves itself precisely into this one of means and end; and hence we must lay the emphasis where it belongs, and no longer ask, 'Can we teach such and such persons the art of composition?' Instead, we are bound to ask, 'Can we use the practice of written composition as a means of imparting insight?' Obviously we can use it as a test for determining whether the pupil has gained an appreciation of any particular subject, and by successive tests can determine whether he continues to advance in his appreciation. We may perhaps use it with some frequency in order

to note the increasing faithfulness of his observation within a definite province; more rarely in order to measure his ability to compare his observations and to draw inferences from them. Employed by a teacher who has such ends in view, the writing of English becomes an instrument of value for promoting a general education, which may be taken to mean a study of particular subjects in the order of their importance and in a rational sequence. Employed for less serious, or mistaken, ends, written composition may be regarded as a pastime for the young, or as an injurious waste of time.

From these considerations we may pass to a few others, some of them implicit in the foregoing.

The insight which it is the function of the teacher of English to impart is an insight, not into current theories of geology, or economics, or agriculture, or, in short, into much of the heterogeneous material that, in the shape of select readings, often serves as a basis for studying the formal structure of exposition and description; it is an insight into the best traditions of English literature and such other literatures as are directly involved in an understanding of the English. This, presumably, is the material into which the vision of the teacher himself has most deeply penetrated. If not, he ought to be teaching something else, or nothing. Let the teacher of writers, as well as the writer, observe the caution of Horace, and choose with care his proper field. Some portion or phase of this subject which he knows and loves is the matter about which he may ask his

pupils to write; and not in helter-skelter fashion, as if it made no difference where one began, what one studied next, and so on, save as a question of arbitrary order; but progressively, on the supposition that in the advance toward knowledge and understanding, certain things, not schematic, but substantial, necessarily precede others.

Further, the amount of writing demanded of the immature student should be relatively small. In the space of a term, how many teachers of English composition produce as much manuscript of an academic character as they expect from individuals of the Freshman or Sophomore class? If our courses in daily themes are to any extent derived from the educational theories of antiquity, we may imagine that by one channel or another they eventually go back to Quintilian. But what is their real connection with the familiar advice of Quintilian, so vigorously rendered by Ben Jonson, 'No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate'; or with this, 'So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing'? Or what relation have they to the Horatian counsel, not merely to fill the mind from the page Socratic before one begins writing, but, after one has written, to correct, even to a tenth review? And the page Socratic itself in one case is reported to have been seven times rewritten. Accordingly, from Plato, who remodeled the opening of the *Republic* these seven times, to Bacon, who revised the *Instauratio Magna* at least twelve times, and Man-

zoni, who would often recast a sentence a score of times, and then perhaps not print a word of it, and John Richard Green, who rewrote the first chapter of *The Making of England* ten times, there is a host of witnesses[1] crying out against the facile penmanship of five 'themes' a week on five different subjects—approximately one hundred and seventy-five papers in an academic year, from the empty wits of Sophomores! To this number must be added six or eight 'long themes.' Could any course of reading be designed which at the end of the year preceding should make of the Freshman a full man to the extent that such an exercise as this in the Sophomore year demands?

In fact, the more one compares the current practice of theme-writing with traditional theory and the actual experience of good writers in the past,

[1] On rewriting and other forms of painstaking in composition, see Horace, *Ars Poetica* 289–294; Ben Jonson, *Discoveries*, ed. by Castelain, pp. 35–6, 84–6; Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Oxford edition, 2. 562; Rousseau, *Confessions*, Book 3 (in the translation published by Glaisher, pp. 86–7); Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, p. 63; *Christabel*, ed. by E. H. Coleridge, p. 40; *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. by Knight, 1. 82ff.; *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, ed. by Knight, 2. 312, 313, 470; *Letters of J. H. Newman*, ed. by Mozley, 2. 476–7; Lucas, *Life of Charles Lamb* 1. 335–6; *Nation*, New York, Nov. 9, 1905 (on Manzoni); *Revue Politique et Littéraire*, Feb. 22, 1890, p. 239; Faguet, *Flaubert*, pp. 145 ff.; William Allingham, *A Diary*, p. 334. Passages from these and other sources are given in full in Section IV (Illustrations of the Practice of Great Writers in Composing) of my *Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature*, 1915, pp. 63–95.

the less this practice seems to harmonize with either. Nor does it meet with the approval of representative literary men in the present. Speaking at Oxford University not many years ago, Mr. Frederic Harrison delivered himself as follows:

'I look with sorrow on the habit which has grown up in the university since my day (in the far-off fifties)—the habit of making a considerable part of the education of the place to turn on the art of serving up gobbets of prepared information in essays more or less smooth and correct—more or less successful imitations of the viands that are cooked for us daily in the press. I have heard that a student has been asked to write as many as seven essays in a week, a task which would exhaust the fertility of a Swift. The bare art of writing readable paragraphs in passable English is easy enough to master; one that steady practice and good coaching can teach the average man. But it is a poor art, which readily lends itself to harm. It leads the shallow ones to suppose themselves to be deep, the raw ones to fancy they are cultured, and it burdens the world with a deluge of facile commonplace. It is the business of a university to train the mind to think, and to impart solid knowledge, not to turn out nimble penmen who may earn a living as the clerks and salesmen of literature.'[1]

And to much the same effect Lord Morley:

'I will even venture, with all respect to those who are teachers of literature, to doubt the excellence and utility of the practice of over-much essay-writing and composition. I have very little faith in

[1] *On English Prose,* in *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates,* pp. 153–4; see Cooper, *Theories of Style,* p. 440.

rules of style, though I have an unbounded faith in the virtue of cultivating direct and precise expression. But you must carry on the operation inside the mind, and not merely by practising literary deportment on paper. It is not everybody who can command the mighty rhythm of the greatest masters of human speech. But every one can make reasonably sure that he knows what he means, and whether he has found the right word. These are internal operations, and are not forwarded by writing for writing's sake. Everybody must be urgent for attention to expression, if that attention be exercised in the right way. It has been said a million times that the foundation of right expression in speech or writing is sincerity. That is as true now as it has ever been. Right expression is a part of character. As somebody has said, by learning to speak with precision, you learn to think with correctness; and the way to firm and vigorous speech lies through the cultivation of high and noble sentiments. So far as my observation has gone, men will do better if they seek precision by studying carefully and with an open mind and a vigilant eye the great models of writing, than by excessive practice of writing on their own account.'[1]

Could one wish for a better defense than Lord Morley here supplies of the notion that the cultivation of the vernacular must go hand in hand with a systematic study of literature, and of models never short of the best?

Now it would be idle to suggest that the war which has been waged against the illiteracy of our Freshmen and Sophomores, and which has centred in the 'daily theme,' has been totally without avail;

[1] *Studies in Literature*, pp. 222–3.

though every teacher must recall instances where a compulsory exercise in fluent writing has chiefly served to encourage shallowpates in shallow thinking and heedless expression. But where the struggle has availed, this has resulted from the more or less random observance of the principle which has been enunciated, namely, the priority of insight. Still, the observance has been random; for even where the teacher of composition at the outset announces his belief that the disease which shows itself in bad writing is bad thinking, he nevertheless is prone to spend the term, or the year, in battling against the symptoms. He lacks the courage of his convictions, and needs to restore his spirit with the passage in which Milton says:

'For me, readers, although I cannot say that I am utterly untrained in those rules which best rhetoricians have given, or unacquainted with those examples which the prime authors of eloquence have written in any learned tongue; yet true eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words (by what I can express), like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places.'[1]

The whole question does, indeed, finally reduce itself to one of pedagogical faith, to a belief that

[1] *An Apology for Smectymnuus,* in Milton's *Prose Works,* ed. by St. John, 3. 165.

the ideal will work—that it is the only thing that will work effectively. If we never ask the student to write for us save on the basis of something which we ourselves may properly be supposed to know; if the material is one concerning which his knowledge is made to grow throughout a considerable length of time; if we expect of every essay, paragraph, sentence, phrase, and word which he writes that it shall tell the exact, if not the whole, truth; if the subject-matter of his study be itself the truest and most inspiring that we can employ to fire his imagination and clarify his vision; if we observe all these conditions, will he altogether fail in acquiring the outward badge of education which is popularly demanded of the college graduate? Will he fail to express himself better as his personality becomes better worth expressing? If, for example, we took our cue from the Greeks,[1] and restricted our training in the vernacular to the patient absorption of one or two supreme masterpieces, would not our students escape what Ruskin says such a practice enabled him to escape, 'even in the foolishest times of youth,' the writing of 'entirely superficial or formal English'?[2] Rather, would they not thus appropriate a matter wherein, on occasion, they might with justice become right voluble? No

[1] Compare Xenophon, *Symposium* 3. 5 (in the translation by Dakyns, Vol. 3, Part 1, p. 307), where one of the guests says: 'My father, in his pains to make me a good man, compelled me to learn the whole of Homer's poems, and so it happens that even now I can repeat the Iliad and the Odyssey by heart.'

[2] Ruskin, *Præterita*, chap. 1; cf. also chap. 2.

teacher can deny it unless he is ready to pretend that insight and expression are separable, or that insight is subordinate. Yet the belief that they are inseparable is not merely the verdict of present-day common sense; it has received frequent vindication in the history of culture, as, for example, from the very practical man to whom, more than to any other single person in the annals of Europe, the continued existence of modern culture is owing, that is, to Charlemagne. In a plea for the study of letters, lest the knowledge of the art of writing vanish away, and with it all ability to interpret the Scriptures, he says to the abbots and bishops in the year 787: 'While errors of speech are harmful, we all know that errors of thought are more harmful still. Therefore we exhort you, not merely not to neglect the study of letters, but to pursue it with diligence.' [1]

[1] Comparetti, *Virgil in the Middle Ages*, pp. 96–7.

VI

THE CORRECTION OF PAPERS[1]

WHAT does 'the correction of papers' actually mean? Briefly, it means the correction, or straightening, or normalization, of one personality by another, through the instrumentality of truth expressed in language. At least two personalities are concerned; and between A, the teacher, and B, the taught, lies the medium of the vernacular or some other tongue, representing a third element that needs consideration. A and B have each their rights as well as their duties, which require careful adjustment. They have also their relations to some larger group, of which they are individual members; since their studies affect the welfare of the national language, there are mutual obligations existing between them and C, the State; for it will hardly be denied that education is the chief affair of state, since it determines the future of the nation, or that an ability to think

[1] From an address delivered at the College Conference on English in the Central Atlantic States, Albany, New York, November 29, 1913, and first published in *The English Journal* 3. 290–298 (May, 1914). With it is incorporated (pp. 99–101) the substance of my brief paper entitled *A Note on Paraphrasing*, which appeared in *The English Journal* 3. 381–2 (June, 1914). The two papers reappear in their present form with the kind consent of the editor of *The English Journal*.

justly, and to tell the truth, is the principal end of education.

In taking up the rights and duties of both teacher and pupil with reference to the national language, I shall advocate no hard and fast procedure for any course or class. We have had perhaps too much prescription of rules in the teaching of English, and too little discussion of first principles which the teacher may assimilate, and, when they have become a regulative force in his life, may instinctively apply in the varying circumstances of his profession. My aim is simply to encourage others in thinking about the fundamental obligations already mentioned, and to suggest an ideal balance among them—something not in all respects within easy grasp, it may be, and yet, on the whole, not so far beyond our reach that we cannot profitably strive to attain it. In order to suggest this ideal, it may be necessary to lay stress on certain elements in the problem of teaching English which are often overlooked—the rights of the State, for instance, in respect to the purity of the national language; and it may be useless to dwell at length upon those elements which commonly receive undue attention—as, for example, the claims of the mediocre to an education that is quite superficial.

Let us begin with the medium of utterance. First of all, it behoves us to remember that language, in its essence, is something spoken, and that speech lies closer to the personality we wish to correct than does writing. And hence the need of having the student read many of his exercises aloud in class, so that he may acquire

the habit of uttering premeditated truth, may receive correction by word of mouth, and may reform a number of his thoughts and phrases with the help of ear and tongue, as well as with the eye.

Now we cannot disjoin language from the substance of which it is the expression. This substance, again, proceeds from the mind of the writer or speaker, but, before that, it has entered into his mind from sources without. In a sense, then, the correction of a theme or essay should begin with the sources of information—as it must end with the details of usage; for the first demand we make of language, whether spoken or written, is that it represent some portion of truth that deserves communication. May we assume that the student in his last year at school, or in his first year at college, will be ready with something worthy of utterance, if he is left to his own devices, or to chance, in his selection of subjects? We cannot assume it. We must make sure in advance that his mind has been filled, and we must know with what it has been filled; we must see to it that he has materials of thought, and that the materials are well in excess of all drafts we are likely to make upon them when we ask for written compositions. Emptiness of mind is a serious flaw in the writer of a theme, and demands correction. We must see to all this because the first and sharpest of censures must be uttered when the student (or any one else) undertakes to write upon a subject of which he knows nothing. In the study of the vernacular, so close is this to the soul of the learner, it is perilous to dally with the truth. We dare not let our pupils infer

from our treatment of their compositions that the truth can ever be a secondary matter, or that substance is of less account than the way one manipulates it.

The truth of the individual thoughts is the first consideration. Next in importance comes their order. Here is a topic which our present generation is not likely to forget, much attention being paid to 'sequence' in our manuals of composition. Yet there is something more to be said about it. Not only must we expect a reasonable sequence in the matter which a student on a given day exhibits in his theme; but there is an order, by no means superficial or negligible, which the unwitting pupil cannot be expected to furnish in his work, but which nevertheless must be forthcoming, namely, a substantial order in the tasks that are assigned from week to week and from month to month in a course of systematic study. An essential progress in the thinking of the pupil must be assured. How can this be brought about? The following is one suggestion. Let the teacher of English restrict the subject-matter of his courses to the field he is supposed to know. Within this field let him select a body of material that is interesting to him, as well as important in itself, and at the same time is not beyond the capacity of his class. In preparing to teach with this chosen material, let him meditate long upon the point where he must begin if he is to attain his object, and yet longer upon this object, that is, upon the precise end he desires to reach with his group of learners by the close of the year. Let the writing of his students deal with successive parts of that material, and

let the correction of papers, like any other educational device, be at all times subservient to the end he has in view, namely, to convert unfed, unorganized, unsensitive minds into minds that are well-nourished, orderly, and sensitive. Otherwise he may continue an unceasing strife with the external signs of illiteracy, and never touch the inner seat of weakness and disease.

But we are verging on the duties of the teacher. What, in general, may we require of the personality that is engaged in correcting others through the medium of the vernacular? First, the teacher must have the right sort of personality; this affords the sole guaranty that he will have sought out and received the right sort of training before he enters upon his profession. It is almost indispensable that he come from a family and home where good books are read and a good custom is observed in speaking. It is absolutely indispensable that from early youth he shall have been a reader of the best things. He must be so familiar with the masterpieces of literature that he has a standard of good sense and good English within him. He must be a well of English undefiled. Late-learners may have their use in the teaching of other subjects; they will not do for English. Mere conscious rules, acquired after one has reached maturity, will never take the place of a correct habit formed during childhood and adolescence; they cannot rectify a vicious tendency in one's mode of utterance, they cannot change one's mental disposition.

Yet the only proper complement of natural aptitude and correct habit is adequate professional training. As Horace says:

> To me nor art without rich gifts of mind,
> Nor yet mere genius rude and unrefined,
> Seems equal to the task. They each require
> The aid of each, and must as friends conspire.[1]

Our guardians of usage must have some such education as the poets and orators who have enriched, refined, and established the English tongue. Upon this great topic I have touched elsewhere.[2] Suffice it to say that a candidate for the teaching of English in the preparatory school should have a thorough grounding in Latin (if possible also in Greek), a substantial knowledge of all the ancient literary masterpieces—of the Latin ones mainly at first hand, and of the Greek at least through translations. In addition to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he should have a year of special work in the theory of poetry, reaching back from the treatises of Shelley and Sidney to the *Poetics* of Aristotle, and accompanying the study of principles by judicious reading in the chief English poets; in Old and Middle English, so that he may see the earlier as well as the later literature in due perspective, and may be able to consult a historical dictionary of the language with intelligence; and in the development of prose, beginning at least with Cicero and Quintilian, and coming down to the English Bible and to Burke

[1] *Ars Poetica* 409–11, in the translation by Howes.

[2] See pp. 31–4.

and Newman. Quintilian, at all events, should not be omitted, as the very best advice on the practice of composition and the correction of errors is to be found in him. The prospective teacher of English in the college or university should have something more. He should have the literary insight and human sympathy that come from a full three years of special preparation under expert guidance; he should have the doctoral degree, and the degree should mean what it is supposed to mean.

In any case, the corrector of personalities has a right, nay, a duty—his natural right, and his essential duty—to live, and to live abundantly. Nothing could be worse than a teacher of English who is half-dead or half-alive, from whatever cause. A half-trained instructor may be deemed to be only half-alive. But suppose he has the natural endowment and the acquired training that the teacher needs; one requisite to the continuance of his life is leisure for study. Not only that, but he must have the strength and the inspiration as well, and also the outward incentive. In reinforcing what has just been said, let us mention a few things a university instructor ought not to be or to do. He ought not to be untrained in any branch that is requisite to an understanding of the English language and literature. He ought not to be the sort of person who affects to despise scholarship. (Shakespeare respected it, Chaucer and Milton possessed it, George Eliot obviously developed her literary powers through it.) He ought not to be lacking in ambition, or on any score unworthy or hopeless of advancement

in his profession. Furthermore, he ought not to be overburdened, stultified, or disheartened with the reading of huge piles of uninspiring manuscript. There must not be an overplus of uninteresting sentences and paragraphs in the sum-total of what he reads, but the reverse: he must have more hours for Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton than for Freshman themes; otherwise he will begin to die—to die at the top, so to speak. It is his right and duty to be a vital influence in the lives he is supposed to be shaping. The personalities entrusted to him he may shape for better or worse. It is hardly conceivable that he will not modify them at all. Yet if there are three possibilities, only one of them is tolerable. He must not leave his timber as it is, he must not warp it more, he must straighten it; and this requires ever-renewed vitality.

And what of the timber? What are the rights and duties of the personalities that are to be corrected? We need not consider obligations that spontaneously suggest themselves on a superficial consideration, such as the right of the pupil to the best kind of correction. No teaching could be too good for our land of promise, with the civilization here to be developed. This is obvious. When we penetrate more deeply, we perceive, first of all, that not every one has the same right to an education in the vernacular. An idiot, for example, has not the same right as a genius, nor in general have those who are below the average in capacity or attainments the same right as those who are above it. Doubtless

every one in a sense has a claim to instruction in English, but the point is that some have a better claim, or a claim to more of it, than others. Who are these? Clearly, as has been suggested, they who have the greater capacity. It is a law of nature that to those who have shall be given. In our teaching we may well observe the tendencies of nature, following her laws, and aiding her in the accomplishment of her purposes. It is said that 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' An easy application of the text may be made to the teaching of English composition.

Moreover, they who show promise have a right not to be herded in classes so large as to be unmanageable, where the individual is lost, and where the teacher, instead of being lifted up and drawing young men after him, must descend to their level, and appeal, not to the spirit of a social group, but to the sentiment of a mob. Extremes should be avoided. Large portions of time should not be lavished on the correction of single individuals or knots of two or three, unless these persons are extraordinarily gifted or exceedingly well-trained. On the other hand, an hour devoted to a class of ten or twelve is likely to produce results more vital and lasting than will three hours a week devoted to a class of thirty. Accordingly, with a given force of instructors, and a given number of hours for English in the schedule, it is better to divide our forty-five or thirty students into sections of fifteen or ten, so as to teach them properly when we teach at all.

It is to be expected that Freshmen and Sophomores will study more, and will prepare better compositions, when they must read their work aloud before a dozen of their fellows whom they have come to know as individuals, and in the presence of a teacher whom they meet in an intimate way, than under any other external conditions.

Another right of the student may be thus stated. We must not require him to read books too rapidly, or to compose too many themes. Have our teachers of English a clear conscience as to their exactions on either score? And who shall guard those guardians if they lack a conscience? Better a little reading carefully done, and a little writing based upon adequate reading and reflection, than much hasty work of any sort. Connected with the right of the student to an opportunity for thought, and to leisure for the slow and often painful business of expression, is his just and proper claim to some adequate form of utterance or publication. It is unfair to ask him to write, week after week, and month after month, without a single chance to produce his best in the hearing of his fellows. In general, when his papers are not thus presented, let him take charge of them himself, since he is the one who is most interested in them. It is bad for the teacher to stupefy himself with them in private, and the morality of throwing them into the waste-basket is doubtful. Worse still is an unseen public of one, an assistant, not the teacher, who comes into no personal contact with the pupil, and whose humanity touches the

soul of the writer of a theme only through hieroglyphics on its margin.

Finally, if a youth has a right to any teaching whatsoever, he has a right to sympathetic treatment from the person who corrects him. The impulse to correct, which is natural, and is very strong in some teachers, is good only when, like other natural impulses, it is properly regulated. Doubtless we are all acquainted with pedantic men who cannot bridle their tongues when another tongue has made a slip, or withhold their censure if another's pen has gone astray. Their excess does not furnish an argument against rigorous correction at intervals; but the wise and sympathetic teacher is likely to suppress something like five out of six impulses to chastise a fault, keeping ever in mind the advice of Ben Jonson, who says:

'There is a time to be given all things for maturity, and that even your country husbandman can teach, who to a young plant will not put the pruning-knife, because it seems to fear the iron, as not able to admit the scar. No more would I tell a green writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despair; for nothing doth more hurt than to make him so afraid of all things as he can endeavor nothing.' [1]

As to the duties of the pupil little need be said. He must try to tell the truth, and to express it distinctly, in speech as well as in writing. He must learn to be self-critical, so that he may correct him-

[1] *Discoveries*, ed. by Castelain, pp. 88–9.

self. This will be accomplished when he is taught to respect the rights of others in the subject he is studying or explaining. His teacher has a right to the best effort of every individual in the class, and should accept no paper containing an obvious mistake. The audience of the pupil has a right to a clear and orderly exposition, and to correct usage. The word he employs must correspond to the object he has in mind, and must mean the same thing to others as to him. It must therefore accord with the meaning given in the dictionary. I plead for a liberal use of the dictionary in the teaching of English.

And here I may advert to a second question of direct utility. As a rule, our teachers of English composition nowadays take little account of the advantages to be gained from the exercise of paraphrasing; that is, of course, from paraphrasing English authors of the first rank. The practice corresponds in a way to the training which former generations obtained in working with the ancient classics, and which, luckily, a few of our best students still secure. For the rest, paraphrasing Burke or Newman or Ruskin would not be altogether different in effect from translating and otherwise reworking Demosthenes or Cicero. In the first place, a worthy substance is supplied, meriting the pains that are indispensable to an adequate re-expression. Secondly, the student takes to the practice by instinct, as any one may see from the answers to examination-questions upon Burke's *Speech on Conciliation;* the

answers parody the speech. What we need is the direction of this native impulse to the ends of education. As it is, the student is usually but half-conscious of what he is doing, while the examiner often finds the imitation either ridiculous or highly objectionable. It may illuminate the point to cite two examples that will show how two authors, far apart in time and genius, and otherwise differing in their education, consciously went about the affair of teaching themselves to write. The first of the two is the young man Sir Philip Sidney, who on January 15, 1574, wrote to his friend and mentor, Languet:

'I intend to follow your advice about composition, thus: I shall first take one of Cicero's letters and turn it into French; then from French into English, and so once more . . . it shall come round into the Latin again. Perhaps, too, I shall improve myself in Italian by the same exercise.'[1]

The second is Poor Richard, who, be it remembered, established an English high school in Philadelphia, and outlined for it a plan of study which has by no means lost its significance to-day. Speaking of his boyhood, Franklin says:

'About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate

[1] *The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet*, ed. by S. A. Pears, p. 23.

it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.'[1]

[1] *The Autobiography* in *The Writings of Benjamin Franklin*, ed. by A. H. Smyth, 1. 241–2.

Let us pass to the rights and duties of the State. With reference to the vernacular its main duty is no secret. The State must provide and encourage able and well-trained teachers, according them ample means of subsistence, and a degree of honor not far below the highest. On this head we may give ear to the words of Milton in his letter to Benedetto Buommattei of Florence:

'Whoever in a state knows how to form wisely the manners of men, and to rule them at home and in war with excellent institutes, him in the first place, above others, I should esteem worthy of all honor; but next to him the man who strives to establish in maxims and rules the method and habit of speaking and writing received from a good age of the nation, and, as it were, to fortify the same round with a kind of wall, any attempt to overleap which ought to be prevented by a law only short of that of Romulus. . . . The one, as I believe, supplies a noble courage and intrepid counsels against an enemy invading the territory. The other takes to himself the task of extirpating and defeating, by means of a learned detective police of ears, and a light cavalry of good authors, that barbarism which makes large inroads upon the minds of men, and is a destructive intestine enemy to genius. Nor is it to be considered of small consequence what language, pure or corrupt, a people has, or what is their customary degree of propriety in speaking it; . . . for, let the words of a country be in part unhandsome and offensive in themselves, in part debased by wear and wrongly uttered, and what do they declare but, by no light indication, that the inhabitants of that country are an indolent, idly-yawning race, with minds already long prepared for any amount of servility? On the

other hand, we have never heard that any empire, any state, did not flourish moderately at least, as long as liking and care for its own language lasted. Therefore, Benedetto, if only you proceed to perform vigorously this labor of yours for your native state, behold clearly, even from this, what a fair and solid affection you will necessarily win from your own countrymen. All this I say, not because I suppose you to be ignorant of any of it, but because I persuade myself that you are much more intent on the consideration of what you yourself can do for your country than of what your country will, by the best right, owe to you.'[1]

So much for Milton's letter to Buommattei, with the warning it contains for our own generation, and the application we may make of it to the duties of the State. Turning now to the question of rights, one may argue as follows. The State demands an education in the vernacular which shall do the greatest good to the greatest number; this does not necessarily mean conferring an equal benefit upon every individual. Under certain circumstances it might signify the careful education of a few because of the preponderant influence to be exerted upon the language by a relatively small body of persons, such as poets, orators, clergymen, editors, and teachers; a small body, that is, in comparison with the population as a whole. If we consider, not the present generation alone, but future generations also, as concerned in our present stage of education, we may ad-

[1] Translated (from the Latin) in Masson, *Life of Milton in Connexion with the History of his Time*, 1881, 1. 790.

mit that thoroughly training a few persons of unusual capacity is of greater advantage to the State than a superficial culture of many. Accordingly, these reflections on the correction of papers turn out to be a plea for cherishing the more talented among our students who show promise of becoming influential in maintaining the purity of the English language, and in rectifying the present debased usage by means of a standard received from a good age of the nation. It is, above all, a plea for safeguarding the interests of those who may become teachers of English. Such a plea is never untimely; it cannot be urged too often. The rights of the average student are in no peril, save as they are implicated in the rights of neglected potential leaders; and the claims of those who are below the average—of the Jukes family and the bad scions of the Kallikaks—will not in this humanitarian age go unnoticed. The poor, and their champions, we have always with us.

VII

LITERATURE FOR ENGINEERS[1]

WHAT sort of literature should an engineer take for his private reading? Next, how should he read it? Thirdly—a question which must precede the other two, and the answer to which will really contain an answer to them—why should he read at all?

To discuss this subject with a considerable body of engineers themselves is a pleasure and a privilege. Upon the students, gathered here and there throughout our country, which such a body represents, depends to no slight extent the tone of many of our larger institutions of learning. At several universities the schools of engineering contain the largest section of the student population; and what is more, no other section consists so largely of picked men. That American university life as a whole is profoundly influenced by the beliefs and aspirations of the engineer may appeal to him as a conception in some degree novel. That the influence he exerts upon his fellows in other branches of study carries with it an obligation on his part will not, we may hope, strike him as paradoxical; for on

[1] Adapted from an address delivered before the Colleges of Civil and Mechanical Engineering of Cornell University. The address was first printed in *The Sibley Journal of Engineering*, Cornell University, for May, 1908, pp. 286–300, and subsequently appeared as a privately issued pamphlet, Ithaca, New York, 1909.

the ground that he owes something to men in other fields, and to his university as well as his special department, reposes much that is to be said to him on the score of reading. We do not ask him, for example, to read good literature because so-called academical students are supposed to read more than he; but we ask him to read more because those academical students do not read enough. So far as my observation goes, it is the simple fact that we have in the better American schools of engineering a larger proportion of men who really care for good literature, and would read it without the stimulus of formal instruction, than we find in most colleges and departments of liberal arts. At the same time one should not forget that the best-read men are still to be met where we should expect them, clinging to what is left of the older classical training.

In any case, there is at the moment no call in any single institution for the arraignment of deficiencies which, if they exist, arise from general conditions in technical education throughout the country, and even throughout the Western hemisphere. And if we are indeed to moralize, let us not, on the other hand, descant upon any form of self-seeking, cultural or what not. Far be it from a teacher of literature, of the most social of all the arts, to say to any man, 'Go to; read now this, that, and the other literary masterpiece—read Milton, read Shakespeare—simply for your own sake,' for the sake of what is called self-improvement. If true culture is essentially and inherently social, if it is inherently self-denying, sympathetic, we had better realize this inherent and essential nature of the thing at the outset.

Herein, accordingly, we find the immediate answer to the question why the engineer, or any other citizen, should read only what is good. He will read in order that he may be a good, helpful, efficient citizen, performing, and performing well, not only his special and technical, but also his general and humaner, functions as a part of the body politic. Now the life of the State, like the life of every great fitting-school for the State, amounts to something more than meat, or, in the current parlance, bread and butter; and amounts to more than the pulsating network of roads and bridges that our engineers will help to extend, by means of which in coming years the food for a hundred millions of Americans will be transported. The higher national life will not be wholly independent of food and raiment and the newer means of distribution, but it must be more than they. It will not be unsubstantial, unfounded, but it must be more than body or material. In this higher national life each individual has his right and share, which he can obtain only by communicating what is best in him to his fellows. Very briefly, then, the first reason why any one of us should busy himself with literature—with the best thoughts of the best men—is that he may react beneficially upon his neighbor. Has not the engineering student a powerful impulse, when he finds something good in a book, to read it aloud to his room-mate? And the first application of this principle will bring in the obligation we have noted, that is, the debt which our altruistic student of engineering, who would like to read Shakespeare for himself, owes to his benighted brother, the

academic, who puts his trust in formal courses, and reads Shakespeare mainly as an imposed task. Courses in literature are good after their fashion, very good for the man who is free, and knows how to use them. Yet it is hardly desirable to ask for the intrusion of non-technical courses upon a technical curriculum that is already overcrowded with special studies. For the present, no greater general blessing could descend on our professional schools than the adoption of some arrangement whereby their students should be led to employ the proper amount of time in private non-technical reading—the amount of time each day which a well-conditioned mind does so employ. Such an arrangement would not materially hurt the engineer, and would go far towards clearing the intellectual atmosphere of more than one university.

Let us turn, however, to something more specific. The question why we should read or study Shakespeare or Milton is closely related to another. What is the precise effect of good literature upon the individual who reads or hears it? What sensations, and what inner experiences, should you meet with when you read aloud the best poem of Tennyson or Kipling? Very rare is the individual who has even tried to define and localize the chilly creepings that are felt in the scalp and down the back of the neck, and on either side the spine, whenever the particular melody is heard which that particular soul likes best. Still fewer are they who have paid attention to the effects, whether bodily or spiritual, that the reading of good poetry produces on the man who

understands it. Yet it is just such relations of cause and effect that men of science are supposed to find interesting. When you have discovered that one thing causes or invariably precedes another, you assume that you know something about each of them. When you observe that the application of heat to water generates steam, you have a form of knowledge that may prove useful. What, then, is generated by the proper application of a literary masterpiece to a human being who is prepared to receive it? By way of anticipation, let us reply: some kind of power.

This question concerning the proper effect of literature belongs under a still more inclusive problem, namely: What is the effect, the proper effect, of the liberal arts in general? In other words, when we say that literature is the chief of the liberal arts, what do we mean? 'Liberal'? The word looks like 'liberty'—is, in fact, connected with it by derivation; and liberty means freedom. What have any of the arts to do with that? In what sense is literature a *free* art? In what respect or from what restraints does it enfranchise or emancipate? Not to engage ourselves too far with etymologies, we may say that the history of the term 'liberal arts' allows us to explain the effect of the best literature somewhat as follows. The best literature, and by that is meant the best poetry, generates in us a power or pleasure that is not servile, a pleasure that only a free man can fully enjoy. The man that does not enjoy good poetry is not free; and the man that is

afraid of it is the slave of a timorous delusion, afraid of a power that he affects to despise. But free from what, and how?

I must ask the engineer, the man of science, to test what I now say by his own experience as soon as he can, and not once but many times, so that he may be sure of the details of his experiment, and sure of his results. Let him choose the best poem that he knows; in order to avoid mistakes, let him choose the last act of *King Lear* or *Othello,* or the last book of *Paradise Lost,* or the twenty-second book of the Iliad in the translation by Lang, Leaf, and Myers. In any case let him make certain that his chosen passage is of the best, and that it is reasonably long. Let him make certain that he understands it. When he knows it well, let him read it aloud, with all the emphasis and feeling he can muster. Then let him take a hand-glass and look at his eye. If he is quick enough, he may find the pupil dilating—like a song-bird's, doubtless, when he sings, or a parrot's when he talks. We say that the song-bird is inspired. So he is; and so is the man. Both bird and man are taking deeper, *freer* breaths than when they ate their dinners. The man's pulse, if he tries it, is a trifle more rapid than usual, possibly more regular; there is a feeling of harmony in his bodily frame. His step is more elastic. His motions, as we say, are freer.

If he happens already to be a fearless lover of the best literature, and if he makes his test one of sufficient duration, he will also have certain inner ex-

periences that are very powerful, though he may never before have observed them with accuracy. The sense of bodily well-being is paralleled by an inner elevation or exaltation of spirit. 'A few days ago,' said Bouchardon, a French sculptor of the eighteenth century—'A few days ago, an old French book that I never heard of fell into my hands. It is called the Iliad of Homer. Since I read that book men are fifteen feet high to me, and I cannot sleep.'[1] The reader is wide awake, bold for action. The apprehensions that but an hour since crowded upon him have dispersed into nothingness. His sympathy with his fellow-men asserts itself, but begins to lose itself immediately in anticipated efforts for their welfare. Were an opportunity present for such effort, were an object of human pity before him, his emotion would be instantly transmuted into an unconscious act of charity. His feelings are aroused. His intellect likewise is quicker and more effective,

[1] So the anecdote is given by Paul Shorey in his edition (1901, p. xviii) of Books 1, 6, 22, 24, of Pope's translation of the Iliad. A slightly different version appears in Joseph Warton's *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, 1782, 2. 33–5: 'A very ingenious French nobleman, the Count de Caylus, has lately printed a valuable treatise entitled *Tableaux tirés de l'Iliad et de l'Odyssée d'Homère*. . . . Among the few who borrowed their subjects from Homer, he mentions Bouchardon with the honor he deserves, and relates the following anecdote: "This great artist, having lately read Homer in an old and detestable French translation, came one day to me, his eyes sparkling with fire, and said: *Depuis que j'ai lu ce livre, les hommes ont quinze pieds, et la nature s'est accrue pour moi.*"—"Since I have read this book, men seem to be fifteen feet high, and all nature is enlarged in my sight." ' In a footnote Warton refers to Caylus, p. 227.

begins grouping details under general heads, formulates plans, instantaneously perceives the relation of means to ends. If the reader is well-taught and wise, he will continue no longer in an idle contemplation of his own mental states, nor luxuriate in the warmth of this bodily and inward enjoyment; he will attack one of those daily tasks that a little while ago seemed formidable, but now seem moderate and feasible. And he will finish it in one-half the time he had expected it would consume. If he can convince a friend or two that successful, fearless—and we may add, reverent—activity is the final product of good poetry, properly read, he may regard the experiment as brilliantly concluded.

The specific effects of literature, and of the different forms of literature, no doubt, are various; varying as the supple human spirit which literature tries to image. Yet on the basis of our experiment let us suppose that the most general and characteristic effects of the best literature are a sense of bodily well-being, and a less tangible, but very real, sense of spiritual elevation or exaltation, not wholly different from the feeling produced in us by the best music; a sense of freedom from fear, of unhampered ability to act, of pleasure in contemplating and performing our duties toward family and State. How, then, shall we know what *is* good, what *will* produce these effects, otherwise than by this experiment? For the experiment itself presupposes some one, a teacher or the like, to tell us what is good, in the first place. The dilemma after all is not absolutely

baffling. In the nutrition of our minds nature has not left us more helpless than in the care of our bodies. In general we hasten to the medical man in order to hear from the gray chin of wisdom the precepts on bodily health that our own common sense has already suggested, and to fortify our own wills, shameful to say, by invoking the will of a stranger. Is the teacher of literature to be asked, then, what an engineer ought to read, and what he ought not? Has not the engineer's own common sense told him a hundred times what nutriment his better part should receive, and what stimulants it should forego? Does he not realize perfectly well that he may and ought to dine with Shakespeare and Milton, and not with the Sunday press? Is it not clear to everybody that in the choice of books one may and ought to be select, shutting his eye against the bad? And what shall he do when he has read a few poems of Milton and Shakespeare? Read them again! Reread them until the experiment we have described begins to work; for it will work, just as surely as the engineer is a normal man and they are poems for all time. It cannot possibly help working, if only the experimenter will become so familiar with *King Lear* and *The Tempest,* with *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes,* that they continually ring in his ears, and rise to his lips when he begins to speak. Let him avoid all books that he is not sure about. This or that one may be very good; but until the judgment of time, that is, the accumulated wisdom of many well-trained critics, has grappled with it, he must be content to

set it aside as doubtful. He is a student in a technical school, or he is a practising engineer, or he is any sort of intelligent professional man you choose. His spare moments are few. He is not the type of man that likes to make mistakes. He is aware that he will not be making a mistake if he reads Homer or Dante in the best English translation, or Shakespeare, or the English Bible, or Milton. If during his leisure hours he will read them and little else for the next two or three years, and will eschew all popular magazines, he never will make another sad mistake about books; if he keeps the practice up, in the end he will have what is known as taste. The acquisition of taste calls for a certain amount of self-denial; taste nowadays almost invariably is acquired outside of school, if at all. But we assume that our professional student is possessed of initiative and a vigorous will. This latter is an instrument that is well-nigh indispensable in obtaining anything worth while.

This list of authors unquestionably is brief. One can hardly say it is narrow. It is drawn up in accordance with an Old Latin maxim[1] of literary faith —*non multa, sed multum;* read, not many things, but much. If more extended counsel is desired, and a longer list, one may go to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Frederic Harrison, both of whom have written with intelligence and enthusiasm on the choice of books. Yet we must bear in mind that any selection like Sir John Lubbock's of the 'hundred best

[1] Originally Greek: οὐ πολλὰ ἀλλὰ πολύ.

books' is sure to omit something that the next compiler would include, and may easily contain something injurious to the reader who accepts the list uncritically. It is much easier to mention five authors, a real acquaintance with whom would constitute a liberal education, than to mention fifty. Nor would it be difficult to recall a number of great historical personages who, like Abraham Lincoln, were men of few books, but knew a few things well. We hear of such cases more frequently than we hear of any who try to emulate them. Perhaps the imitation does not seem unpractical enough.

So much on *why* we read literature, and on *what to read.* We read what gives us power and freedom, and we read it because it gives us power and freedom. If we cannot solve these questions off-hand for ourselves, we have the judgment of the past to guide us. Now then, *how* shall we read? First of all, read aloud. Every bit of literature properly so called that history has to show is intended, not for the eye primarily, but for the ear. Every line of Shakespeare, every line of Milton, is meant to be pronounced, cannot be duly appreciated until it is pronounced. Often an entire masterpiece remains dark and forbidding, merely because the reader has sought to interpret it with the eye alone. For example, doubtless many a professional man has never felt quite ready to take up *Paradise Lost;* and indeed it might be well to begin the reading of Milton with *Samson Agonistes.* Yet no one who is fond of orchestral music can long resist Milton in any shape,

if only he learns how to reproduce the beat and swell and cadence of Milton aloud. In my experience as teacher I recall among my few and modest triumphs the cases of several students who thought themselves hopelessly blind to *Paradise Lost,* when their actual infirmity was nothing but an easily cured deafness. Unsealing their ears unlocked to them the doors of a Paradise with melodies not to be heard elsewhere in English verse.

Very much of what we call prose—Bacon's essay *Of Death,* for example, and passages in his *Advancement of Learning*—is in the truest sense poetry, and loses half its significance when followed only with the eye. Literary men, that is, men who write with imagination, are often 'ear-minded,' as we say. In the act of composition, they hear what they are about to write; whereas other persons are perhaps more often 'eye-minded.' The ordinary man, sitting at his desk, pen in hand, is likely to see his next sentence, or a part of it, in his mind's eye, a moment or two before he will record the words on paper. The chief hindrance to his appreciation of the best literature may be that he never has been accustomed to hear the words that he sees.

But we must not be content with hearing them. When we read, we must, if necessary, smell and feel and taste them. That is to say, reading means translating the visible marks on the printed page into terms of all the senses. Hence, if it be asked, 'How shall I read Shakespeare?' the answer is, 'Read him

with alert bodily senses.' When the Ghost in *Hamlet* says,

But soft; methinks I scent the morning's air,

one must try to recall what the ozone at dawn smells like, since it is the earliest sign of day. If we do translate the diction into terms of the several senses, the inner meaning of Shakespeare or Milton will not often escape us.

The process of making monotonous black characters on the page vividly stir the latent sense-perceptions is, however, relatively slow and irksome. Few people have ever learned to do it consistently; and hence, it is fair to say, few have ever truly learned to read. The moral is, read slowly. Take ample time. Pause where the punctuation bids one pause; note each and every comma; wait a moment between a period and the next capital letter. And pause when common sense bids you pause, that is, when you have not understood. As the line of sentences comes filing before the window of your soul, examine each individual expression with the animus, and more than the animus, you would maintain were you paying-teller in a bank; saying to yourself continually, 'Do I know this word?' and, 'What is this phrase worth?' Toward what they see in print many people, otherwise shrewd and sensible, are strangely credulous; what they find in a book they instinctively think must be true. Yet books are not more trustworthy than the men who write them; the number of misguided and misleading books is infinite. Good books are rare.

Read aloud; read slowly; read suspiciously. Reread. What a busy man has time to read at all, he has time to read more than once. Was it not Emerson who held that he could not afford to own a book until it was ten years old—had at least to that extent proved its ability to survive? Jealous of his time, he let others sift the ashes. And was it not Schopenhauer who considered no book worth while that was not worth a third perusal? If we read a thing but once, that usually is but so much lost time. The most industrious student forgets a large part of what he tries to retain. The best-read man is the one who has oftenest read the best things; who goes through Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible, once a year. A veteran teacher of English, who had a long and effective career in one of our eastern colleges, was approached by a student on some minor point in *Hamlet*. 'Don't search me too deeply,' begged the teacher; 'I haven't looked at *Hamlet* in six months.' When, therefore, we receive, as the ultimate counsel on reading, the maxim, *Non multa, sed multum,* 'Not many things, but much,' 'much' signifies, in part, 'with great frequency.'

From this more general discussion of *why, what,* and *how,* let us pass to a number of concrete suggestions about reading, suitable to the needs and opportunities of men engaged in a non-literary profession.

First. Select for your private property, as it were, some one standard author; one with whom you mean to keep company for ten years. Love

him as the wolf loves the lamb—swallow him whole. Yet, on second thought, do not bolt him. Gradually masticate all that he has written, and the best of what has been written about him. Try to pierce the secret of his life and activity. The proper study of mankind is biography. When you have found his secret, it will probably bear a resemblance to something within yourself, and that, too, no matter how gigantic your hero may look to you at first, or how remote his interests may seem from yours. The interests of all men and all ages are much the same, in kind if not in vigor. Accordingly, when you are casting about for a fish, do not be afraid of landing one that is too big. You may have the swiftest and strongest in the ocean, almost for the asking. The big fellows are always swimming in clear view. There is that leviathan Homer. You may draw him out with a hook—out of the book-market with an eighty-cent silver hook; and you may play with him as with a bird. Hugest of beasts that swim, he is the most amiable and amusing of household pets. The most fortunate and enviable of householders are those who, having a fair portion of this world's goods and friends, have early in life caught a substantial author for a playmate. To know his ways does not require much time. Many a business man gives more time to his dog; and the dog will live only a dozen years.

Secondly. Have a few good books, of various sorts, not set on a shelf, but lying on a table where they can be easily opened. If you are, or think you

are, an unusually hard-working man, have the table near your bed, and read a little each night before you go to sleep. That may possibly be a strain on your eyes; but eye-strain is preferable to mental starvation. Turn at least ten pages in some good book every day. That will allow you 3650 pages every year, which is about equivalent to Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Old Testament, in texts or versions easily accessible. The better the book, the more valuable the twenty minutes you give to it. And let no one object that good literature is hard or uninteresting, or wearying to a mind already tired. The objection is a sure sign that the person who makes it is speaking without experience. He has not tried our experiment. He has second-rate books, or no books, or even bad books, on his table. Cultivate also the acquaintance of pocket-editions—in Everyman's Library (published by Dutton) or The World's Classics (Oxford Press) or The Temple Primers and Temple Classics (Dutton). One of the most widely-read men I know makes it his boast that he never had a course in 'English,' and has done most of his reading on the train.

Thirdly. Read in company. As we observed before, literature is a social art. In cultivating it we should set, and not follow, the fashion. If you are a university student, read with your room-mate, and have a tender care for his taste. Above all, read aloud. Organize readings for Sunday afternoon at your fraternity-house or club. The Greek-letter societies originally had some connection or other

with the pursuit of literature. Their extraordinary growth in our great schools of technology and applied science is one of the strange developments in American education. Why not restore to them something of their lost function? It may be that they have emigrated from their birth-place, where Greek was taught, to the very end of preserving the culture of the land.

The technical student should also look forward to the time when he will again be in his home, and prepare himself to read and listen there. In recent years there has been harsh criticism all over the country of the methods in vogue in the teaching of English. Some of it is justified in so far as the teachers are ill-prepared for their work, though the nation is culpable in not providing better preparation for them. Yet the teachers of English are confronted by an almost insoluble problem. They are virtually asked to accomplish by artificial stimulus in school and college what ought to be done naturally in the home. In the university, they are expected to give young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one a feeling for literature that usually is not acquired after the age of twelve. They can tell in an instant whether a Freshman has been reared in an atmosphere of good books, in a family where the excellent old custom persists of reading the Bible aloud, or comes from a house where father, mother, and children alike buy only the yellow journals and cheap magazines. In the latter case, he may appear to be well-fed and well-clothed, yet the first word he

utters will betray his mental starvation. In combating this sort of poverty and famine we can do something for our own generation, but we naturally have better hopes of the next. We can warn its parents. When a child asks for bread, no father will purposely give him a stone.

Hence, fourthly. Begin now to accumulate a library, for fear that those who shall some day be dependent upon you may starve. It is not important that a young man should own many books of general literature; it is imperative that he should own good books, and use them. The best way to assure yourself that you really own a volume is to underscore sentences, and pencil the margin. For the sake of definiteness, I shall name a handful of books that every one ought to possess and wear out, adding a hint or two about serviceable editions: The Iliad of Homer, translated by Lang, Leaf, and Myers, and published by the Macmillan Company.—The Odyssey of Homer, translated by Butcher and Lang, issued by the same publisher. The Odyssey is the best story of adventure ever put together.—The Divine Comedy of Dante, in any one of several translations; for example, in that of Tozer, published by the Oxford University Press.—The Oxford Shakespeare, in one volume, published by the Oxford University Press. This certainly is the best compendious edition to recommend.—'The 1911 Bible,' published by the Oxford University Press, 'a scholarly and carefully-corrected text of the historic English Bible, the time-honored Authorized Version.' One

reason why people fail to see that the Bible is the most interesting book in the world is that they are afraid of it; but the student of literature must not be put out of countenance by his own prejudices. Another reason is that it is usually cut up into verses in such fashion that the sequence of thought is injured. 'The 1911 Bible,' by restoring the original paragraph or strophe, ordinarily enables one to understand the connection, where one did not understand before. Throw away all preconceptions and second-hand opinions, and begin with the story of Job.—Last, the Oxford Milton, published by the Oxford University Press. At current prices,[1] these six books will cost in all, I think, about seven dollars. They may prove a safer equipment for a liberal education than the multitude of authors in the stacks of a university library.

Fifthly. At the same time, one need not be afraid of large public collections, either. There is, indeed, some danger that the multiplication of free circulating libraries may discourage the private ownership of books. Yet the danger will hardly frighten a person of sense from the door of knowledge, and certainly will never frighten away the man whose soul has been purged of fear by steady contact with Homer or Milton. Moreover, without access to

[1] In February, 1920. The Oxford Press lists the editions of Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible at $1.25 each, and Tozer's Dante at $1.50. The Macmillan Company still lists the two translations of Homer at $0.80; the abridged translations, which are cheaper, should be avoided. [Prices since have risen.]

larger collections than the average individual can afford, one could scarcely think of prosecuting any study, whether literary or technical. Accordingly, for the sake of thoroughly knowing the author we have taken as our playmate, let us utilize some near-by reading-room in a good library. It has been whispered that at several institutions one or two of the students of engineering do not know what the inside of the university library is like.

We may now come back to the points that need final attention. Good general reading enables a man to work more freely and sanguinely and rapidly in his special vocation. This is not fancy, but solid fact. General reading is an act of recuperation. Most of an engineer's mental activity is in the nature of exercise. His profession wears out the tissue of his mind. Good reading nourishes and builds up that tissue. Professional men often complain that they have little or no time for books. The better men seem to have time. Some have time, perhaps, because they are better engineers and the like; but more probably they are better professional men because they take time to feed their minds. They have time for the essential things of life, because their brains, being well-fed, have tone, and work with fearless precision. Time is elastic. He who as a man takes time for good general reading will find that his general reading gains time for him as an engineer or a lawyer or a physician. The proof of this pudding is in the eating. We have heard about the old ideal of education: 'a sound mind in a sound body.' Reconstructed to meet the conditions of the present

day, this ideal should be stated thus: a specifically trained mind, in a well-nourished soul, in a healthy frame. Of such a man his country will not feel ashamed.

Such a man will not often be troubled by fear. From the Greeks down, the greatest poets and critics have been almost unanimous in recognizing that a primary function of the best literature is to release men from fear, to imbue them with an exalted and reverent courage. Thus, in the ideal Republic of Plato, Socrates would admit only such poetry as might after a positive fashion confirm the hearts of his ideal citizens, and directly contribute to the development in them of reverence. Thus the real Greeks under Xenophon chanted a pæan before entering into battle. And thus the Normans of William the Conqueror are said to have moved against the English at Hastings, a renowned minstrel in front singing their national epic, the Song of Roland.

In peace, fear is the subtle and destructive enemy of all original thought and action, of that personal independence which every man must preserve if he is to be deemed free, and of that unqualified devotion to his country which patriotism at all times demands. Little as men realize it, the atmosphere they live in is surcharged with an infectious terror, blighting their personal happiness, thwarting their services to the commonwealth. In the long run, the most potent of all incentives and deterrents with respect to individual action is the fear of what others may say or think. And thus men live so continuously in a state of anxiety,

which is another name for fear, that they are not aware of the disease. They believe, because it is common, that it is a state of health. Yet it is both chronic and vulgar. The anxiety to be like other people, only bigger and richer, is, like nearly all the forms of fear, unspeakably vulgar; as vulgar now as when Aristotle observed that epic poetry and tragedy, in the hands of Homer and Sophocles, gave men pleasure by relieving them of certain disturbing emotions, one of which was fear. The antidote to individual and communal fear may be had in a few volumes.

Here are fourteen lines from one of them, the sentiments of a man eminently fearless, eminently reverent, a lofty being, endowed with every power of enjoyment that nature could bestow, or education develop; who nevertheless gave the vigor of his manhood to relatively humble and most laborious service of his State; who lost his eyesight in that unremitting labor; who, old, impoverished, blind, lived a suspect under a restored monarchy which he hated as a tyranny; who yet retained his courage unabated, and preserved his faith in the efficacy of human endeavor. In simplicity, in reverence, in the power of inspiring courage, there are, outside his own works, few things in English, or in any other modern language, to equal Milton's sonnet *On his Blindness:*

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest He, returning, chide—
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

In our age of hurry we may accept this final sentiment respecting two kinds of service as of some value, since it comes from one who, after all, far exceeded the petty measure of our accomplishment to-day. Indeed, this poet, scholar, patriot, is the man, and his are the civic virtues, that Wordsworth longed for in times much like our own, with a longing not more suitable in England than in America:

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.
England hath need of thee. She is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
O! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, *freedom, power.*
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, *free,*
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

VIII

TEACHER AND STUDENT[1]

IF I could now command the use of a few stage-properties, and several good, solemn, hypocritical actors, it would be not only diverting, but instructive, to have the curtain open, as it were, on a set of men, or rather reappearing ghosts, called Sophists, who should entertain us with cunning debate, in the antique style, on the difference between a teacher and a student —if there be a difference. There should be a sympathetic Chorus, and a leader of it, to call attention to each speaker before he began his part, and to stand aside in respectful silence during the speeches. We might, indeed, find the characters engaging, less because they were ancient, than because the Greek Sophists had so many traits that are distinctly modern. But a dialogue carried on by Sophists appearing in the flesh, like Ibsen's Ghosts, would be very suggestive if they maintained, in sophistical fashion, that the teacher and the student are not essentially the same person. It would suggest that the race of Sophists is not all dead; that it comprises a large class of ingenious men

[1] Adapted from an address delivered at the meeting of the New Jersey Association of Teachers of English, held at Newark, March 16, 1918. The address was first published in *School and Society* 8. 91–97 (July 27, 1918), and is reprinted with the kind consent of the editor.

in every age, including many who seem to be foremost in the realm of thought and education; and that America at this very hour is well supplied with Sophists incarnate. If only we could unmask and identify them!

But to carry out the dramatic fiction would not satisfy the ends of a discussion that is intended to be more profitable than amusing. Nor may we now pry into the whole art of sophistry. For that, the curious reader must be sent to Jowett's translation of the *Dialogues* of Plato, and to the writings of Matthew Arnold and Dr. Flexner. And yet it may illuminate the relation betwixt teacher and student to consider for a moment the ways of the Sophist, if haply we may learn of him and be wise. What are his characteristics?

The Greeks also asked this question, for the Sophist was a frequent apparition among them; he called himself a teacher; and he appeared so suddenly in so many different places that they found it necessary to identify and label him. To them—to Plato, for example—a Sophist was one who professed to have wisdom in general, and to be able to make other men wise, though he himself had no thorough knowledge of any one thing. For a substantial consideration, he would give you general culture with no special effort on his side, while you yourself were not under the painful necessity of learning anything in particular. He discoursed, or, as we should say, lectured; and you merely listened in delight to what he asserted. Yet to Plato the truly wise man was Socrates, who began operations by con-

fessing his ignorance; who was swift to inquire, and reluctant to affirm; and who, when he taught, taught only the habit and method of investigation. To Aristotle, the greatest student of all time, a Sophist is a man who makes money by sham wisdom. Now every one, of course, obtains a living somehow; so that making money, or even the gaining of a reputation, cannot be the mark either of sham wisdom or of true. The primary trait of a Sophist, then, is his unwillingness to admit his own ignorance. He simply lacks the courage to say 'I do not know.' He begins with a flat assertion, rather than a question or hypothesis; he has investigated no one subject from the bottom up, but deals in sounding generalities; and, through a show of wisdom, he deceives himself and imposes on the crowd, so that they pay him money and spread abroad his renown. As he is afraid to say 'I do not know,' so is he unaware that silence is golden. He thinks that he will be heard for his much speaking. He therefore imagines that the aim of a liberal education is facility in self-expression. He develops a knack of rhetoric, yet never becomes a true orator, for what he says may stimulate attention, but cannot dominate the memory. He is fond of verbal quibbling, and tends to repeat his catchwords, and to force them out of their normal meanings; though in general he utters stereotyped phrases like 'in that direction' and 'along those lines'; and, not being possessed of the low cunning necessary to success in mathematics, will say that something or other 'centres around' a *point*. Again, having mere scraps of classical lore, and an abysmal ignorance of

the culture in the Middle Ages, he will use the words 'old' and 'mediæval' as terms of censure, and 'modern' as a term of unqualified praise. But his favorite word of commendation is 'broad'; and his ideal man is 'broad-minded,' whatever that may mean—it seems to designate a person with a mind like a loose, ill-fitting shoe. He does not think that 'broad' is the way that leadeth to destruction. Accordingly, his stock-in-trade of words and notions is partly eccentric and mostly tame. When the audience madly applauds, he does not (like the ancient orator) remark in an aside to his friend, 'I must have said something foolish.' He is, in fact, more eager for applause than for pelf—though he likes pelf, too. He is so intent upon winning both that he has no time for study. Yet he talks of overwork, or at all events of the multitude of his cares. In his search for novelty of thought, he has acquired the habit of making the worse appear the better reason; he tells you that power gained by studying a subject that is hard, like Greek or mathematics, cannot be transferred to the acquisition of a subject that is easy. He is far less apt to quote from Bacon's essay *Of Studies* than from Mr. Dooley on *Democracy and Education*. In studies, he advocates the line of least resistance, which is the line of free choice from the kindergarten to the grave. He maintains that 'culture' is to be had from every subject, and implies that it may be obtained as well from manual training or blacksmithing as from mathematics or Greek —or English. At all events, he will say these things so long as the crowd repeats them. When their no-

tions are altered, his utterances change also. Finally, the Sophist cannot distinguish a man of real learning, save by a vague feeling of discomfort or apprehension when they meet, and a sense of being on his guard. He exhibits a kind of rage at philosophical ideas, if any one attempts to apply them to the practice of teaching.

It now appears that, while talking of the Sophist, we have been thinking of the sort of teacher who is not primarily a student. And shall I confess that, out of an endless line of shadowy forms, seen darkly in a magic glass, and extending from remote antiquity down to this month and minute, I have been watching the mien and gestures, grave or gay, of three notable Sophists whom the world has called educational leaders? And that, in reporting my vision, I have combined the most salient traits of these three great ones into a single composite portrait? Their names are Protagoras, Evenus, and Prodicus; and the men are neither wholly dead nor wholly alive, but sometimes they seem to be phantoms, and sometimes flesh and blood; though actually Protagoras has an existence in the real world, while Prodicus and Evenus are now in the abode of shadows.[1]

[1] It may be proper to explain that each of the three character-sketches is likewise a composite picture. If one of them suggests a historical personage whom I have elsewhere quoted with respect, it should be remembered that some freedom is granted to the method of satire, which must aim to represent, not individuals, but general types, yet cannot create them out of nothing.

The writings of Protagoras are familiar to all teachers of English, for the man himself once appeared in our midst, at the age of sixty-one, and began to make us wise by the direct method; nor did he fail to attain the end for which he came, though in St. Louis not more than three hundred and fifty Philistines would pay and hear him at one time. But a teacher of English in the Middle West has recently published a book entitled *Protagoras—How to Know Him;* so that there is little excuse for us if we fail to recognize the greatest of modern English Sophists, who wrote on culture and anarchy and Homer and Celtic literature and many other subjects. At times a poet, at times almost a philosopher, a lucid and often elevating writer, he nevertheless was a teacher rather than a student, a fact which kept him from being the best kind of teacher. And by the following anecdote one may certainly know him; it is related by Goldwin Smith, who says:

'[Protagoras] was outwardly a singular contrast to his almost terribly earnest sire. Not that he was by any means without serious purpose, especially in his province of education. His outward levity was perhaps partly a mask, possibly in some measure a recoil from his father's sternness. As we were traveling together in a railway carriage, I observed a pile of books at his side. "These," said he, with a gay air, "are Celtic books which they send me. Because I have written on Celtic literature, they fancy I must know something of the language." '

'His ideas,' adds Goldwin Smith, 'had been formed by a few weeks at a Welsh watering-place.' [1]

[1] *Reminiscences,* p. 71.

Prodicus, a venerable figure in whose career there always was a certain distinction, in bygone years was the leading spirit in a famous Oriental university. Like Protagoras, he wrote and spoke with ability upon things in general, including religion and education, without a knowledge of the details in any one field of scholarship, however small. We might fancy him to have been well-versed, if not in Hebrew, yet in New-Testament Greek; but his ideas of religion were not formed by severe study. Similarly, without being an accomplished Latinist, and without an extensive acquaintance with the teaching of Latin, he courageously divulged his sentiments on the value of linguistic discipline, to the confusion of the more or less experienced. For good or ill, no other man in his generation seemed to wield more power over Occidental education than Prodicus, partly through a lack of restraint in his followers, who, with the great body of American Sophists, metamorphosed our colleges and similar institutions. Finally, their educational system, if it could be called a system, descending upon the secondary schools, disintegrated these as well. Yet, for all his persuasiveness and acumen, and for all his native dignity and common sense, it may be said of Prodicus, as Socrates said of himself, and as the rest of us may say of ourselves, that he knew nothing; with this difference, that Socrates openly confessed it, and acted in harmony with the confession. And hence the time will come when men will ask: Did Prodicus work greater good, or greater harm, to American

education than any other man in history? But even now it is not impossible to understand him, if we begin the process in Socratic fashion. What did Prodicus teach or study in particular before he assumed the rôle of making men wise in general? Of the thousands to whom his name and fame are familiar, virtually no one can reply. But the answer is that, before he began to fix the place of humane letters in the curriculum, Prodicus taught a certain branch of physical science. Did he love his subject with the quenchless love that qualifies a man to be a leader of education? It is boasted by friends of Prodicus that after he ceased, in his early prime, to instruct in his chosen field, he never again, throughout an ample lifetime, so much as looked at a book on that subject. Instead, he is said to have assisted artless publishing-houses, to his and their mutual advantage, in measuring the wisdom of the past in terms of flea-skips, making dubious estimates of books in general according to their length, at a time when he might well have hesitated about acting as a critic of monographs in his own particular field. To tell the truth, Prodicus, though amply and variously endowed by nature, was not born with literary genius; nor did he become in fact a well-read man. No doubt the canny publishers were able to trade upon his reputation, and he was honestly deceived to his own profit; for some men are born Sophists, some achieve sophistry, and some have sophistry thrust upon them.

Evenus is no mere college president. Indeed, no magic mirror will disclose whether he is a single

wise man, or many gathered into one. He is evanescent and ubiquitous. His speech may be heard at any time, in any place, on any subject or none; for his voice is an echo of all voices. Though he is always in all eyes and in his own, no man hath seen Evenus; nor hath Evenus often seen himself. He is a living mask and an embodied shadow, who becomes aware of himself only in the presence of a student who studies, and then only through an indeterminate sense of pain; for he wishes to be looked at, but not to be discovered. Must we find him a local habitation, as well as a name? If so, he is a kind of sultan in Mecca, the surintendent of a collegiate institute so great in point of numbers that it long since outstripped the University of Cairo, while the University of Valparaiso has lost hope of vying with it. As an Oriental potentate he has the Midas-touch, and a feeling for all generalities that tickle the masses. Gold and pupils rush in upon Evenus in an endless stream, while the poet and musician flee away. The crowd listens to him breathlessly, and does not remember what he says:

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.

He seems always to be uttering general truths, and to speak upon many themes, above all upon education. But he, too, knows nothing in particular. There is no subject, nor any part of one, in which he is an acknowledged master; and herein he differs from the head of the Collège de France, in Paris, which is at the summit of French education; for the head of

the Collège de France is an acknowledged master of Greek. The magic glass will not reveal the function of Evenus as an educator; but many years ago a teacher of English in an Eastern school helped me to understand it. This teacher said:

'Evenus is the most wonderful man I ever met. You cannot ask a question of any sort, on any subject, to which Evenus will not give you an immediate and final answer.'

I straightway begged for a sample of Evenus' wisdom; but for some reason my informant could not repeat a single one of his replies. Whereupon I said to this teacher of English:

'In sheer intellect, the ablest man I ever met is Professor So-and-so, of such and such a Continental university. He is a leading European authority in a field to which, as it happens, I have devoted some years of study. If you go to Professor So-and-so, and ask him a question, he is likely to reply, "I do not know," or "We do not know"; for he is abreast of his times, and in his case the two statements are identical. He is then likely to continue, counting off his points of ignorance on his thumb and fingers: "I [or "We"] do not know this first thing; and we do not know this second; nor do we know this third, nor yet this fourth. But here," touching his little finger, "is a small but important thing which scholars have discovered. Let us begin with that." '

Professor So-and-so has spent far more of his life in studying than in talking; he has had a hand in training the greatest teachers of English in America, not to speak of other nations; and he is still one of the great teachers of his day.

Our topic, however, is not sophistry, but its antidote. By teacher and student we mean one person, the teacher as a student.

The antidote for sophistry is intensive study; not general reading, however indispensable that may be, but special investigation. For the teacher of English, actual or prospective, it is graduate study under scholarly supervision—under the direction of some one of the few highly productive scholars in our American universities; or else abroad; or, preferably, first in America, and then in Europe. It is the study, not of things in general, but of one thing at a time, and of some one substantial subject for at least three years. A few weeks at a Welsh watering-place, a few weeks at a summer school, are not enough. Intensive study, coupled with extensive, and with a real philosophy of scholarship, is the sole means of regenerating English in America, where the subject has for the most part fallen into a sophistical art of rhetoric. And a sophistical art it will remain so long as the emphasis is laid upon expression, and not upon the truth and value of what is to be uttered; nay, until the pupils are taught to be silent until it is clear they have something to say. The 'daily theme' gives training in sophistry.

In the long run, though, a man must be his own teacher, and must study for himself. He must seek out a topic not too great for his powers, yet one that will stretch them, and follow it consistently until he transcends himself through learning; for, while there is a distinction between pupil and master,

there is no essential difference between teacher and student. First-hand knowledge, completely possessed, gives one a base-line and a touchstone for estimating the extent and reality of the knowledge or pretensions of one's fellow-teachers and one's pupils. It enables us to distinguish between true generalization and empty platitude, between the grasp of wisdom and the show. But the process of learning never ceases. The man who takes up the profession of teacher for life has taken up the profession of student for life. If not, he will suffer shipwreck. He may not lose his position in the world; Sophists do not lose their stipends and emoluments. But he will lose his self-respect, and his power in his work. Can a teacher who has ceased to study continue to sympathize with his pupils who are studying? Can he help them in the most critical point of instruction, namely, in the art and method of study?

Our pupils in the university who listen to lectures all day long do not know how to study, nor did they know how when they came to us as Freshmen. Why is that? The reasons, which are many, might be summed up in various ways. It has been hinted that American education has for years been in the hands of the Sophists, and is at their mercy. And we may add that America for years has desired, not culture, but the appearance of it. The collegian is satisfied with a pass-mark of 60, and his elders are content if this brings him the degree of B.A. But, more definitely, the reason why the pupils cannot study seems to be this. Preparatory teachers are so beset

with large classes and heavy schedules that they feel they have neither time nor energy for systematic private reading; and, if they have lost the habit of study, they cannot give it to their charges. Yet in all likelihood the general conditions as to hours and classes will not greatly improve within our lifetime; and hence the difficulty cannot be met by complaining. We must somehow study on in spite of all, encouraged by the thought that teachers who do manage to study, who begin by utilizing spare moments and half-holidays, in the end find more and more time for it.

For their sake, let us outline a few courses that a teacher of English may give to himself as a vital elixir—as a relief and antidote for the difficulties and educational sophistries amidst which we students must live and breathe. Having alluded to the Platonic Sophists, we may turn to the Platonic notion of a symposium. And indeed it is seemly to begin any kind of educational banquet with Plato. Accordingly, by way of grace before meat, one may counsel every teacher, as Horace bids the poet: Go mark the world; and, Study the page Socratic.[1] That is, let us observe our fellow-men, whom we must understand in order to teach them; and for educational ideas, let us go not to Matthew Arnold, or to Dr. Flexner, or to any one else, so much as to Plato —since it is to Plato that many a suggestive writer of the day owes the better part of his inspiration.

[1] *Ars Poetica* 310, 317.

In the banquet, first of all comes the course in some favorite author—a great poet, let us hope; say Milton or Wordsworth, or, if he be a prose poet, then some master of eloquence like Bacon or Ruskin. Choose him with care, as one would a husband or a wife. If he be a first-rate poet in the stricter sense, read every word he ever published, and at the same time narrowly examine some one of his poems, as it were with a microscope. Ask yourself a thousand questions about it; delay the process of answering, and collect evidence that may settle them. Enter into your poet's life, and make his friends your friends. Read what he read, for thus you will give yourself the education of a poet—no bad thing for a teacher of literature. Translate portions of him into the foreign language you know best. After an interval, translate these selections back into English, and compare. Roger Ascham taught Queen Elizabeth after some such fashion; Franklin acquired an enviable style in a similar way; and Sir Philip Sidney learned to write English by the same means.[1] Study your poet, then, with dictionaries; and if some one has made a concordance of his poems, study that. Perhaps you never have read steadily in the great Oxford Dictionary of English, or in Bradshaw's *Concordance to Milton;* one cannot conceive how fascinating the game is save by trying it. Work into your author deeply, and work out again in all directions, until you live his life as he lived it in his

[1] See Ascham, *The Schoolmaster,* Book 2, near the beginning (*Works,* ed. by Giles, 4. 180); and compare above, pp. 99–101.

age. To relive the life of a Wordsworth or a Milton is a prophylactic against sophistry. It is the sort of thing the Sophist never does.

Secondly, there is the course in the principles of literature. For these, go to the masters and producers, and not to the middlemen. Go to Plato, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus for a knowledge of the art of poetry, and an understanding of the essentials of a noble and impressive style. Read these authors themselves; do not first read what lesser men have said about them. And read what the poets and orators have said about their own art. Read Shelley's *Defense of Poetry,* and Wordsworth on poetic diction; Cicero and Quintilian on the education of an orator, and Burke's essay *On the Sublime and Beautiful.*

This second course will immediately lead to a study of the main types of literature: the epic, the drama, the novel, lyrical poetry and pastoral, the sonnet, the character-sketch. Such are the forms in which the human mind normally expresses itself. Even the character of the Sophist must be sketched according to standards set for this kind of writing by Theophrastus. Follow the development of the novel from the Odyssey to the Greek romances, and from these through the Italians and the contemporaries of Shakespeare to the eighteenth century, to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and the works of Richardson and Fielding, and so to Thackeray and George Eliot. Or, beginning with George Eliot and her *Theophrastus Such,* or with the character-sketches of John

Galsworthy,[1] trace this type of composition back through the *Tatler* and *Spectator* and the *Serious Call* of William Law to La Bruyère, and from Hall, Overbury, and Earle, and the comedy of Ben Jonson, back through the mediæval rhetoricians, and so through Rome to Greece—to Theophrastus and the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle.

The investigation of literary types will inevitably take one away from the English, which is a derivative literature, to those Mediterranean literatures from which the English poets and orators have drawn their models, and, in very truth, their vital force. The epics of Milton carry us back to Dante, to Virgil, to Homer; his tragedy to Æschylus; his *Lycidas* to the Italian pastoral poets, and thence to the *Eclogues* of Virgil and the *Idyls* of Theocritus; just as Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Burns, since they all studied Theocritus, suggest that we should do the same. And the study of any English poet leads, not only to classical sources, but also to the corresponding types in the Bible. It will also lead to the study of other modern literatures; since we cannot understand ourselves unless we know our neighbors, whether they be friends or enemies. However, it may be said that all the European literatures have been friendly with one another; they are all of one family.

But doubtless our nearest neighbors in matters of the intellect have been the Greeks and Romans, since every English poet of the first rank read the Latin

[1] In *A Commentary*, 1911.

poets, and every Roman poet read those of Greece. Accordingly, next in importance to cultivating some great English poet as a familiar friend, we may rate the last course now to be mentioned, a course in Greek and Latin literature. In the classical writers, even when approached through translations, we have not simply an antidote for sophistry, nor merely a single course in a banquet, but a complete and wholesome feast—one that for a year will provide a hungry man or woman with daily bread, the spiritual food we pray for.[1]

[1] This course is described in an Appendix, below, pp. 294–307.

IX

PATTERNS[1]

WHEN the vernal equinox is with us, and the season of vernal enchantment advancing, with one wave of a Neoplatonic wand I transport all lovers of wisdom, in an instant, as it were to the banks of Ilissus—to the terrestrial paradise of Bartram's Garden on the west bank of the Schuylkill.[2] And behold!—the spirit of the younger Bartram, 'Puc-Puggy,' as the Indians called him, the guileless Flower-hunter who once dwelt here, and who never grew old, though the days of his years were four score years and four. Behold him in the springtime, studying the patterns in flower and shrub, in fern and laurel, in the motion of insect, and in the mind of man; he an accomplished botanist, with a childlike sense of wonder. And what is he observing now? Hung between the fern and the laurel, there stretches an airy silken fabric, almost in the vertical plane, in shape an orb, still dew-bespangled,

[1] Adapted from an address delivered before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa in the University of Pennsylvania, March 21, 1919. The address was printed in *School and Society* 9. 643–650 (May 31, 1919), from which it is reprinted with the kind consent of the editor.

[2] For the Bartrams, father and son, see my chapter on Travellers and Observers in *The Cambridge History of American Literature* 1. 185 ff., esp. 194–8.

and gleaming in the early sunlight. From the centre of the orb run delicate yet powerful radii to the circumference, and, as these rays diverge, they are crossed at narrow intervals by slender filaments that make a succession of concentric polygons within the confines of the whole; so that the whole becomes a cosmic network of correspondences and sympathetic communications. At the centre rests the subtle being that spun the cosmic pattern, like the soul in a well-ordered brain, constantly in touch with its sources of information. Perhaps no other form or pattern in external nature is so accessible to our sense of beauty, and to that grasp of order which is the essence of knowledge, as this web of the orb-weaving garden spider. The specimen needs no preparation. No microscope or telescope, no scalpel, no elaborate procedure, is required for a first inspection. The object is of intermediate size, as easily contemplated as the order of our thoughts about it, and more familiar to us Americans than the patterns in the starry sky. Indeed, it may be used as a type or semblance of the human mind, or of organized science, for, like the structure of the soul, or of the cosmos, it represents an idea, or form, or figure, in the mind of the Divine Creator.

If the mention of Ilissus and the beautiful forms of nature and intellect has not already suggested the Socratic dialogues, the image of a child, or at all events of an unspoiled mind, fascinated by a pattern will surely recall the Platonic doctrine of forms or ideas, as the cobweb should recall the masterly plan of the *Phædrus*.

In that dialogue we find that rhetoric, the servant of education, is described as the art of enchanting the soul; for love is a kind of enchantment, and good rhetoric is the art of the good and successful lover. As such, it is indispensable to the teacher, for he may be defined as the lover of humanity; to the lover of wisdom; to the lover of that truth which is beauty, and that beauty which is truth—as both Plato and Keats aver. It is the art which he must strive to acquire who would introduce form and order into the minds of men.

No doubt this talk of woven orbs and patterns, and woven words and arguments, of an art of rhetoric which is also an art of love, and an art of love which is nothing but the prosaic art of teaching, will not in all respects commend itself to some of those who instruct the young in English composition, and who unwittingly still perpetuate the methods our fathers derived from the arid Scotch rhetoricians. In time, perhaps, we shall repudiate most of this heritage from the Scotch, and go back to the Greeks (whom the Scotch now and then consulted), seeing that they not only produced the best models of eloquence, but also understood how and why they did so. Now the ancient theory of rhetoric differed from one that calls itself modern, in a very important respect. It began, of course—as the modern one, let us hope, does also—by insisting that the speaker should know the truth about the subject he has under discussion, and, what is more, that he should tell the truth about it; he must know something at first hand before

offering to speak at all, and he must be fair and honest in presenting what he knows. But, this assumption made, the ancient theory went upon the principle that in order to fascinate, teach, and persuade, you need something more. In addition, or, indeed, first of all, you must thoroughly understand the soul of the man to whom your speech is addressed. You could not draw the mind of an undergraduate from the athletic-field to Bartram's Garden with a cobweb, or from there to the outskirts of Athens with a hawser and a yoke of oxen, if you were not fully acquainted with that mind; or, if you succeeded without this knowledge, you would succeed by chance —perhaps with a chain and elephants when you needed but the silken filament of Arachne. If, however, you once got inside the mind of the said undergraduate, so that you could feel out in every direction from the centre of it; if you knew and admitted precisely what it was like, what was its degree of organization or lack of organization; if, to change the figure, you knew what parts of it would hold or stretch, and what were its native motions, and so on, you might draw that mind, not only to the outskirts, but to the very pulsating heart, of civilization, and might do so with a cobweb, or some form even more ethereal—let us say, with a Platonic idea. First of all, then, the speaker must know the soul of the listener.

Thus the treatises of Plato and Aristotle on rhetoric have the character, not of many recent works on the subject, but of works on psychology; so that act-

ually there is more to be learned about human nature from the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle than from his essay, the *De Anima,* on psychology in the more technical sense. These treatises reveal the nature of the man in the audience; they disclose the pattern of the mind, and the pattern of the argument that will catch that mind; they discuss the traits of humanity in its various classes, and in the various times and circumstances of life. For several reasons they have a special value in this country at the present juncture, or would have it if they were carefully studied. Even the minor truths to be extracted from them are significant. It is clear, for example, that one will hardly gain the love of an elderly miser with the bait one has ready for a prodigal Sophomore, or a group of such.

This brings us to our sheep. If I refuse to discuss at length the modern study of rhetoric which goes under the name of 'English,' it is because that study is typical of our whole system of liberal education so-called. This does not begin where it should begin—that is, with a consideration of the soul of the learner. It confuses means and ends, or rather neglects the end entirely. Instead of discovering, and then assuming, that a certain kind of person must be taught, it assumes that certain subjects—a great many—must be taught, and trusts that the proper students will gravitate to the classes in the several subjects. In other words, what passes for a liberal education in our American colleges and universities does not rest upon an adequate inquiry

into the veritable traits of the typical American at eighteen or twenty years of age. It is not based upon a sound estimate of his very great excellences, his undeniably grave defects. How can it, then, proceed to restrain and develop him according to a rational method? The first question is not, What subjects shall we teach? It is rather, What is the essential nature of the pupil? What is the pattern of his mind? What is he like? The answers to all other questions in education depend upon our answer to this fundamental inquiry. We may therefore enter into a brief examination of the following topic or topics:

The American undergraduate: What he is like; Why he is so; and, What we had best do with him.

First, What is he like? With certain reservations, easily made, we may say he is like a young Athenian of the fourth century B.C. I quote from the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle, Book 2, chapter 12:[1]

'The young are in character prone to desire, and ready to carry any desire they may have formed into action. Of bodily desires it is the sexual to which they are most disposed to give way, and in regard to sexual desire they exercise no self-restraint. They are changeful, too, and fickle in their desires, which are as transitory as they are vehement; for their wishes are keen without being permanent, like a sick man's fits of hunger and thirst. They are passionate; irascible and apt to be carried away by their impulses. They are the slaves, too, of their passion, as their ambition prevents their ever brooking a slight, and renders them indignant at the mere idea of enduring an injury. And while they are fond of

[1] Welldon's translation, pp. 164–6.

honor, they are fonder still of victory; for superiority is the object of youthful desire, and victory is a species of superiority. Again, they are fonder both of honor and of victory than of money, the reason why they care so little for money being that they have never yet had experience of want. . . . They are charitable rather than the reverse, as they have never yet been witnesses of many villainies; and they are trustful, as they have not yet been often deceived. They are sanguine, too; for the young are heated by Nature as drunken men by wine, not to say that they have not yet experienced frequent failures. Their lives are lived principally in hope, as hope is of the future and memory of the past, and while the future of youth is long, its past is short; for on the first day of life it is impossible to remember anything, but all things must be matters of hope. For the same reason they are easily deceived, as being quick to hope. They are inclined to be valorous; for they are full of passion, which excludes fear, and of hope, which inspires confidence; as anger is incompatible with fear, and the hope of something good is itself a source of confidence. They are bashful, too, having as yet no independent standard of honor, and having lived entirely in the school of conventional law. They have high aspirations; for they have never yet been humiliated by the experience of life, but are unacquainted with the limiting force of circumstances; and a great idea of one's own deserts, such as is characteristic of a sanguine disposition, is itself a form of high aspiration. Again, in their actions they prefer honor to expediency, as it is habit rather than calculation which is the rule of their lives; and while calculation pays regard to expediency, virtue pays regard exclusively to honor. Youth is the age when people are most devoted to their friends or relations or companions, as they are

then extremely fond of social intercourse, and have not yet learnt to judge their friends, or indeed anything else, by the rule of expediency. If the young commit a fault, it is always on the side of excess and exaggeration, in defiance of Chilon's maxim [μηδὲν ἄγαν]; for they carry everything too far, whether it be their love, or hatred, or anything else. They regard themselves as omniscient, and are positive in their assertions; this is, in fact, the reason of their carrying everything too far. Also, their offenses take the line of insolence and not of meanness. They are compassionate from supposing all people to be virtuous, or at least better than they really are; for as they estimate their neighbors by their own guilelessness, they regard the evils which befall them as undeserved. Finally, they are fond of laughter, and consequently facetious, facetiousness being disciplined insolence.'

In the main this description is good for all time. Yet there are ways in which the young American differs from his fellow in ancient Greece. For one thing, he tends, like the young Englishman, to be cleaner than the young man on the Continent of Europe, north or south. On the other hand, he is less childlike, less observant of detail, less fond of contemplating forms. His memory is poor, for his images are indistinct. He is like what he likes, preferring games that require physical strength and dexterity to various kinds of mental strife, such as the study of Greek, or solid geometry. He is unlike what he dislikes; and on the whole he has acquired a dislike of what Plato calls ideas—what we have here chosen to call patterns. His mind is not like the orb of Arachne, whose weaving of

figures was unsurpassed among mortals. The American youth has lost what the American child possesses, natural accuracy of observation, unappeasable curiosity, a love of artistic structure, a retentive memory for form.

If it be conceded that the American undergraduate is in general pretty much the sort of person we have been describing, why is he so? How does he come to be what he is, willing to go through the motions of an education, yet no lover of ideal distinctions or distinct ideas? In the main, not because our American stock is bad—it is mainly good and promising in itself; but because of bad teaching. No learning in the home, bad teaching in the schools. Save in a few cities with an excellent tradition, there is chaos in the American public schools. We hear not a little about the utility, or the worth, or the lack of either utility or worth, to be found in one study or another; but the country does not value the teacher; if he strictly attends to his own concern of studying and teaching, he has neither fame nor money for his efforts. In treating him thus, the country does itself a great wrong; but it does itself a greater wrong in not obtaining expert service. In comparison with a teacher in France—not to mention Germany—our American is hopelessly ill-trained in the subjects in which he professes to instruct. And she—for we may now change the gender—she does not continue long enough in the profession to learn the art of instruction. It requires at least three years to learn this art; not half who begin the process pursue it so long. The result is that, by a generous estimate, all

our pupils are in the hands of underpaid teachers, ill-trained in their subjects, and inexpert in class, for half the time; or half the pupils are in such hands all the time. The richest commonwealth in the world will put money into school-buildings, sanitary devices, administrative officers, and janitors, but not into the training and the lives of teachers. Let us say nothing of classes of sixty in a room, when fifteen are not too few for efficient instruction, and eighteen begin to be too many; nothing of the multiplication of subjects in the school curriculum, and the multiplication of interests (activities so-called) outside, until it is impossible to learn any one fundamental subject well. But let us say that the conditions of teaching in the public schools of America are bad, for every unprejudiced observer knows it. The average student when he leaves the high school, or the private school, is like the hero of the Homeric *Margites;* he knows a great many things, and all very badly; his mind has not thoroughly mastered any one subject. Thus the undergraduate who has just entered the university comes with the powers he had as a child, his endowment for life, almost ruined; and in a plurality of cases he leaves the university illiterate—he has not assimilated the patterns of English speech. Yet there is more hope of him at the age of twenty or thereabouts than of his elders at the age of forty. His imagination is still capable of being trained to grasp form or structure, and his ability to observe and to remember can be revived. It is still possible to teach him to think, though you cannot do so by lecturing to him and then asking him to write in an exami-

nation-blank a part of what you have told him, garbled.

If yet there is hope, what are we going to do about it? This is our third and last question. And the answer is twofold, since there is a problem in the schools, and a problem in the college or university; in regard to both problems, however, let us not go beyond what directly concerns the university.

To begin with, we must encourage the choicer spirits in our classes to train themselves for the vocation of teaching. There is an unfortunate sentiment often expressed nowadays, when university men, including professors, are gathered together, to the effect that we ought rather to discourage young men and women from entering our profession, just because conditions are said to be so untoward. People deem it unfair to the individual of superior mental endowment to send him into a field where the pecuniary rewards are so inadequate. To this we must reply that it is unfair to the country not to direct the better minds into this very realm of endeavor. If we passively allow the mediocre person to drift into teaching, affairs can only go from bad to worse. The chief way to make conditions better is not to induce the State to pay more money to inferior and untrained servants, but to provide better service, and then to convince the public that the instruction it receives is of a high order, given by men and women of real talent, of broad as well as intensive training, and expert in discovering and quickening ability in their pupils. If all who are concerned were to recognize this truth, and to act accordingly, conditions would be radically improved within half a gen-

eration. The standing of the profession would be higher, and the salaries would be more satisfactory. Such an inference at all events is warranted by the history of the improvement of conditions in medicine and law. Meanwhile let no one who has a true call to become a teacher refuse to obey for sordid reasons. How many a choice life of late became a willing sacrifice to patriotic duty! How many a young man of inherited wealth ungrudgingly forsook home and opportunity, and ended his career by death in an alien land on the field of battle! And are we now to admit that there is no such thing as a living sacrifice to the welfare of the nation? Let us take heed lest our manner of advice to the young imperil the higher life of America for years to come. The eternal warfare with ignorance, unreason, and bad taste, has not ceased, has no cessation. And for the individual, what are the few luxuries and conveniences the teacher must forego as compared with the spiritual satisfactions constantly open to the well-educated and effective scholar and teacher? Accordingly, we need have no hesitation about advising the young man of intellectual promise to engage in the affair of education. Only, let us make sure that he is the right sort of person, willing to undergo a rigorous preparation in the graduate school, so as to run no risk of failure in mid-career.

Such, as it seems to me, is one very pressing duty of our universities at the present time: to direct the fit though few into the path of scholarship and science; to develop them and prepare them to be teachers—above all, teachers of the humanities; and to send them, thus

developed and prepared, into the secondary schools. In this way, and in all other legitimate ways, we must aim to persuade the thoughtful men of the nation, and the leaders of the State, that the contemplative life transcends the active, and should be cherished by the government.

But to return to the mass of our undergraduates, or the three-fifths of them concerning whom there is hope. What shall be done with the undergraduate as he is? What actually will induce this unthinking creature to think?

Let him read Plato. The few who still take up the study of Greek should read as much of Plato as may be in the original, supplementing this with generous portions in a good translation. They should begin the reading of Greek with Homer and the easier parts of the Platonic Dialogues, and not with anything from Xenophon. As for the rest, the great majority, let them live with Jowett's translation, taking, for example, the *Phædrus* first, then the *Apology,* and then the *Republic.* We should gain by substituting this version of Plato, since it is a masterpiece of English, for two-thirds of the English literature now read in Freshman and Sophomore courses. Were we to provoke every student in our American colleges and universities to buy and read this work, within the space of two years the United States of America would become a nation ready for the highest culture. It is Plato who, outside the sacred books of our religion, and a few works characteristic of the Middle Ages, is the grand storehouse of human ideas. It is he who has

given to the world the very term 'idea.' And it is ideas that our students chiefly lack. The eager student of that subject in the curriculum to which we apply the misnomer of 'English' should examine the myth of the soul in the *Phædrus,* where the pattern is distinct, before he comes to the myth of the soul in Shelley's ode *To a Skylark,* where the pattern is vague and disordered. Let him become acquainted with Platonism clear and pure at its source, before he takes up the insecure—one may almost say, muddled—Platonism of Wordsworth's *Ode, Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood.*

General culture means the possession of distinct and important ideas, and the organization of these ideas into an orderly whole. It depends upon the ability to comprehend structure, and the habit of seeing patterns objectively with the mind's eye. But this eye of the mind is not quite like an eye; it is more like an inner retina or network of lines and filaments. To go back to the image with which we began, it is a kind of reticulated orb like the web of our spider. We desire our student to possess a mind like the fabric hanging between the fern and the laurel in Bartram's Garden, with main lines of support and communication radiating from the centre in all directions outward, with sympathetic cross-communications in every part, and with a subtle, active intelligence at the hub of the wheel. Structure within the mind is developed by the contemplation of structure without. No other single means will so quickly and effectually reproduce an organized mind in our American undergraduate as the

study of Plato. The statement is made upon the basis of repeated experiment with individuals of this genus —with the American undergraduate as he is, and not as our present uncorrelated curriculum of liberal studies assumes him to be.

He has no prepossessions about Plato, no prejudice against Plato as against the word 'Greek,' or antiquity in general; and Plato instantly captivates him, and will transform him while yet there is hope. Nay more. Many a young teacher can be revivified by dancing out a mental fight or figure with Plato—in the *Theætetus*, or the *Philebus*. And it is perhaps never too late for any one to learn that he can teach his pupils more if, instead of haranguing them in lectures, he will enter into Socratic conversations with them about the subject he and they may have in hand.

* * * *

If the criticism of Shelley be thought severe, the reader should note again precisely what is said, and what is not said, of the poet. For example, I carefully avoid saying: Do not read Shelley. The injunction is: Read Plato first—a bit of advice derived from the habit, opinion, and counsel of Shelley himself. Does it seem ungracious to expose the weakness of the ode *To a Skylark*, and the inadvertence of those who deem it excellent without rigorously testing the whole by the standards of good sense and good technique? Of the inadvertent, those who are open to conviction may consult the analysis of the ode by Professor John M. Robertson;[1]

[1] In *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, pp. 219–222.

or they may deal with the ode as Socrates, in the *Phædrus,* deals with the oration of Lysias, thus: It presents an untruth in the first place—

> Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
> Bird thou never wert.

'Then as to the other topics—are they not thrown down anyhow? Is there any principle in them? Why should the next topic follow next in order, or any other topic? I cannot help fancying in my ignorance that he wrote off boldly just what came into his head!' [1]

Would the entire university curriculum be disrupted if we were to introduce the study of Plato in the wholesale fashion suggested? But the suggestion mainly concerns the work in English so-called. And here it is already possible to read almost anything; the teacher now has virtually complete freedom of choice. Meanwhile, among the various trends in 'English' there is at present a distinct tendency in favor of reading more and more of the ancient classics in translation; in the next few years we are likely to see a kind of renaissance of classical study in this guise. But it would seem wise to direct the tendency according to sober principles, and neither to let our enthusiasms run away with us, nor yet merely to drift with the educational tide. Just now the most favored translator with teachers of English is Professor Gilbert Murray, and hence the most familiar Attic author is Euripides. Mur-

[1] *The Dialogues of Plato,* trans. by Jowett, 1892, 1. 472.

ray's Euripides is better food for our young people than most of the texts in the list of the College Entrance Board for English. But Jowett's Plato (perhaps with the translation of the *Republic* by Davies and Vaughan) is better yet.

In other departments, of course, there has been a similar tendency. Since few of the students who elect philosophy have ever studied Greek, the professor of philosophy expects his class to read the *Republic* in the version of Davies and Vaughan; and the professor of political theory is likely to do the same. First and last, a goodly number of their colleagues will require one and another group of students to read more or less of Plato. To tell the truth, if the present had not seemed to be a fair opportunity to strike a blow of a particular sort in favor of good sense and serious reading, I might have waited for a better time.

X

THINGS NEW AND OLD[1]

Then said he unto them: Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.[2]

THIS strange and pregnant utterance has a deeper meaning for the religious imagination; but for a secular purpose we may give it a secular interpretation, thus: the student of literature who has digested the *Republic* of Plato is, as it were, a man of unlimited resources, possessing a store of ideas upon which he can always draw for the ends of life. As a collateral text one may cite the advice which the father of Robert, Earl Lytton, gave to his son: 'Do you want to get at new ideas? Read old books. Do you want to find old ideas? Read new ones.'[3]

[1] An address delivered before the Classical Section of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle Atlantic States and Maryland, Princeton, Nov. 30, 1918. The address was published in *The Classical Weekly* 13. 107–111 (Feb. 2, 1920), from which it is now reprinted, in a slightly revised form, with the kind consent of the managing editor.

[2] Matt. 13. 52.

[3] Austin Dobson, *A Bookman's Budget*, 1917, p. 143.

A teacher of the modern subject of English, while doubtless to be regarded as an exponent of things new, on occasion must glance at the interests of those who in the general mind pass for teachers of things old and permanent—that is, of the ancient classics; or at all events must try to discover what there is of common interest to both ancients and moderns. Yet the instructed scribe of either sort will straightway admit that the familiar distinction between 'old' and 'new' ordinarily has no scientific value, and as a rule serves only to darken counsel. The 'new' school of Dr. Flexner, for example, is not merely as old as the *Émile* of Rousseau; it is as old, though not so fresh and good, as the philosophy of Epicurus. And the 'new religion' of President Eliot was actually described more than half a century in advance by Renan in his essay on Channing;[1] in fact, being as old as Stoicism, it is not so new as the New Testament. Accordingly, both ancients and moderns will readily grant that the groundwork of a sound general, and even a religious, education consists, not of things old as such, or of things new as such, but of things that are at once both new and old. In other words they will agree that a general education consists in the assimilation of a stock or fund of ideas which are by nature imperishable; of ideas which are the potential inheritance of every intelli-

[1] Eliot, *The Durable Satisfactions of Life*, 1910, pp. 155 ff., esp. pp. 160, 166; compare Renan, *Etudes d'Histoire religieuse*, 1862, p. 360 (pp. 357–403, *Channing et le Mouvement Unitaire aux États Unis*).

gent human being. They are the specific property of no one man or age. They may be acquired by any man or nation through select and industrious reading within the space of forty years or less, if I understand the late Sir William Osler, though Aristotle would seem to suggest forty-nine years as the correct figure, and Plato fifty. They may all be met and recognized before the age of thirty, to judge from the five years spent by Milton after he left Cambridge, at Horton, and the eight years of reading done by Swift after an unsatisfactory career as a student at Dublin. Moreover, one man differs from another, one period differs from another, in the way each man or period reacts to the common fund of human ideas. Thus a man or an age may possess more or fewer of these ideas, may possess some number of them more or less distinctly, and may possess them in more free or more restricted combination. Novel combination of old ideas is sometimes said to be the mark of genius in a Shakespeare or a Goethe; yet it is clear that wealth of ideas is also a characteristic of originality, as in Plato; and even more characteristic is the habit of sharply distinguishing between one idea and another, and of seeing the sum-total of ideas in order and due perspective.

This last quality is characteristic of the New Testament, where we learn that, if we seek first the most important things, or ideas, the others will be added to us—on the principle that to him that hath shall be given. And it is a characteristic of the literary

tradition that culminates in Dante, who sifts and unites the gains of the classical and the mediæval spirit, and whose *Vita Nuova* and *Divina Commedia* as a result are strictly the most original productions in literature outside the Scriptures. But it is also a characteristic of Plato.

Wealth of ideas, distinctness of ideas, perspective and emphasis in combining them, these, we may say, are the end and aim of a general or humane education, at least on the intellectual side. If we admit this—and who will deny it?—the main question for the educator, the instructed scribe, then becomes: What are the most effectual means of transmitting the largest number of clear and important human ideas in the best perspective? Yet there is another question, or perhaps another form of the same question, which takes precedence of this one, namely: Where are the fullest and most accessible treasuries from which the prudent scribe or householder may enrich his son or disciple? We have here in mind, of course, what is termed a literary education, rather than a mathematical or scientific one, and elemental thoughts, rather than their applications and modifications; and the treasuries we immediately consider are books—works proceeding from antiquity, or from the Middle Ages, or from the Renaissance and modern times. Indeed, under the Renaissance we must include everything from the end of the Middle Ages down to the present time; for we are still living in the Renaissance—or were until August, 1914. Since then, perhaps, for better as well as worse, for better

rather than worse, we have been returning to the ideals of the Middle Ages.

We shall at any rate do wisely if we look for ideas in the place where we are certain to find them. Thus it might not be wise to look for them in the books of the last ten years, or in all the books of any particular ten years in history, where much chaff necessarily hides but little wheat. And again, it may not be wise for the general student to trust to the sources from which a particular man of great ideas extracted his special fund. The books employed by a Bunyan or a Lincoln are likely to include certain volumes of perennial worth; and his choice of teachers is always instructive. But the genius of Lincoln, feeding in the main upon a few significant books, was otherwise able to assimilate clarified ideas from sources that might furnish indifferent nourishment to the mind of the average man. In any case, we must discover our fund of ideas somewhere in the past, whether the near past or the more remote. We cannot find them in the present, since we can study the present only when it has gone by and become a part of human experience. As for the future, in which the young people of Illinois and Kansas—and even of the State of New York—expect to meet new ideas that have not been expressed in old books like the ancient classics, it may be doubted whether we shall shortly be favored with a Plato or a Dante from those parts. It is the simple truth that the source of virtually all the human ideas thus far developed has been one or an-

other part of the civilization that grew up on or near the shores of the Mediterranean. We may even affirm that, however amplified or varied the application of the common stock of ideas has been in the Renaissance, the additions to that stock since the time of Dante are well-nigh negligible. The main development since that time has been of the means of communication and of diffusion—the printing-press, the telegraph and telephone, and various forms of artificial locomotion; there has not been a significant increase in the number or importance of the things to be communicated; nor is 'diffusion' always to be taken in a favorable sense. One may read an entire newspaper in the Sunday edition, or an entire number of a current magazine, without finding a single idea of permanent value, well expressed.

We may therefore raise an objection to the common practice, exemplified in the curriculum of every Protestant school and college, of making a literary training chiefly consist in the persual of authors belonging to and typical of the Renaissance. Besides the reasons I have suggested for this objection, others may be adduced. For example, since our pupils are living in the Renaissance, they do not escape from themselves through reading these authors; the individual student tends rather to stereotype the ideas which already govern him. Again, the casual reading of the crowd is naturally confined to this period; but education should supply deficiencies, not merely encourage desires that will satisfy themselves, once the intellectual curiosity of the individual has been

awakened. The notion I wish to convey will be clearer if we turn to a matter of common observation, which is this: the reading of Renaissance authors does not necessarily lead one to the reading of mediæval and classical masterpieces. Thus the man who has read Milton may not have read Dante, and the man who has read Shakespeare may not have read Sophocles; but one will hardly find a student of Sophocles who has not read Shakespeare, or a student of Dante who has not read Milton. Yet again, the more difficult part of education is the acquisition of self-restraint, and the less difficult, the development of one's natural bent. But the typical author of the Renaissance and modern times—a Montaigne, a Goethe, a Rousseau—glorifies individualism, self-assertion, self-expression, self-development; whereas the classical and mediæval authors inculcate self-restraint and self-denial. Finally, what we call bad taste would almost seem to be the invention of the Renaissance and a special property of modern times. The literature of the Middle Ages is on occasion tedious; and the ancient classical authors are not without their faults of style and deficiencies of spirit. But bad taste as we know it in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is not to be detected in Plato, or in classical literature as a whole, or in Dante, any more than it is to be found in the New Testament. Were we to subordinate Renaissance to ancient and mediæval writers in the curriculum, we should tend to secure the pupil in his formative stage from the contamination of bad taste.

Yielding to none in my love of what is best in Shakespeare and Milton, I am not, of course, aiming at a wholesale condemnation of Renaissance authors, or asserting that they should be uncritically excluded from a rational scheme of studies.

But the superiority of Dante and Plato to any writer of modern times cannot be denied, when we consider each as a grand repository of human ideas. Outside the Sacred Scriptures, these two authors are in this respect incomparable, surpassing the greater or lesser among the encyclopædic minds whose works have been the sources of supply for many a literary reputation—such works, I mean, as those of Cicero, Plutarch, Montaigne, Bacon, Leibnitz, Goethe, or Sainte-Beuve. Serviceable as Plutarch has been to a Shakespeare, Montaigne to an Emerson, or Sainte-Beuve to a generation of literary critics, or as De Quincey has been to a Ruskin, or Ruskin to many a recent English writer, not one of them will replace Dante or Plato as a treasury of ideas. Taken together, these two, Plato and Dante, virtually sum up, compactly, the germinal notions which are possible to human kind.

Yet they have more than wealth and compactness to recommend them. They have also distinctness and perspective or proportion. And these two qualities of distinctness and perspective suggest that the two authors are not merely individual, but also representative. What do they represent?

It would seem that they represent two out of the three greatest literary traditions of all time, in which

the wealth and importance of the ideas to be transmitted have been equaled by excellence in the manner of their conveyance. Chief among the three is the tradition of the Old and the New Testament; but this does not enter into the present discussion; though pervasive in its influence upon all subsequent European literature, it has its own special relation to the secular curriculum, being *sui generis,* and a thing apart—in the world, but not of it. Of the other two, one is manifestly the Græco-Roman tradition, beginning with Homer, and culminating in the Attic drama and Plato, yet living on in later Greek poetry and in the poets of Rome. The other begins in the tenth century with the troubadours of southern France, culminates in Dante, and lives on in Petrarch. For each of the two, the distinctive characteristic is perfection of artistic form developed through an unbroken succession of poets, each learning from his predecessors, striving to advance beyond them, and generally successful in making old things new. Except for the Bible, as in the relation of the later to the earlier Psalms, no other literary tradition shows the same excellence arising from close continuity and straightforward progress. No such phenomenon can be observed, for example, in the literature of England, though there is something like it in the progress of Old English poetry from Cædmon to the school of Cynewulf. But subsequently, in their mastery of poetic form, the two leaders, Shakespeare and Milton, are, we may contend, aliens to England; for Shakespeare, with all

his opulence, attains to artistic perfection, not in his dramas, but in some of his sonnets, which are ultimately Petrarchan; and the artistic mastery of Milton comes not through an orderly development of English literature; from a distance, and after an interval, he strives to combine in one the streams of Mediterranean tradition. He does not, like Dante, or like Plato, live at home in his own native stream of ideas and art. But he could not have done better, and his practice indicates what we should do toward improving the ideals of a literary education: study the Bible—that goes without saying; and otherwise betake ourselves to the schools of Plato and Dante. It was to these that Shelley betook himself (until then a very mediocre poet), thereby enriching his substance, and greatly improving his art.

This is as much as may now be suggested regarding storehouses of ideas—where to hunt for treasures. Let us briefly consider the other question—how to transmit the fund of ideas to the next and succeeding generations. I have elsewhere[1] discussed the mediæval tradition which the best of modern scholars are engaged in winnowing for the future; to the student of English a study of Germanic and Italian or Romance origins is of more immediate concern than the study of Greek and Latin. Yet classical studies are of vital interest to the teachers of modern literature; when these studies fail, we cannot succeed. Nor could there be a more splendid testimony to the significance of classical scholarship in modern life than the body of recent

[1] See below, pp. 199–200, 262–6.

French monographs upon English authors; for they all derive their method and inspiration from the work of French classical scholars like Gaston Boissier and Alfred and Maurice Croiset. In America, however, it would seem that our teachers of Greek and Latin have not in recent years been so directly helpful to students of English. Indeed, if I may speak for myself, I have had to learn the most needful things in the domain of classical studies either from teachers of English or by myself—such needful things, that is, as the *Poetics* of Aristotle and the *Encyklopädie* of August Boeckh, which metamorphose and energize one's conceptions of literary and linguistic study. Why, we may ask, do American classical scholars, in contrast with those of France, make so little use of these books in their teaching—above all, in the training of teachers for the secondary schools? Or, to approach the problem from another angle, why should a bright young woman from the Middle West, one who had read Cæsar and Xenophon, be filled with astonishment, after reading a little of Jowett's Plato for a course in English, that no one had ever before directed her to this magical source of ideas? Why, thought she, was I robbed of my birthright? The fault must lie partly in the general state of education in America; it also lies in part with our teachers of the classics. I hope they will bear with me if I complain a little and advise a little on this subject. Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

We teachers of modern literature—of Shakespeare, for example—have just cause for complaint that our pupils have read Cæsar, and are not familiar with

Ovid; since perhaps the main difficulty in the allusions of Shakespeare, and even of Milton, has ceased to exist for a student who has read portions of the *Metamorphoses*. Again, if our Sophomores are so lucky as to have read a little Greek, it has been Xenophon rather than Plato; and hence they cannot understand Shelley. But, strictly speaking, and not to mention Greek, they cannot read Latin at all, one reason being that their teachers in the secondary schools cannot do so either. These teachers, naturally, cannot transmit a habit that they do not possess, and will never inspire a class with the faith that it can do what is not done. But why should not a teacher of the classics in the high school read classical authors wholesale, as his or her colleague in French or German reads authors in either of these tongues? Sympathize though we may with the difficulties under which classical teachers labor in this country, it is the simple truth that, with nearly all the best cards—the most fascinating authors—in their hands, they have not known how to play the game. They continue to assign the reading of the *Gallic War*, and the orations against Catiline, which vitally interest but a few boys, and almost no girls, and they withhold Ovid, who would interest all. And they insist upon Xenophon, who, if not always prosy, is yet as prosy as a Greek can be.[1] And why do they insist?

[1] I do not wish to imply that Cæsar, or Cicero, or Xenophon, is uninteresting when approached in the right way; but it is undeniable that the rank and file of teachers make them so; whereas it is not so easy for a bad teacher to spoil the Æneid or the Odyssey.

Because, forsooth, he writes Attic Greek that is not too hard! Meanwhile these pupils are bereft of the natural pleasure and stimulus which come from the habit of continuous reading; though if you make the Greek or Latin easy enough, and interesting enough, it is as possible to acquire the habit for either of these as for French or German. You must, of course, have teachers who can and do read books and authors in the languages they profess to teach. But you must also see to it that, with some intensive study for the sake of grammar and syntax, there goes much extensive reading on the part of the class. Let us not be afraid of the methods of those who teach the modern languages. It is better also to read one book of the Odyssey in the original, and the rest in the translation of Butcher and Lang, than two books of the original and nothing more.

I sing of things old and new. For years we have been facing changed conditions in teaching Greek and Latin; and the present, they say, is a critical time for Greek. The classical teachers appear to realize that they are in a predicament; but what have they done, what are they doing, about it? Very likely more than I have heard of, but surely not enough; for more is needed than a general campaign of advertising to awaken a heedless public, more than eloquent replies to Dr. Flexner and his school, more than Latin exhibitions in the halls of public buildings. I am far from underrating the value of such efforts, or the admirable spirit of those persons who make them. More imporant, however, are the results attained in certain text-

books like Professor Goodell's *The Greek in English, The First Year of Greek* by Professor Allen, and the Latin readers projected by Professor Clark and his coadjutor, Mr. Game. But all these enterprises, so far as they are known to me, are in certain ways too much of a concession, and in certain ways too little. With all deference to scholars who know far more of Greek and Latin than I can ever hope to know, let me nevertheless as a teacher of English assume that we need a new Greek Lesson-book and Reader, say a volume of six or seven hundred pages, and a similar volume for beginning Latin. The principles governing these books I trust we should all agree to. The details should be worked out by experts, though in each case, perhaps, under the guidance of a single editor; what I say of these details must be regarded as mainly tentative or rather suggestive, and in no sense final and complete. In the volume for Latin there should be, first of all, such minimum of grammar and syntax as is indispensable for any progress at all in reading. But it must be strictly a minimum. We must, for our beginners, have less grammar at the outset, though what is given will have to be thoroughly mastered in a few weeks, with constant reference back and forth from numbered point in the text to numbered point in the grammar. But it must always be remembered that the main difficulty is not grammar or syntax, but vocabulary; this is true of all languages, it is true of Greek and Latin. Much grammar should be reserved until later in the first year, some until the following year, and some until after the Day of Judgment. For

the rest, there should be several hundred pages of easy, interesting, and as far as possible connected reading; and reading should begin at the second meeting of the class. Among the earlier passages in the book there should be some for memorizing; here the Latin should of course be pure, but the order as near as possible to that of English; these should be accompanied by close and exact translations into natural English, the translations also to be memorized. It is astonishing how much of a foreign language can be quickly learned by this means, and how many important grammatical and syntactical forms can thus be acquired in advance of the learning of paradigms. Meanwhile the teacher has texts of reference for points of usage, not vaguely placed somewhere in a book, but clearly written in the mind of his pupil. In the first fifty or one hundred pages there should be a great deal of narrative adapted from the more familiar parts of the Bible in the Vulgate; additions might be made from apocryphal accounts of the childhood of Christ, in Latin, of course. I know of nothing which the average student reads with more avidity. But the book as a whole should contain mostly narrative, drawn from Ovid, Virgil, and such things as the Dream of Scipio. Surely this last is more attractive to the youthful mind than are the orations against Catiline; as indeed it might be well to throw over all the orations of Cicero in favor of his letters, if our aim is to enlist the interest of the pupil on the side of his own education. There would be no objection to observing the principle of progressive difficulty, as we advanced toward the end of

the book; but the main principle should be: *Lesen; viel lesen; viel, viel lesen.* In fact, difficult passages should for the most part be simplified by the editor; glosses and side-notes, even interlinear translations, should be supplied where difficulties cannot be avoided or excised, and summaries of omitted intervening passages should be given in English; the editor and his helpers should virtually rewrite a large part of the Latin in the volume. The book might thus include the whole story of the Æneid, which is criminally treated when but the first half or third is read without reference to the end. If it be necessary to rewrite Virgil, using his own words where possible, and to print the paraphrase as normal Latin prose, by all means let Virgil be rewritten. This would not preclude the occasional insertion of metrical excerpts, or the learning of them with the help of a teacher who knew the music of the Virgilian lines. If the Latin of the Vulgate, or if other mediæval Latin, be not pure enough for the purists, let the editor improve it, so long as he does not make the order more difficult. But as I have suggested, much editorial effort should be devoted to reducing the Latin, wherever possible, to the order of the modern languages—which happens to be the order of Greek also. Finally there should be a full glossary. I have said nothing of written composition; exercises might, or might not, be included in the same volume. There is no reason why several books should not be employed in a course. Were I teaching Latin, I should expect my students to read a certain amount of Latin literature in the first year in the best English transla-

tions. And the same thing would be true were I teaching Greek.

For the Greek Grammar and Reader, all in one, a similar procedure should be followed. The selections should be made into continuous reading. Passages of significant and connected discourse should be memorized with their English translations. Homer and Herodotus should be freely excerpted and adapted, virtually Atticized perhaps, the chief difficulties being removed or glossed. Many inflected forms should be recognized as individual words before they are seen in the artificial order of the paradigms. I, for one, should omit the *Anabasis* of Xenophon altogether, whatever the injury to existent text-books and current royalties. Certain easier passages from Plato should be included; some of the more significant myths, with the difficulties removed or glossed; perhaps one or two of the shorter, less abstruse dialogues, with an argument at the beginning of each, and occasional summaries, in English. As in the Latin Reader, narrative portions of the Bible should come near the beginning, with occasional rewriting or rewording of the Old Testament in the Septuagint and of the New Testament. Here, again, the apocryphal accounts of the childhood of Christ might be used to great advantage. And as some of the simpler Latin hymns might be included in the Latin Reader, so, perhaps, certain of the simpler Greek hymns here. And again there should be a full Greek and English glossary.

Do these proposals seem unduly novel? They could hardly be so strange as the chance that, out of all the

possible combinations of authors in the rich and varied literature of antiquity, has made Cæsar and Xenophon mean 'classical' to a large part of young America; or the chance that upon these two as foundation should be reared the entire structure of a classical course—should be determined the order and nature of the texts, the apparatus, the method of teaching. These proposals are not more strange than the inability of most classical teachers to stand aside and look at themselves and their work *ab extra.* They would not seem strange to Andrew Lang. Since formulating them, I have consulted his paper on *Homer and the Study of Greek,* which sustains with force and skill the main positions I have been upholding. I quote a passage from one who did much to vivify our times through the vital things of the past. To what he says of grammar nearly every one will hear an echo from within. And what he says of Homer is mostly applicable to Plato as well:

'At present boys are introduced to the language of the Muses by pedantically written grammars, full of the queerest and most arid metaphysical and philological verbiage. The very English in which these deplorable books are composed may be scientific, may be comprehensible by and useful to philologists, but is utterly heartbreaking to boys. . . . The grammar, to them, is a mere buzz in a chaos of nonsense. . . . When they struggle so far as to be allowed to try to read a piece of Greek prose, they are only like the Marchioness in her experience of beer; she once had a sip of it. Ten lines of Xenophon, narrating how he marched so many parasangs and took breakfast, do not amount to more than a very unrefreshing sip

of Greek. . . . The boys straggle along with Xenophon, knowing not whence or whither. . . . One by one they fall out of the ranks; they mutiny against Xenophon; they murmur against that commander; they desert his flag. They determine that anything is better than Greek, that nothing can be worse than Greek, and they move the tender hearts of their parents. . . . Up to a certain age my experiences at school were precisely those which I have described. Our grammar was not so philological, abstruse, and arid as the instruments of torture employed at present. But I hated Greek with a deadly and sickening hatred; I hated it like a bully and a thief of time. . . . Then we began to read Homer; and from the very first words, in which the Muse is asked to sing the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son, my mind was altered, and I was the devoted friend of Greek. Here was something worth reading about; here one knew where one was; here was the music of words, here were poetry, pleasure, and life. We fortunately had a teacher (Dr. Hodson) who was not wildly enthusiastic about grammar. He would set us long pieces of the Iliad or Odyssey to learn, and, when the day's task was done, would make us read on, adventuring ourselves in "the unseen," and construing as gallantly as we might, without grammar or dictionary. On the following day we surveyed more carefully the ground we had pioneered or skirmished over, and then advanced again. Thus, to change the metaphor, we took Homer in large draughts, not in sips: in sips no epic can be enjoyed. . . . The result was not the making of many accurate scholars, though a few were made; others got nothing better than enjoyment in their work, and the firm belief, opposed to that of most schoolboys, that the ancients did not write nonsense. . . . Judging from this example, I venture very humbly to think that any one who, even at the age of Cato, wants to learn Greek,

should begin where Greek literature, where all profane literature begins—with Homer himself. It was thus, not with grammars *in vacuo,* that the great scholars of the Renaissance began. It was thus that Ascham and Rabelais began, by jumping into Greek and splashing about till they learned to swim.'[1]

This stimulating author then proceeds to explain his method for actual beginners in Homer; but since his method is in keeping with the one just outlined for the projected books in Greek and Latin, there is no need of enlarging upon it. As will be readily seen, in both volumes one main principle is the governing conception: the business of education is the transmission of ideas. Language is to be regarded first of all as a means of communication, and not as an end in itself.

Finally we teachers of things new and old may bear in mind that we are in a world where reality is permanent, and its appearance constantly changing. We must therefore be inflexible where reality is concerned, and flexible when change becomes necessary; for we may properly regard ourselves as coworkers with One who saith: 'Behold, I make all things new.'

[1] Andrew Lang, *Essays in Little,* 1912, pp. 80–3.

XI

THE FUNCTION OF THE LEADER IN SCHOLARSHIP[1]

TO the restless citizens of our vast American commonwealth, the precise service which the scholar renders to the State is by no means evident. In time of peace, a democracy is more apt to insist upon the rights which all men are said to possess in common than to care about the duties which the highly gifted and specially trained may be thought to owe to the social organism as a whole.

In the ancient culture which grew up about the eastern half of the Mediterranean, and from which the best impulses of modern civilization—nay even of modern democracy—have chiefly sprung, a different ideal held sway. To the representative thinkers of antiquity, special gifts and special training appeared, one may say, in an undemocratic guise, the emphasis being less upon the rights and claims of the individual, and more upon his higher or lower office as a member of the body politic. A similar readiness to subject the interests of the part to the welfare of the whole may be observed in the Middle Ages, that is, in the period in which our modern na-

[1] An address delivered before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa in Cornell University, May 30, 1911; first issued as a privately printed pamphlet, Ithaca, New York, 1911.

tions and vernacular literatures took their immediate rise. The very existence of feudalism, and the fundamental activities of the mediæval Church, alike involved the principle of spontaneous subordination, and made comprehensible the idea of a specific discipline fitting the choicest of the youth of each generation for a type of willing service which amounted to spiritual leadership in the State. That this idea actually was familiar to the ancients is sufficiently clear to any one who has dipped into Plato or Quintilian; and that it persisted after the Middle Ages to the time of Milton, if not later, may be gathered by all who care to examine his cogent tractate *Of Education*. Yet the traditional human belief in the special obligations of special classes to the commonwealth may be more satisfactorily illustrated than by abstract treatises; and, in particular, we Americans need to have brought home to us the idea of a definite kind of person, who, though in the fullest sense a member of the social organism, and actuated by an unusual concern for its welfare, is yet a free and relatively spontaneous agent—like the eye in the head—one whose special business is to spy out and watch over those eternal forms of human thought and feeling, of truth and beauty, in which the real life of every nation is manifested, and which the conserving spirit of scholarship hands on from age to age.

For a better grasp of the relation between the individual and the State we may turn to a figure of speech. There are, indeed, not a few recurring

similes, or literary comparisons, which seem rather to bear the stamp of a universal human imagination than to be the work of any particular genius, and to have a greater validity for our thinking (as they have had a greater vitality) than any scientific or philosophical abstractions. Such is the comparison of the State to a ship, with all her tackling perfect, and every mariner, from the steersman to the look-out, performing his office, however great or humble, as needful to the majestic progress of the whole. What an appeal to the human mind has this figure not made, from Sophocles to Horace, and from Longfellow to Kipling! But of a greater vitality yet is the comparison of the State to a living organism. It is imbedded in our very word 'corporation,' and in the phrase 'the body politic.' In Plato, as a poem or any other work of art is likened in its form and function to a living creature, 'having a body of its own and a head and feet—there should be a middle, beginning, and end, adapted to one another and to the whole,'[1]—so the commonwealth, which is also considered a work of conscious art, is regarded as a being possessed of organic life. Thus, in the *Apology*, Socrates, the industrious man of leisure—the scholar, as we might say,—speaks of the city of Athens as 'a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life'; and of himself as a dedicated agent sent to arouse this animal to its proper activ-

[1] Plato, *Phædrus*. See *The Dialogues of Plato*, trans. by Jowett, 1892, 1. 472–3.

ity, which is the contemplation of truth and beauty and justice. 'I am that gadfly,' he says, 'which God has attached to the State, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you.'[1] Moreover, he adds that, from the very nature of his calling, it has been necessary for him to occupy a private station, and not a public one, and to deal with the citizens in smaller groups, or as individuals.

Doubtless most of us are acquainted with this comparison of organized society to a living creature, not in Hobbes' *Leviathan,* or in Livy or Dionysius, but in the first scene of *Coriolanus,* where Shakespeare's fancy has played with the fable of the body and the members, already elaborated in Plutarch. We may slightly abbreviate the dialogue between Menenius Agrippa, senator and friend of Coriolanus, and the spokesman of the clamorous citizens who are suffering in the famine:

MENENIUS. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebelled against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest, where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. . . .
With a kind of smile,

[1] Plato, *Apology. Ibid.* 2. 124–5.

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied . . .
FIRST CITIZEN. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crownèd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they . . .
Should by the cormorant belly be restrained,
Who is the sink o' the body . . .
What could the belly answer? . . .
MENENIUS. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live.' . . .
The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. . . .
What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?[1]

It has been said that Saint Paul had the same original story in mind when he wrote of another sort

[1] *Coriolanus* 1. 1. 95–156.

of political economy, and a higher kind of distribution:

'Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. . . . Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. . . . For the body is not one member, but many. . . . If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? . . . But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. . . . And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. . . . Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular. . . . Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? . . . But covet earnestly the best gifts.'[1]

Saint Paul's application of the fable is doubtless the most familiar case of all; possibly there is no instance in literature of a figure which has taken a more vital hold upon the imagination of mankind. Yet, so far as I am aware, the notion of corporate service as expressed in the organic comparison has never been so frequently employed as toward the end of the Middle Ages by certain political theorists, who enlarged upon it with an ingenuity almost more than Shakespearean. To take an example from John of Salisbury, who is typical:

'The servants of Religion are the Soul of the Body, and therefore have *principatum totius corporis;* the

[1] I Cor. 12. Cf. Matt. 5. 29–30; and 6. 22–3: ' The light of the body is the eye. If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.'

prince is the head, the senate the heart, the court the sides; officers and judges are the eyes, ears, and tongue; the executive officials are the unarmed, and the army is the armed hand; the financial department is belly and intestines; landfolk, handicraftsmen, and the like are the feet, so that the State exceeds the centipede *numerositate pedum;* the protection of the folk is the shoeing; the distress of these feet is the State's gout.'[1]

An earlier writer says that the illustrious men of a community are *quasi oculi.*[2] One might speculate how some later dramatist, fastening upon this novel conceit, would represent a mutiny in which the sinewy leg of athletic prowess and the trumpeting tongue of collegiate advertisement denied the paramount services rendered by the vigilant eye of pure scholarship. Or suppose that the belly of the State refused to nourish the optic nerve—where were the seeing?

I have dwelt at some length upon this notion, because the truth which it envelops is not always realized at first glance, and because it must be realized before we can grasp the function of the leader of scholarship in the State, whose gifts we should earnestly covet. Upon reflection, it seems to me that the scholar, properly considered, must be taken to represent the eye of the State, and that the class to which he belongs must include all persons who are living the life of contemplation. In accordance with the meaning of the Greek term σχολή (*leisure*), which reappears

[1] Gierke-Maitland, *Political Theories of the Middle Age,* pp. 131–2.

[2] *Ibid.,* p. 132.

in our English words 'school' and 'scholarship,' the life of studious contemplation, which is the highest function of the body politic, is secured to the commonwealth by the release of the eminently gifted from the anxieties of the practical life, so that they may perform the most important service of all with the utmost measure of efficiency. These are the persons who, as Plato suggests, 'have never had the wit to be idle,' yet have been 'careless of what the many care for—wealth, and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties.'[1] That is the best-ordered state which makes the fullest provision for them, and renders them most free from paltry considerations. If they are forced to take anxious thought for the morrow, how shall they perform their duty toward the other classes in society? They must be as free from care about their raiment as the lilies of the field. Where there is no leisure, there is no vision; and where there is no vision, the commonwealth languishes: the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. Shall the huge belly and intestines of Leviathan, I mean the enormous wealth of our nation, say to its eye, the scholar—for example, to the student of Greek or of mediæval literature: We live to eat, we are a sink and a sewer, and have no need of you?

And yet, whatever kind of smile our most grave men of wealth occasionally bestow upon pure scholarship, it cannot truthfully be said that we treat our scholars well in comparison with a great European nation like

[1] *Apology. Dialogues*, trans. by Jowett, 2. 129.

France, or even a small one like Denmark. Hospitals for the ailing body; schools of applied science; even departments of pure science that stand in an obvious relation to what is called practical life; everything that concerns food, drink, shelter, and bodily health, and the means of rapid transportation, and the disciplines which tend to multiply and distribute such blessings—for all these things our men of great outward fortune understand how to give generously. I am far from belittling such gifts. But they are not of the sort which our leaders in education should earnestly covet, so long as the tide violently sets away from the theoretical life to the practical. Great engineers know how to control the tide when it comes rushing into their canals; but the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

It will be noticed that by implication the scholar has been set in a class with the philosopher, the painter, the poet, and all other men distinguished for their powers of vision, who see life steadily, and see it whole. Any failure to recognize the tie between the ideal student and the brotherhood of seers and artists would, indeed, be injurious to the entire fraternity of intellectual men. Nay more, I am persuaded that no vulgar error of the belly and the big toe is so inimical to the arts of civilization as that by which scholarship is falsely identified with industrious pedantry, and poetic and philosophic insight with one or another sort of lazy mooning; as if the scholar and the poet were each endowed with his own kind of retina, and the impressions of the one were necessarily at variance

with those of the other, as well as with the excellent vision of the man in the street. If this mistaken view is prevalent in America, and is shared by many who lay claim to refinement, we must grant that the eye of our nation is not single, and that the body of the commonwealth therefore cannot be full of light—or at least that our country is suffering from strabismus, without knowing that it is a serious visual defect. There is, of course, a blindness that will not see the relation between the best theory and the best practice, but this infirmity is not to be discovered in those excellent men of business, Shakespeare and Goethe; or in the scholar-poets, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and Spenser; or in Milton, who took 'intense labor and study' to be his portion in this life. Nor was our own Professor Longfellow thus afflicted.

'O thou poor authorling!' he cries, 'to cheer thy solitary labor, remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure.' [1]

The truth is, as poets like Longfellow would admit, that we Americans are not over-friendly to secret studies and deep researches that concern the distant future rather than the passing moment; and doubtless we are too fond of calling ourselves a 'practical' folk, without considering what the expression may involve. By 'practical' do we mean anything more than physically wide-awake and dexterous? Do we mean, for

[1] Longfellow, *Hyperion*, Book 4, chap. 1.

example, that, being less artistic than the Dutch, we are more successful than they in the planning of municipal affairs? Who that knows will say so? And do we, with far-sighted patriotism, render to our national government exactly what is due to Cæsar? Or do we render more, or less? Which of the alternatives is 'practical'? On the other hand, if we think it is the divine purpose that any generation should eat, walk, build a house, pay taxes, and go to the grave, without trying to realize the highest ideal of the human race, then we are a very unpractical folk indeed. Nor are we to be deemed crafty when we try to ease our consciences with an empty platitude. If this be simply an age of industrial growth—mere larding of the belly —and if, sooner or later, it must be followed by an age of spiritual reintegration and exalted national life, neither fate nor the many-headed multitude will bring about the change, but the eye of Providence gleaming in the visionary eye of the poet, priest, and scholar. Gold and silver breed gold and silver, Shylock observed, as fast as ewes and rams; they do not breed spirit at all. And bulls and bears breed bulls and bears, not scholars. It is not shrewd to think that human life can gather figs of thistles. The most practical generation is that which, giving Cæsar his due, still gives precedence to the higher or theoretic life, the life, not of the foot or belly, but of the head and eye. Speaking of the relation between theory and practice in Greek life, Professor Bosanquet asks:

'How is this glorification of *theoria* to be reconciled with what we take to be the needs of practi-

cal life, and the necessity that education should prepare us for it? . . . Let us understand distinctly of what we are speaking. *Theoria* for a Greek is not what we mean by theory; and the theoretic life is not what we call a theoretical pursuit. Theory for us comes near to an intellectual fiction; a way of grasping and comprehending a complex of observations. . . . Theoretical considerations for us mean mostly what is abstract and hypothetical; "if this change, then that consequence." Theoretic life for the Greek meant the life of insight, a man's hold and grasp of the central realities of what is most valuable and most divine, and therefore also most human.'[1]

Now it is to the attainment of this insight, and to the habitual diffusion of it throughout the State, that the long, laborious quest of the scholar must conduct him, if his efforts are not to be in vain. For him, as for all other children of Adam, the primal curse must be transmuted into the ultimate blessing through the steady employment of his own proper energy in the accomplishment of a desired end. He has details to learn and manipulate, as have the farmer and the financier. His province being knowledge, not vague and ill-defined, but exact as well as comprehensive, it is his function in society to be always learning, which means contemplating, and not in a haphazard way, but with a purpose, and according to the most efficacious methods that have been, or can be, discovered. The best scholar, serving his country to the utmost, may be

[1] Bosanquet, *The Place of Leisure in Life*, in the *International Journal of Ethics*, Jan., 1911, p. 163.

defined as the best man studying the best things in the best way; and whatever else the best way may imply, it means first of all a thorough and orderly procedure. If he is to render an individual service to the State, the scholar, at the least, is bound to know some one thing, or some aspect of it, better than any one else, and must be able to communicate a part of the insight which this knowledge gives him. And he must continue learning and communicating throughout his life. The moment he ceases to learn, he ceases to be a scholar; his essential service to the State begins to flag—and his own self-respect to ebb away.

It follows that no one who is not a scholar can be a teacher, and, other things being equal, the better scholar he is, the better teacher will he be; and the more productive he is in the normal way of published studies, the more refreshing will his personality become to his thirsty students. It is better to drink of a flowing brook than from a stagnant pool; and the doctrine of faith without works has no lasting appeal to a healthy mind. I know that the belly and the big toe and the blind mouth, who sometimes pretend to teach, make uncouth signs and sounds to the effect that the effluence of the disciplined eye is not essential. But as Ben Jonson says, to judge of poets is only the faculty of poets;[1] and similarly we may say here: to judge of scholars is only the faculty of scholars. As no one dare affirm that the ideal will not work until he has tried it, being con-

[1] *Discoveries*, ed. by Castelain, p. 130.

vinced that what he has tried is ideal, so no one can estimate the influence of scholarship upon teaching, who does not repeatedly, and for the sheer love of it, bring his own studies to a successful issue. 'Great understandings,' says Jonson, sometimes 'will rather choose to die than not to know the things they study for. Think then what an evil [ignorance] is, and what good the contrary.'[1] Now who ever heard of the belly or the big toe preferring death to ignorance? It is the eye alone that pines away in the dark. To the busily idle in our universities, however, Jonson may seem to furnish only a broad and inconclusive rejoinder; for varied and slippery are the arguments against intense labor and study which the unscholarly invent in order to save themselves from a confession of indolence, or to put away the thought of their unfitness for the scholarly positions into which they have intruded. But if a specific instance is needed of a man who was a great teacher because he was a great and tasteful scholar, we may take the Latinist who taught the foremost popularizer of classical literature in our day. Says Andrew Lang:

'It was extraordinary to see the advance which all who cared to work made under Mr. Sellar's instructions; . . . the stimulus of competition was needless to all who were able to feel the inspiration of [his] educational influence. It is not easy for his biographer to refrain from saying that, having come to St. Andrews with no purpose of working, he left it in another mind, and that to Mr. Sellar he owes the

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 43.

impulse to busy himself with letters. . . . No less important than his work as an author, important as that is, was his example as a scholar, and as a man; his loyal, honorable, simple, and generous life. . . . He loved his studies entirely for their own sake; he dwelt with the great of old because he enjoyed their company.'[1]

We must allow, then, that good fellowship, easy manners, and a knowing way with the crowd, or the eloquence that often attends mere bodily vigor and lively spirits, cannot make an ideal teacher of one who lacks the habitual impulse to acquire sound learning, or to submit the results of his labor openly to the judgment and for the benefit of his peers. On the other hand, when scholarship is rare, it is a mistake for those who have the prime requisite, and have also the necessary tact, to shirk the responsibility, and forego the personal advantages, of instructing in class. Not that there should be too heavy a burden. The balance should always be in favor of less rather than more teaching; for even a little, artistically done, is good for the State, whereas overmuch, perfunctorily and wearily, or jauntily and carelessly, gone through with, is worse than useless. In after-life most students very properly recall the benefits they once received from capable teaching; yet there is an account to be revealed at the Last Judgment of the injury wrought by instruction which had a name that it was alive, but was dead. With the proper amount of teaching—not more than

[1] *Memoir of W. Y. Sellar*, in Sellar's *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age, Horace and the Elegiac Poets*, pp. xxxi–xxxv.

eight or ten hours a week—the scholar is of all the more worth to his university and to the State, not only because he thereby multiplies his personal influence, sending out others of his sort into the communal life, but because the contact with young and growing minds is salutary to the spirit of the learned. The teacher must be singularly dense who cannot profit by an exchange of ideas with the pupils whom he has the opportunity of training. But, whether for his own sake or for that of the younger generation, we may look with distrust upon the man who attempts to separate teaching from scholarship, or scholarship from teaching, save when some infirmity of temper, or ineradicable defect of manner, renders the presence of an individual scholar useless as well as unpleasant in class. However, we are dealing, not with the exceptional case, but with the typical, and with what every one should desire in a leader.

All true scholars, being orderly learners, are organizers of knowledge, and of the means of attaining it, and hence possess to some degree the essential power of leadership in organizing instruction. The case of Fichte is an illustration. According to his biographer, when the peace of 1807 was concluded, among the first means to be suggested for restoring the political welfare of Prussia was the establishment of the University of Berlin, 'from which, as from the spiritual heart of the community, a current of life and energy might be poured forth through all its members.' Fichte being chosen as the man before all others fitted for the task, 'unlimited power was given him to frame for the new

university a constitution which should insure its efficiency and success.' He already had set forth his ideals of education in an impressive course of lectures at Erlangen, where he had discussed such topics as these: 'Of Integrity in Study'; 'Of the Progressive Scholar'; 'Of the Finished Scholar'; 'Of the Scholar as Teacher'; 'Of the Scholar as Ruler.' He entered upon his new undertaking with ardor.

'And towards the end of 1807 his plan was completed. . . . Its chief feature was perfect unity of purpose, complete subordination of every branch of instruction to the one great object of all teaching—not the inculcation of opinion, but the spiritual culture and elevation of the student. The institution was to be an organic whole—an assemblage, not of mere teachers holding various and perhaps opposite views, and living only to disseminate these, but of men animated by a common purpose, and steadily pursuing one recognized object. The office of the professor was not to repeat verbally what already stood printed in books, and might be found there; but to exercise a diligent supervision over the studies of the pupil, and to see that he fully acquired by his own effort, as a personal and independent possession, the branch of knowledge which was the object of his studies. It was thus a school for the scientific use of the understanding, in which positive or historical knowledge was to be looked upon only as a vehicle of instruction, not as an ultimate end. Spiritual independence, intellectual strength, moral dignity—these were the great ends to the attainment of which everything else was but the instrument.'[1]

[1] *The Popular Works of Fichte*, trans. by William Smith, fourth edition, 1. 126–8.

Now I submit that this ideal of Fichte, who was a student of Dante as well as a 'post-Kantian' philosopher, is in its essence an ideal of the organic scholarly spirit of the Middle Ages; and that none but a student of Dante and the Middle Ages can say, and few actually are aware, to what extent university education in modern times is indebted, through Fichte, to the theory of culture which is often mistakenly condemned under the name of Scholasticism. 'Scholasticism' is a forbidding word when people have not Greek enough to apprehend the significance of σχολή. The thirteenth century, the Middle Ages, had at least enough for that. To them, not less than to Plato and Aristotle, do we owe such notions as still persist of an organic unity in studies, of the superiority of the life of contemplation, and of a leisure which has not the wit to be idle. In a State, as in a university, the level of civilization may be accurately gauged by the way in which 'educated' persons use their leisure, and the ideal that is entertained concerning womanhood. Too many of our persons of leisure, a class that has been created by our enormous material wealth, have just wit enough to spend their time reclining in motor-cars or on the decks of luxurious private yachts. If we seek evidence of our reverence for women, our Parthenon is yet to build, and we repudiate the spirit exemplified in Notre-Dame de Chartres. On occasion, however, we bow down to brick and stone, when the chance offers for the erection of a costly university building, while humane scholarship and

the true means to the organization of learning—that is, scholars—are left unprovided.

> Different sight
> Those venerable Doctors saw of old, . . .
> When, in forlorn and naked chambers cooped
> And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung
> Like caterpillars eating out their way
> In silence, or with keen devouring noise
> Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then
> At matins froze, and couched at curfew-time,
> Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
> Spare diet, patient labor, and plain weeds.[1]

In its later actual embodiment, the vision of Fichte was modified in part by that of Schleiermacher, a Platonist, and Wilhelm von Humboldt, who is said to have refrained from composing his memoirs, in order to save time for the study of the classics. These examples of scholarly organizers are typical, if anything is; so is the instance of Madvig, minister of instruction in Denmark; so is that of any one of the great scholars, Members of the Academy and professors in the Collège de France, who, during the last fifty years, have directed the growth of education in Paris. With these patterns before us, how come we in America to believe that we may entrust the organization of our schools and colleges to men who have not engaged in research, or in any way contributed to the advancement of learning, or to men who, when once they begin to multiply the formal devices of administration, give up the contemplative life, and

[1] Wordsworth, *Prelude* 3. 446–457.

therewith their function of real scholarly leadership, making friends with Mammon in order to secure for their institutions the things that are Cæsar's? There are, and have been, notable exceptions. Woolsey at Yale was one, nor did Mammon treat him the worse for being an able scholar and teacher; and it is easy to think of other examples, searching candles, divine lamps to all the inward parts of Leviathan. History shows that the real leaders in education are those who continually see to it that the kingdom of scholarship is within them.

What now, still more definitely, is the function of the true leader of scholarship, as opposed to the ostensible? His office will be made clear through a restatement of the positions we have reached, if we include with these several other obvious truths, and illustrate here and there from the lives and opinions of some of the most eminent leaders themselves. The illustrations are mainly drawn from the domain of classical and mediæval learning, and not from that of physical science, though the life of contemplation may be led there also. But the overbalance of attention which physical, biological, and economic science has chanced to obtain from the last six or seven generations should incline us to lay all the more stress upon those disciplines which immediately concern the spirit of man, and which we directly associate with the term 'humanities.' If we may judge from the custom of language, the organizer of humane studies, especially the study of the most original literatures, will be one of the chief leaders of men, and chief contributors to a more abundant human life. *Vita sine litteris est mors.*

The leader of scholarship must be a scholar, as the leader of an army must be a soldier, first, last, and always. Though it is necessary for him to understand the functions of other classes, and though the head of the State cannot say to him, 'I have no need of you,'[1] he will not relinquish the fundamental duties of his own primary office, except in dire emergency. When William the Third summoned his people to withstand Napoleon in 1812, the professors of the new University of Berlin did not lag behind, says Hoffmann, in his life of the Hellenist, August Boeckh. Fichte and Schleiermacher bore arms in the ranks, and Boeckh had command of a company.[2] This experience as soldier is but an episode, however, in the record of the great captain of Hellenic studies, who was perhaps, all things

[1] Compare Wordsworth, *Monks and Schoolmen* (*Ecclesiastical Sonnets* 2. 5):

> Record we too, with just and faithful pen,
> That many hooded cenobites there are,
> Who in their private cells have yet a care
> Of public quiet; unambitious men,
> Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
> Whose fervent exhortations from afar
> Move princes to their duty, peace or war;
> And oft-times in the most forbidding den
> Of solitude, with love of science strong,
> How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!
> How subtly glide its finest threads along!
> Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
> With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
> With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

[2] Hoffmann, *August Boeckh*, 1901, p. 28.

considered, the greatest organizer of scholarship in modern times, and who, toward the end of a career of quiet yet well-nigh incredible productivity as a writer and teacher, still described his proper motion in the words of Solon: Γηράσκω αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος—'I grow old ever learning many things.'

The leader, having served his apprenticeship, will be able to distinguish his younger fellow-scholars when he sees them. He must be able to tell gold from brass and pinchbeck. And he will not encourage the unscholarly in the profession of teaching.

Though scholarship must concern itself with details, and can never forego this concern, its final purpose is the establishment of general truths as a basis for thought and action. Attend to the incomparable Fichte, as he addresses his students at Erlangen, with a bitter experience at Jena fresh in his mind:

'I am a Priest of Truth; I am in her pay; I have bound myself to do all things, to venture all things, to suffer all things for her. If I should be persecuted and hated for her sake, if I should even meet death in her service, what wonderful thing is it I shall have done?—what but that which I clearly ought to do?'

'I know,' he continues, 'that an effeminate and nerveless generation will tolerate neither these feelings nor the expression of them; . . . but I know too where I speak. I speak before young men who are at present secured by their youth against this utter enervation. . . . I avow it freely, that from the point on which Providence has placed me, I too would willingly contribute something to extend in every direction, as far as my native tongue can reach, and farther if pos-

sible, a more manly tone of thought, a stronger sense of elevation and dignity, a more ardent zeal to fulfil our destiny at every hazard;—so that when you shall have left this place, and are scattered abroad in all directions, I may one day know in you, wherever you may dwell, men whose chosen friend is Truth, who adhere to her in life and in death, who receive her when she is cast out by all the world, who take her openly under their protection when she is traduced and calumniated, who for her sake will joyfully bear the cunningly concealed enmity of the great, the dull sneer of the coxcomb, and the compassionating shrug of the fool.' [1]

The veritable scholar represents the happy medium between the pedant who dwells immoderately upon the non-essential, and the dilettantish person who toys with half-truths and threadbare generalizations, which he takes at second hand from others of his stripe, never testing any of them by the inductive method. The scholar is not loose, and he is not dull. The vulgar opinion that persons of great learning lack taste and insight, which is characteristic of persons who lack all three, is not borne out by an examination of typical instances. Of Richard Bentley's first publication we are told by his biographer, Monk:

'The style of the Epistle is animated and lively, and implies the gratification felt by a writer engaged in a field where his resources are abundant, and where he is sure to instruct and interest his reader. A person who opens it with the expectation of a dry disquisition upon certain abstruse topics is agreeably surprised by meeting with information not less enter-

[1] Fichte, *Popular Works* 1. 193–4.

taining than profound, and is irresistibly carried on by the spirited character of the remarks.'[1]

The scholar is known by his consuming love of some special department of knowledge throughout its own minutest interrelations, and in its relations to knowledge as a whole. On this point let us hear the significant words of a vivacious writer, well-known for his command of choice and fluent English, who is 'not ashamed of being classed with the alphabetic grammarians,' though he has stood for the broadest kind of scholarship in America. I mean Professor Gildersleeve. He says:

'The intellectual and spiritual history of most men is to be found in the succession of their teachers, but it must be remembered that the function of the teacher is mainly the introduction to the love or the loves of one's life. . . . That mistress of mine bore a lumbering name—*Altertumswissenschaft*—imperfectly rendered by "Science of Antiquity." But then you cannot translate "Gretchen," you can only love her. The man who introduced me to her was a quiet old Privy Councillor, . . . a man of shuffling gait, of slow and deliberate utterance, who read his lectures from a yellow "heft" to which were attached supplementary strips of paper, and yet his teaching made a passionate classicist out of an amateurish student of literature. Boeckh was a great master, the greatest living master of Hellenic studies, and if I became after a fashion a Hellenist, it was due not merely to the catalytic effect of his presence, but to the orbed completeness of the ideal he evoked, . . . and if I have ever brought any vital force for myself and others to the study of the classics, it has been through the belief

[1] Monk, *Life of Richard Bentley*, p. 25.

cherished from early manhood in the correlation of all the various departments of study.'[1]

The leader in scholarship perceives the relation of his own effort, not only to that of other scholars, but to the corporate functions of the State. He thus knows why he does one thing, perhaps seemingly humble, and abstains from another that is superficially alluring, in the light of his public service and the necessities of the time. He conceives of himself as fulfilling a higher purpose than any one else in the State save the poet—or artist in the inclusive sense—and the minister of religion. His activity is closely allied, as well as indispensable, to theirs. And when their energy flags, he must redouble his efforts. 'When the death of his eminent predecessor, Edouard Laboulaye, left vacant the position [of Administrator of the Collège de France],' Renan, says Gaston Paris, 'declared to his colleagues that the place was the only one for which he had ever been ambitious, and that it seemed to him to be the highest and most beautiful that a Frenchman could occupy.'[2] And in connection with another celebrated Orientalist, a man of Jewish blood, the same Gaston Paris observed:

'We are come, as [Darmesteter] himself said, to the times described by the prophet: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord. And

[1] *Hellas and Hesperia,* pp. 40–43.

[2] Gaston Paris, *Penseurs et Poètes,* 1896, p. 326.

they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east; they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it. In that day shall the fair virgins and young men faint for thirst.'' To that thirst which he felt about him [Darmesteter] pointed out the place where he discerned fresh fountains, and cisterns filled with water from heaven.' [1]

The leader in scholarship is aware that learning cannot to any considerable extent be directly transferred from one person to another, but is a power which must be organically developed in the individual. As a teacher, accordingly, he makes little attempt to deal with immature students in squadrons and gross bands. So was it with Renan, of whom we already have spoken. Though endowed with a faculty of popular exposition unequaled perhaps in his age and nation, he did not hesitate to announce that he regarded his true function to be the initiating of a small number of scholars into his own special field of research.[2]

Since the function of the scholar is one definite, indivisible kind of activity, the more scholarly a man is, the more typical will he be, and the more individual. This is a difficult thought, it may be, for those who have never been happy enough to recognize scholarship as a personal force, or to see in it a natural form of life. But those who have been well-taught have discerned the truth in the individuality of their teachers. When his students and

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 5–6; cf. Amos 8. 11–13.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 328.

friends throughout the world presented that greatest of mediævalists, the late Gaston Paris, with a medal in honor of his election to the Academy, they addressed him in part as follows:

'No doubt, in summoning you to join her, the French Academy has meant to honor in a more particular way the author, the man of letters for whom the rigors of precise investigation have occasioned no loss in the sense of beauty. As for us [pupils and fellow-scholars], we make no distinction; for the profound sympathy which we desire to signalize makes no distinction between the man and his work.' [1]

A writer in one of the general encyclopædias has also detected the essential unity of this distinct, refined, and comprehensive soul:

'Since Sainte-Beuve, who gave little attention to the linguistic side, the French nation had had no critic so great as Gaston Paris. In him the philologist and the lover of beauty were at one. Paris was reared among literary men. Toward the end of his life he was at the head of scientific literary criticism in France. He had no showy theories, but his discoveries were many, and his knowledge was so wide that other great scholars were loath to assail his views. Yet his influence, which had been won by his steadfastly scientific attitude, and by the moderation, clearness, and charm of his thought, created no doctrinary school. He had rare personal dignity, a keen but sober wit, an extraordinary memory, and a wide acquaintance with men. . . . He excelled not

[1] *À Monsieur Gaston Paris . . . en Souvenir de son Élection à l'Académie Française . . . ses Elèves et ses Amis*, 1896, pp. 3–4.

only in textual criticism, but in teaching and in arousing a sound love of old literature.' [1]

The great scholar, being a leader and enthusiast, possessing the evidence of things unseen by the masses, and full of faith in conserving both the little and the great within his province, is rigorous, methodical, and exacting in his pursuit of the unifying ideal. When the necessity arises, he will become a gadfly like Socrates, or a whetstone like Horace. M. Frédéric Masson was aware of this, when he said of his predecessor in the Academy, thinking of him in his prime:

'M. Gaston Paris returned to France, convinced of the excellence of the German methods, and deeply tinged with the German spirit, not only through the forms of study which he had adopted, but through the direction that had been given to his thoughts. At the same time, his intelligence was of too high an order to be content with treading in furrows that were already ploughed; and he had hopes of opening new ones upon the soil of France. Proposing, therefore, to show by his own example that the French were as capable as any other nation of perseverance in scholarship, of precision in criticism, of ingenuity in comparison, and of rigor in the drawing of a conclusion, he naturalized the science which he had brought from Germany, and confidently aimed to win for France the supremacy in those studies that were essentially French. . . . Before long, his oral instruction, productive though it had been of results, did not suffice for the energy which he brought to his task. To adapt the French spirit to this new

[1] *New International Encyclopedia*, ed. of 1903, 13. 713.

method, it must be subdued to a constant surveillance which would not allow the slightest hesitation or falling away, but would steadily maintain the activity of those who attended his school, and unceasingly reveal to them the authority of the master. There was need of a discipline stringent, impartial, and hard, which should call attention to faults, record results, chastise foolish blunders, and declare itself as much by the qualities of exactitude and distinctness as by a general competency. M. Gaston Paris was one of the founders of the *Revue Critique*. In this capacity, he subjected all books which, closely or remotely, touched upon his own studies to a formidable inquisition, a mode of analysis which, banishing phrases to the point of abbreviating names, winnowed out the facts, not suffering a single one to pass that was uncertain, and in terms which were severe, and sometimes cruel, formulated judgments that were definitive. No one ventured to appeal, for the response would have come, crushing and inexorable.'[1]

Finally, the scholar tempers the severity which he must exercise in his high calling, and the pride which he ought to take in it, as well as the melancholy of emulation which is said to afflict him, with a humility and pity which are often misleading to the hard-headed man of business and the foremost of the clamorous mob. He pities those who have missed, or seen and lost again, the vision of the Source of all the light that is in the material and immaterial universe; for as the lecturer at Erlangen put it:

[1] *Le Temps* (Paris), Supplément au Journal du 29 janvier, 1904.

'The whole of the training and education which an age calls learned culture is only the means towards a knowledge of the attainable portion of the Divine Idea, and is only valuable in so far as it actually is such a means, and truly fulfils its purpose.'[1]

And the scholar is humble, because, with the poet, he knows that pride,

> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used; that thought with him
> Is in its infancy. . . .
> O be wiser, Thou!
> Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
> True dignity abides with him alone
> Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
> Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
> In lowliness of heart.[2]

The scholar is as humble in his unwearied patience as in his unwearied effort. Says Fichte:

'The scholar . . . is the teacher of the human race. . . . He cannot desire to hurry forward humanity at once to the goal which perhaps gleams brightly before his own vision—the road cannot be overleaped; he must only take care that it do not stand still, and that it do not turn back. In this respect the scholar is the guide of the human race.'[3]

[1] Fichte, *Popular Works* 1. 211.
[2] Wordsworth, *Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree* 50 ff.
[3] Fichte, *Popular Works* 1. 191–2.

How eloquently has the trained and gifted seer of the Middle Ages illustrated the pity and humility of the scholar! Dante, in truth, has so completely fused the thought of the Old and the New Testament in respect to the contemplative life that our series of authoritative utterances may fittingly conclude with a passage from the opening of his *Convivio:*

'As the Philosopher says at the beginning of the First Philosophy, "all men naturally desire to have knowledge."[1] The reason of this may be that everything, being impelled by foresight belonging to its own nature, tends to seek its own perfection. Wherefore, inasmuch as knowledge is the final perfection of our soul in which our final happiness consists, all men are naturally subject to the desire for it. Many, however, are deprived of this noblest perfection through various causes which, operating within or without the man, place the possession of knowledge beyond his reach.

'Within the man there may be two defects and hindrances, the one appertaining to the body, the other to the soul. That appertaining to the body arises when its parts are not properly ordered, so that it is receptive of nothing, as is the case with the deaf and dumb, and the like; that appertaining to the soul arises when wickedness prevails over her so that she becomes a follower of vicious delights, wherein she gives way to such deception that on account of these she holds cheap everything else.

'Outside the man, in the same way, two causes may be apprehended, one of which subjects him to necessity, the other to sloth. The first is the care of the family and of the State, which properly draws

[1] Aristotle, *Metaphysica,* first sentence.

to itself the greater part of mankind, so that they cannot afford leisure for contemplation. The second is the fault of the place where a person is born and brought up, which sometimes will be not only devoid of every kind of study, but remote from studious people. . . .

'Plainly, therefore, may any one who ponders carefully see that there is but a small remnant who can attain to the state desired by all, and that those who are hindered, and live always famishing for want of this food intended for all, are almost innumerable. Oh, happy are those few who sit at that table where the bread of angels is eaten, and wretched are those who share the food of cattle. But since a man is naturally a friend of every man, and every friend grieves for the defect of him whom he loves, they who are fed at so lofty a table are not without pity for those whom they see go about eating grass and acorns on the pasture of beasts. And since pity is the mother of kind deeds, they who have knowledge always bestow liberally of their boon riches on those who are veritably poor; and are as it were a living fountain by the water of which the natural thirst mentioned above is slaked. I who am not seated at the table of the blest, but am fled from the pasture of the common herd, and at the feet of those who sit at that table am gathering up of that which falls from them, perceive how wretched is the life of those whom I have left behind by the sweetness which I taste in that which little by little I gather up. Moved by pity, therefore, and not forgetful of my own state, . . . I intend to prepare for all men a banquet. . . . I do not wish that any one should sit at table with any of his organs in bad order, because he has not teeth or tongue or palate, nor any one addicted to vice, because his stomach is full of poisonous and contrary humors, so that it could not retain

my meat. But let every one come hither who through domestic or public anxiety cannot appease the hunger that men feel, and let him sit at one table with all others who are likewise hindered. . . . And I pray all of them that if the banquet be not so splendid as beseems its profession, they will impute every fault not to my will but to my want of power, because my will here aims at perfect and precious liberality.'[1]

Does a smile of derision, not untinged with pain and anger, run over the countenance of some most grave man of practical affairs, when, with a deliberation greater than his own, we assure him that the life of contemplation is not only more to be desired, but infinitely more effective than his?—That it is more to be desired because it is more effective? Its effects are more lasting; for we may now identify this superior scholarly life with the life not only of profound imagination and clearest insight, but, as Wordsworth does, with that of absolute power.[2] What the poet calls insight and imagination, the author of a celebrated letter dealing with this higher life calls Faith[3]—the power by which some men have gained a good reputation, others understood the first principles of celestial mechanics, others found the way to make pecuniary sacrifices that in the end were profitable, and still others acquired the means of subduing the shapeless horror that Enoch avoided, and the belly is most afraid of. By the use of this power, the people that love the crowded city, and control most of the things

[1] Dante, *Convivio*, trans. by W. W. Jackson, pp. 31–4.

[2] Wordsworth, *Prelude* 14. 188–205.

[3] Hebr. 11.

that are Cæsar's, were yet led through the deep, as a horse through the wilderness, that they should not stumble; for the Jew as well as the Greek has shown us that if the practical is duly subordinated to the contemplative life, there is no quarrel between them. It was a Jew who declared that wisdom is better than rubies, and that all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it: 'I, wisdom, dwell with prudence . . . I have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. . . . My fruit is better than gold, yea than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver.' [1]

Do we believe this, or not? If we believe it, let us awake from our apathy in the matter of inducting young men into the life of scholarship. Away with the false and cowardly arguments by which the life of the properly disciplined teacher is represented as tame and unsatisfying. The life of the unfit, untrained teacher, one may grant, can hardly be pleasing or satisfactory to himself or to any one else. But were the vocation of the scholar even worse rewarded than it is with the things of which Peter had none, our present duty in America would be not a whit the less clear. To what end do we say to the elect of our rising generation that they are wise if they seek to engage in one or other of the professions that offer a rich reward in the things of the belly? What call have we to defraud those who can earn them of the highest enjoyments possible to human nature? If the country at large has been blind to their needs and its own, it is plain that from some

[1] Prov. 8. 11 ff.

source the country must obtain better organs of vision, and the new ones must be better disciplined.

There seems to be one sole remedy for most of the ailments of our educational organism, however varied the complaints may appear to be; and murmurs arise on every side. As for the cause of these ailments, divers folk diversely deem:

As many heddes as manye wittes ther been.[1]

But if we liken, not the State, but our system of education, to the magic horse, a work of art that should move like a work of nature, it may be said that the cure for its ills will have little to do with the outward mechanism. Some may think that the mechanism is unnecessarily complex. But in any case that endless tinkering with the visible parts of the machine, which occupies the attention of so many doctors, has seemingly added little to the vitality of our instruction. My notion of the trouble with this steed is that he needs more of a certain kind of fuel, or spiritual naphtha, which, if brought from its Mediterranean source, and properly ignited within him, would cause his eye to gleam again, and enable him to mount and flash through the empyrean.

It is sometimes maintained that educational reform must begin at the bottom, and work upward—from the gouty foot of the public school, doubtless, to the blindfold head of ill-guided research among advanced students of the humanities. But the founders of the University of Berlin thought otherwise; and where in

[1] Chaucer, *Squire's Tale* 202–3.

educational history is there an instance of a regeneration from below? The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, they are both of them gifts from above, and their healing ministrations are potent throughout the body downwards; as Hippocrates observed, therefore, no injury to the head should be neglected. Let us have no more, then, of the heresy that the graduate schools of our country may shift for themselves, while we teach a horde of Freshmen the rudiments of English grammar and orthography. One apostle is worth many sparrows, and one arc-light equal to a thousand farthing candles. Let there be fewer among the led, and let there be leaders who are continually purging their vision.

In other words, a solution of all sorts of educational difficulties that have not yielded to a prolonged mechanical treatment is this: let every one who has a capacity for the life of contemplation, and at present feels that he is not leading it, in whatever college or university he be, straightway begin to lead it, paying the homage that is due to Athens, the eye of Greece, Mother of Arts, and to Beatrice and Rachel of the direct and perfect vision. Though in some the vital faith be almost dead, shriveled to the proportions of a mustard-seed, nevertheless let it be immersed in the light that emanates from Italy and Greece and Palestine, and it may kindle and spring up into a welcome efflorescence. As for the rest, who, like Mr. Kipling, chant the praise of the Sons of Martha, and win favorable glances from Rachel's 'squint-eyed' sister, Leah, of the practical vocations, let them betake themselves

to their labor, which is necessary and honorable; but let them cease from their querulous assertion of the rights of the material body, lest they disturb the essential activity of the soul and of human life.

But to all who by scholarly works continually assert their interest in the things of the spirit comes the eternal assurance that they have chosen the better part; for they are in league with the rulers of men, with that great society, 'the noble living and the noble dead,' who have perceived through faith and imagination that truth and beauty are one—who are the victorious power in the world.

XII

WAYS AND MEANS OF IMPROVING UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP[1]

I. A Reform of the Method of Instruction by Lectures

THE case for lectures as a means of instruction was ably argued by the late Professor Paulsen in his *German Universities;*[2] yet it is clear from the arguments attacked by Paulsen that there has been no little dissatisfaction on the Continent with the growing tendency there among university teachers to convey information by lecturing to the students, at the expense of seminary and proseminary courses in which the individual student hitherto has taken an active part in his own education. Moreover, it is not quite correct to say, as Paulsen does, that there must be some justification for a system that has had a continuous history from the time of Aristotle and the Greeks generally, through the Middle Ages, and down to our own

[1] Under this head I have revised, combined, and extended, four communications which severally appeared in the *Cornell Alumni News* for June 15, 1916, May 17, 1917, and May 24, 1917, and the *Nation*, New York, for May 4, 1918; the material is used with the kind consent of the editor of the *Cornell Alumni News* and the editor of the *Nation*.

[2] Trans. by Thilly and Elwang, pp. 189–199.

generation. Socrates did not lecture; he questioned his pupils, and debated with them. The works of Plato that have reached us are dialogues, not lectures. And the method of Aristotle in teaching is indicated by the name of 'Peripatetic'; the master walked and talked with his students—he did not mainly talk *to* them. In the Middle Ages, again, disputation was the recognized method of arriving at the truth. Even formal lectures were constantly interrupted by questions. The *Colloquies* of Alcuin, the debates of Abelard, are equally characteristic of the earlier and the later Middle Ages. The dialogue, the conference in the true sense, was the predominant form of instruction with the best teachers whether ancient or mediæval, before the invention of printing, when the easiest way of publishing knowledge was by dictation to a large audience.

But further, if the practice of lecturing to French or German university students is questionable, what shall we say of the practice when transferred from the Continent to this country, where conditions are so different—where the students are so differently prepared? Shall we not frankly confess, where they are so ill-prepared?

If it is proper to say so, I am one of those who believe in an occasional stimulating lecture on a literary topic or the like, for the purpose of arousing the latent interests of the pupil, or less frequently, and yet often enough, in order to give him distinct notions of the great guiding lines that run through the subject he is studying, of the interrelations of that subject with

others in the curriculum, and of the place of that subject in the sum-total of knowledge. The attention of the student must be caught, and his energies awakened, by every legitimate device. Once caught and stirred, his interest and energies may be profitably directed into channels they might never enter of themselves. But it does not follow that the teacher should for ever keep striving to win an attention that has once been fairly captured. When we come to think of it, the constant use of lectures, as an instrument of education to which all other instruments are made subordinate, is little short of grotesque. When, we may ask, will there be an adequate opportunity for the pupil to become self-active, if in the main he is taught only to listen and copy? Especially ridiculous is the custom of lecturing to the Sophomores and Freshmen in our colleges and so-called universities as if they really were seasoned university students. In reality they have not, as compared with students of like age on the Continent, advanced beyond the stage of preparation represented by the last two years of a German *gymnasium* or a French *lycée;* not to speak of the manifest inferiority in attainments—in actual knowledge and in critical ability—of our Juniors and Seniors in comparison with Continental students when they reach the great European universities. How preposterous, then, is the tendency to introduce teaching by lectures into our preparatory and high schools!

I naturally have in mind the practice of lecturing on English authors and on the history of English literature. Accordingly, three of the four passages which

follow are chosen from writers whose position in English literature lends a special force to what they say. I give all four without needless preamble, but may add that, so far as I am aware, the utterances of Dr. Johnson and the poet Wordsworth on this topic have never before been brought together, though the resemblance between them is singularly close. The passage from Hilty may serve to recall a writer, of great good sense, who is perhaps less frequently read to-day than was the case fifteen or twenty years ago.

Johnson's opinion is recorded by Boswell:

'Talking of education, "People have nowadays," said he, "got a strange opinion that everything should be taught by lectures. Now I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chymistry by lectures—you might teach making of shoes by lectures!" '[1]

In June, 1825, Wordsworth wrote to Lord Lonsdale, alluding to 'the London College Committee,' and the educational scheme proposed by Brougham:

'As to teaching belles-lettres, languages, law, political economy, morals, etc., by lectures, it is absurd. Lectures may be very useful in experimental philosophy, geology, and natural history, or any art or science capable of illustration by experiments, operations, and specimens; but in other departments of knowledge they are, in most cases, worse than superfluous. Of course I do not include in the above censure

[1] Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, Oxford edition, 1904, 1. 337. The year, as noted by Boswell, is 1766.

"college lectures," as they are called, when the business consists, not of haranguing the pupils, but in ascertaining the progress they have made.'[1]

Goldwin Smith, himself an engaging lecturer when he chose to appear before an audience, is not less urgent than Wordsworth. Writing to Professor Norton in 1869, he says:

'I try to keep him [the President of Cornell University] from spending more money in flashy public lectures (of which we have far too many already) and other unsubstantial things, and to get him to turn all his resources, limited as they are, to the provision of means for hard work. . . .

'Curtis and Lowell come to lecture next term. I regard their arrival socially with unmixed pleasure; academically with mixed feelings. They will both be most brilliant I have no doubt; and the more brilliant they are, the less inclined our boys will be after hearing them to go back to the hard work by which alone any solid results can be attained. . . . The lesson of thorough, hard study is the one which these people have to learn. They will listen to Curtis, Lowell, and Dwight generalizing on their respective subjects, without knowing any of the facts on which the generalizations are based, and go away fancying themselves on a level with the most advanced thought of the age.'[2]

The estimate of the Swiss jurist and university professor, Carl Hilty, is equally forcible:

[1] *Letters of the Wordsworth Family,* ed. by Knight, 2. 259–260.

[2] Goldwin Smith to Charles Eliot Norton, Ithaca, March 10, 1869; in the letters reprinted in the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society, December, 1915, pp. 148–9.

'Finally, in this enumeration of the things which waste one's time, I may add that one must not permit himself to be overburdened with superfluous tasks. There are in our day an infinite number of these—correspondence, committees, reports, and, not the least, lectures. All of them take time, and it is extremely probable that nothing will come of them. When the Apostle Paul was addressing the Athenians, he remarked that they did nothing else than to hear some new thing. It was not the serious part of his address, or its spiritual quickening, to which they gave their attention; it was its novelty. And the outcome of his sermon was simply that some mocked, and the most friendly said with patronizing kindness: "We will hear thee again of this matter." Indeed, the reporter of the incident finds it necessary to mention expressly that one member of the Athenian city-council, and one woman, in the audience received some lasting good from the Apostle's address. How is it, let me ask you, with yourselves? Have the lectures which you have heard been to you in any way positive influences of insight and decision, or have they been merely the evidences of the speaker's erudition?'[1]

Far too much of our university instruction is given in the form of lectures, and this seems especially deplorable when we think how few of the lecturers have such a mastery of their subjects as would enable them to fill chairs in the European universities. There is too little self-activity on the part of the

[1] *Happiness. Essays on the Meaning of Life.* By Carl Hilty, Professor of Constitutional Law, University of Bern. Trans. by Peabody, New York, 1903, pp. 91–2.

student, who does not like to be passive (though he is not unwilling to be entertained), and naturally turns to the 'student activities'—to football, to the glee-club, to the editorial desk of the college paper—in order to find something to do that he deems worthy of a man with a backbone. Furthermore, the larger the audience, the more the lecturer must descend to their level if he wishes to gain attention. This is a cheap kind of teaching, measured in dollars and cents at the office of the university treasurer; it is obviously cheaper to pay one man five thousand dollars a year to lecture to fifteen hundred students three times a week than to pay even very modest salaries to one hundred scholars who would teach those students properly. But lecturing saps the energy of a good teacher (one who is not bent on amusing), and is of small permanent value to the student who desires knowledge of his own.

The remedy, of course, calls for an outlay of money beyond anything the American people thus far has been willing to grant for education—aside from the erection of school and university buildings. But our recent contact with foreign nations, the experience of our soldiers in France after the armistice, the glimpses they have had of the French educational system, may have opened the eyes of America to the wisdom of liberal expenditures for the true ends of a university or college. The French disburse money for teaching rather than buildings. The French throughout the war kept up their instruction in the German language as before, well aware

that French, German, and Latin are among the necessary tools of scholarship, and must be paid for. War may alter sentiments, but cannot change intellectual facts. Instead of attacking the study of German in this country, we should attack the Continental method of teaching by lectures; there is not the least doubt that it came to us from Germany rather than France—though the French also depend too much upon lectures in their system of higher education.

II. A Reform in the Methods of Recruiting Faculties

In the American college and university, with few exceptions, the methods employed in recruiting the faculty are not the best. In almost every case the choice of a new instructor or professor rests with some one administrative officer, and not in the main with a committee of scholars. Too often the selection of a professor depends upon his ability to give a popular lecture; and upon the impression he makes in two or three—or even one—of these. But there is no established procedure; and there should be one, clearly understood and always followed. Here we should imitate the plan that is pursued in the Continental universities, but in only a very few institutions in America. The record of a candidate for a professorship should be fully investigated; every line he has written should be read by a committee of men proficient in the special field he represents, and at least one or two men from other fields.

Particularly vicious is our way of adding to the staff at the bottom of the list. Instructors are selected in the most haphazard fashion. An instructor in English will be taken on because he can turn out a clever jingle of verses, or because he has read Ibsen and Strindberg, or because he wears tailor-made clothes and shines in society. If the university is the faculty, a more or less permanent body, rather than the students, who continually change, nothing can be of greater importance than the training of the men who are to become instructors, or in the end professors, and a rigorous, even heart-breaking, selection of the fit. In these days of enlightenment, we should no longer wink at the appointment of a university instructor, overnight, who does not possess the doctoral degree, and does not bid fair to become a productive scholar.

The last statement is not meant to suggest that the mere presence of the letters 'Ph.D.' after a man's name entitles him to become a university teacher, any more than the letters 'B.A.' in the same position indicate that a man is fit for life. Character in every instance is the thing that counts. Yet 'Bachelor of Arts' ought to imply some special fitness for life—otherwise the degree represents a falsehood. And 'Doctor' here means teacher, or it means nothing. Very likely we ought to require more than the doctorate of a candidate for a position as instructor, but certainly not less. In any case, regarded even in the most superficial light, the doctoral degree tells us that its possessor has spent at least

three years in preparation for a task which others would like to perform without training. That a man has wished for training, and has been able to bring his desire to its normal conclusion, is no trifling indication of his character. But if we observe our candidate more narrowly, and find him to be a man of original power, and well-trained in addition, we are sure to regard him more favorably than if he were a man, let us suppose, of the same natural ability, but untrained, self-trained, or half-trained, in the subject he offered to teach.

In estimating the relation between the training implied in the doctoral degree and the capacity to teach there is sometimes a difference of opinion. The properly interested outsider, such as an intelligent alumnus, dealing with all sorts and conditions of men in business, is prone to underrate the value of training for a particular position in the university. But the person whose vital concern for years has been the problem of bettering the teaching of English in the preparatory school and the university will neither overrate nor underrate it. I fully agree with any one who thinks that the ideal man for the undergraduate college (and for the graduate school, too, and for every other stage of education as well) is the 'creative teacher.' But if this means to any one the untrained, rather than the well-trained, genius, there we part company. What Kenyon Cox said of painters may be applied to the art of teaching: 'Ignorance was never yet creative.' [1]

[1] See my *Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature*, p. 19.

In selecting and preparing teachers, however, we need not reckon with heaven-sent geniuses. We must take the better among the candidates for this profession, and must try to cultivate such powers as they have, on the principle that good capacity can be brought to real effectiveness only through rigorous discipline—such discipline as is demanded on the Continent of Europe of every university teacher. To this the only thing that with us in any fashion corresponds is the training for the doctorate. When we succeed in establishing a better kind of degree, or when we shall have raised the doctorate until it is always something better than it often is at present, then we can exact better credentials of our teachers. But credentials they must have, unless we choose to disclaim the principle that also governs the admission of younger students to an academic community.

Unfortunately I am in the position of one who in saying the normal and sensible thing is likely to be accused of paradox; whereas it is the reverse of this sensible position that is paradoxical. It is not an 'accident' when a well-trained and productive scholar is a good teacher of undergraduates, or of children, either. Given the natural instinct, good teaching is the direct result of possessing real instead of second-hand knowledge; the result of contact with things themselves rather than with what is commonly said of them; the result of being familiar with reality, and not with shadows. If I may be allowed to say so, during my career as a professor of English I

never have let slip an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the most successful teachers of this subject; and it is my good fortune to know personally a number of the best in England, France, and Germany, as well as in this country. With exceptions so rare as to be negligible, the best teachers of English have done the sort of work that leads to the doctorate, mostly hold the corresponding degree, and have continued all their lives to be productive scholars. It is the exception, however, that is more easily remembered, and the remembrance too often is allowed to interfere with general plans for education; the more reason, therefore, for our cleaving to the normal. I happen to have gained direct information concerning what are probably the best two undergraduate courses in Shakespeare given in America; in each case the teacher is a man well-known for his proficiency in special research, who truly merits the name of productive scholar both for the effect of his teaching upon his pupils, and for the instruction and inspiration he affords to other teachers through his publications. The best teachers of Milton in this country are, as I believe, personally known to me, every one; and every one is a productive scholar. If there be men who have attained the highest success as teachers of English, and who yet have done nothing to instruct their peers, I have not heard of them, in spite of a persistent effort to discover such.

Doubtless the average of anything human is not very good. The average physician is a charlatan, the average lawyer a pettifogger, the average clergy-

man a hypocrite, and so on; at least in the opinion of the world, which is partly right. And so, no doubt, the average scholar, so-called, is in some measure a pedant, and the average possessor of the degree of Ph.D. not good enough for a first-class university. But for the average pedagogue who aspires to the name of university teacher, and does not hold that degree, we have no pleasant epithet. Fortunately, however, 'the average' has no real existence. Every one is an individual, with an independent value. Yet nothing could be more cruel than to encourage men to go into the university career, if they have not spirit enough, and common sense enough, and higher intelligence enough, to secure three years of special, unimpeded study under able instruction, after they have learned as much as an undergraduate knows of any subject at the end of his Senior year. The exceptional case, of which we hear more than its exceptional nature warrants, will not lack recognition in the American college. What lacks recognition is the general truth that a man never can know too much about the subject he is teaching. The average American does not believe in first-hand knowledge outside the realm of what he can touch and see. Neither did the Englishman—before the recent upheaval. What lacks recognition is the truth that you cannot take the right attitude to a study, nor have the right sentiments about it, if you have not studied the subject for yourself from every angle. But why must one defend truths that are axiomatic? In no other civilized country would the obvious in-

terrelation of knowledge and power, training and success, normal procedure and character, be seriously questioned.

Nor, to dwell upon a matter alluded to before, is there any reason for admitting instructors to the faculty on terms essentially different from those on which we admit students to the university. We have specific requirements for the entering Freshman. These requirements might be more simple and rigorous, and there is a movement on foot to make them so; they at least suggest that something definite should be expected of those whom we might call entering instructors. At present we have our choice between requiring the doctoral degree of them, or something short of it—not something different.

As for scholarly publication, in the long run it is the sign of a deep, abiding interest in one's subject, and of a desire for the welfare of humanity; the abuse of it for purposes of self-advertisement affords no basis for argument against the thing itself. In an institution where the administrative officers let it be known that the instructor or assistant professor who does not publish need not hope for advancement, there may be, together with much useful investigation, a certain amount of mere mechanical research and forced publication, but the evil is far outweighed by the good. Even the man who engages in research under compulsion is more likely than not ere long to become interested in what he is doing. In the few American universities where this policy is strictly adhered to, the results have been alto-

gether satisfactory. There is no danger of excessive productivity in scholarship. Every one who is familiar with the educational institutions of Europe must perceive that there are far too many teachers in our American universities who are not playing the game they have affected to enter—the game they have chosen for the one life that has been vouchsafed to them. They have embarked upon a career which in our time calls for several sorts of activity; yet through timidity and indolence, partly due to lack of training, and through lack of incentive, they fail in one essential respect; and they know it. The man who honestly looks into his own heart will say: 'I am aware that whenever I cease to study and publish, my vitality as a teacher diminishes, and I do not respect myself when I am not playing the game.'

We must disabuse ourselves of any belief to the contrary. There is little hope for the improvement of American scholarship so long as people deceive themselves, pretending that on the whole the best scholars are not the best teachers—an error that is not borne out by the facts.

III. A Reform through the Reduction of Numbers

The schools of antiquity, founded by Plato and Aristotle, and continued by their successors, existed for the select few and not for the many. They did not exist for the select few in the sense that the students came from any particular class of society, or constituted a social élite; no one was denied admittance so long as

he possessed great mental capacity. What counted was the desire for knowledge and the ability to acquire it. The few, the intellectual aristocracy, were sifted from the many. In the later Middle Ages, the universities which arose in Italy and France, and, in the early Renaissance, the universities which arose in Germany and England under the influence of the Italian and French foundations, were again for the few and not for the many; though often attended by great numbers of students, they, again, made possible the existence of an intellectual aristocracy drawn—by a process of natural selection, sifted—from the population as a whole. The individual teacher sometimes gloried in the size of his following of pupils, though in general he took pride rather in the development of some few leading minds, or of two or three, or perhaps one. The size of the university, the attendance at any one place, was a matter of no special significance.

In this country, the desire for numbers and external superiority has resulted in a very unsatisfactory condition. Of course the number of students in all the colleges and universities of America constitutes but a small proportion of the population as a whole. Nevertheless, the men and women in attendance at these institutions do not consist of the select few; they do not make up an aristocracy of intellect; they are mere samples of the many. The method and means of sorting are so inadequate or so lax that the university has become a place where the man of average capacity feels at home. The indifference or derision shown by the mass of university students toward those who,

through intellectual superiority coupled with diligence, secure an election to the society of Phi Beta Kappa, or to other honorary groups, is very significant. A man comes to a particular university because his father or his uncle once was a student there; or because his brother belonged to such and such a fraternity there; or because he has reason to hope that he will become a member of the football or the baseball team. Or he comes because he expects definite training for a particular vocation. With the exception of those of foreign birth or blood—for example, the children of Hebrew or Russian parents—almost no students come with the expectation of attaining eminence in the concerns of the mind.

With the growth of numbers and the decline of intellectual standards it has come about that a large proportion of the actual teaching is done by underpaid and inexperienced instructors and assistants, who never will rise to a commanding height in this profession. As in the preparatory school, so in the university, many of the teachers have not the persistence to learn their craft. Yesterday the man was clerk in a bank; to-day he is instructor in a college; to-morrow he will be an insurance-agent, or an amateur farmer, or he will accept a position with a publisher to write letters urging the adoption of text-books for classes in English composition. The result is that, instead of being in the hands of talented, enthusiastic, well-disciplined masters, far too many classes are in the situation of bodies undergoing dissection at the hands of medical students in the first year of anatomy.

I may illustrate these strictures with the gist of a valuable report made ten years ago by the dean of the graduate school in an American university. It is not desirable to specify the particular institution, conditions there having slightly altered for the better in the mean time. Yet nowhere have they altered to such an extent as to rob the report of significance; it represents the general drift of university education in America for twenty years or more before the recent war; since then, the value of salaries has declined, and casual increase of stipends here and there has by no means restored their purchasing power.

According to the report, it is often said that the only limit to the growth of a university, even without an increase in its endowment, is the one set by the capacity of its class-rooms and laboratories. The figures show that the university in question has nearly reached the point where that statement is justified. Should the present tendency continue, and the average salary of all teachers—professors, assistant professors, instructors, and assistants—fall from $1190 to $1070, the salary of each additional teacher will be paid by the tuition of the additional students who make his presence necessary. But the growth of the university will necessitate a further decrease in the relative number of professors and assistant professors, and an increase in that of instructors and assistants. If the percentage had remained the same for the preceding ten years, the university would now have 233 professors instead of 189. Meanwhile an increase in the number of undergraduates adds to the burden of

administrative work, which falls upon the permanent members of the faculty, to the detriment of advanced study and research. The decrease in the relative number of graduate students in the past ten years is almost exactly the same as the decrease in the percentage of professors and assistant professors. A further increase in the amount of undergraduate instruction will necessitate additional buildings and an expansion of material equipment. Without additional endowment there will necessarily be less pecuniary support for graduate study, and a general lowering of the standard of instruction throughout the university. If an increased endowment for material growth should be obtained, we may still ask whether a university in which the average salary for teachers is $1070, and in which nearly half the instruction is in the hands of temporary assistants with a salary of $500 or less, is the type of institution we are willing to accept as our ideal. One might do more for the cause of education by aiming to make one's institution the best in the country, rather than the largest.

A few of our universities are in better case than the one for which this report was made; more, probably, in worse; the average doubtless in pretty much the situation here described. Better or worse as the case may be, virtually every one of them is, so to speak, *student-poor,* and *instructor-poor*—as we call a man 'land-poor' when he has thousands of acres, and can barely pay the taxes. In our higher education, we have reversed the sentence of the New Testament: 'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Our institu-

tions of higher learning accept the many, and ignore the few who have a right to be there. With a large actual income, or at all events with income enough to do certain things well, each and every university is more or less impecunious. If we are to have better scholarship, drastic measures must be taken to make our relatively small means relatively great. We must either secure (not hope for) more money, or we must have fewer students, or, far better, we must have more money and fewer students. 'Turn it how you will, manipulate it as you will, the few, as Cardinal Newman well says, can never mean the many.' [1]

In *A Letter to a Noble Lord,* Edmund Burke draws the rather obvious distinction between parsimony and economy. However obvious it may be, it has escaped practical application by the practical American people in the realm of university finance:

'It may be new to his grace, but I beg leave to tell him that mere parsimony is not economy. It is separable in theory from it; and in fact it may, or it may not, be a *part* of economy, according to circumstances. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the kinds of that virtue, there is, however, another and a higher economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has

[1] Matthew Arnold, *Numbers, or The Majority and the Remnant,* in *Discourses in America,* 1885, p. 6.

larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unpresuming merit.' [1]

IV. An Endowed Press for the Advancement of Learning

In the recent European crisis, and the troubles that still continue, humane scholarship abroad has been everywhere depressed, and in some parts utterly paralyzed. The great English and Continental universities have been well-nigh empty of students; groups of masterly teachers have been dispersed; and many young men who would have been leaders in the promotion of learning are now lifelong invalids, or are in their graves. Printing-presses have stopped, the publication of scholarly works has dwindled, and learned periodicals are threatened with extinction. Between the declaration of war and December 31, 1914, two hundred and twenty men from the Oxford Press had joined the British army. Such being the state of affairs in Europe, a great opportunity, and a momentous responsibility, confront the United States of America; upon our scholars, and upon those who maintain them, are devolving, to an extent which no one could have foreseen, the future of liberal learning throughout the world. It is manifestly our part to do more than ever before for learning while scholarship lan-

[1] *The Works of Edmund Burke* (World's Classics, Oxford Press) 6. 53–4.

guishes abroad; and, now that the war is over, we have an essential function to perform in restoring unity in the higher life of nations.

But at all times two main problems beset the higher, humane scholarship in America. First, there is the question (which has not been properly solved) of the ordinary expenses of scholars as men—how are they to be supported in freedom from anxiety for the morrow, so that they may possess the requisite courage and free energy for their special services to the community and the State? Secondly, there is the question of expense connected with all research and publication that necessitate pecuniary outlay, and promise no pecuniary return within a lifetime, or involve ultimate loss; for in America the works that are most valuable to the scholar cannot be supported on the basis of sales. Of course, these two questions are interdependent, since the economy of a scholar's life and the economy of scholarship are one; but at present we may concern ourselves with the second question, and in the main with one side of that. What is the best way to solve the problem of publication?

The proposal here made is that some man of wealth, and of good will toward the nation and mankind, be induced to endow a press for the advancement, through the publication of meritorious scholarly works, of those branches of learning which are most clearly essential to American culture, and which are properly known as the humanities; let there be an establishment upon American soil to perform in this country the service

which that greatest of European agencies for enlightenment, the Clarendon Press, has hitherto performed in England. Specifically, let the new press be founded first of all for the sake of scholarly researches and indispensable works of reference in the field of the vernacular—of our English and American language and literature; but let it exist also for similar works in fields adjacent and disciplines fundamental to this, such as the Greek and Latin languages and literatures, and, among other modern subjects, the Italian, Spanish, and French; together with ancient and mediæval history and philosophy, Biblical studies, pure mathematics, and astronomy. The development of great publishing concerns in Europe shows that it is advisable to begin with publications in some more restricted field of knowledge or effort, and subsequently to extend the range of activities. Thus the Clarendon Press at Oxford began by specializing in the printing of the Bible, and the Cambridge University Press with the English Prayer Book. Accordingly, this American University Press would begin by caring for the humanities.

Still more specifically, such a press could take up the publication of works like those now to be suggested. The works of a number of important authors have never been properly edited as a whole; among these authors, strange as it may seem, are Milton and Burke. But an endowed press might well engage also in publishing lexicons for particular periods in the history of the English language, concordances to individual poets, researches into secular and ecclesiastical

history, studies in the history and theory of poetry and the other fine arts, and facsimiles of ancient and mediæval manuscripts; and in reprinting valuable early books which are now in private collections, or are otherwise inaccessible to students.

The stress here laid upon English, the ancient classics, and Romance languages and literatures, is justified upon several grounds. First, special studies in these departments, while they are of the utmost importance to the culture of our nation in view of its antecedents, are likely to be, as they have been, neglected in comparison with studies in agriculture, the mechanic arts, and the like. It is difficult for many, though not all, of those who are engaged in practical affairs to discern the advantage of the higher cultivation of humane studies to the country at large; and it is therefore quite necessary that such studies should not depend for their maintenance upon the opinion of the many.

Secondly, it is generally conceded that the Church, or at any rate the evangelical denominations, some time ago began to lose the educational influence which the Protestant organizations once possessed. Accordingly, humane scholarship, which has always been closely allied with the Christian religion, should now be promoted in every conceivable way as an indirect but powerful instrument in upholding the spiritual life of the nation.

Thirdly, it must be clear to an unbiased observer that, through a period of years which we hope is now ending, the sums of money which have been available

in this country for the advancement of research in medicine and applied science, while not unduly large in themselves, have been out of proportion to the meagre sums obtainable for the welfare of humane studies. Thus we have millions of dollars donated to aid in the discovery of a cure for cancer; expensive laboratories for research in chemistry, in physics—in almost every field where investigation may contribute to bodily health and comfort, or to ease of transportation and communication for the ends of commerce. But bodily health and the like, though we may sometimes regard them as good things in themselves, do, after all, become really valuable only when they make possible a life that is higher than that of mere animal existence. Consequently, provision must be made for the human activities without which the health and comfort of the body are futile. Such a press as we have been describing would do more to stimulate these activities than any other imaginable device.

It should be added that, in America at the present time, pure science in physics, chemistry, and the like, fares better than pure mathematics, and that the sciences which are not strictly humane fare better than pure scholarship. The Carnegie Institution of Washington, it is true, contrary to the usual opinion, has not entirely lost sight of the humanities; see, for example, the concordances of Spenser, Keats, and Horace, in its list of publications. Yet the experience of that Institution itself shows the need of an endowed press for the exclusive end we are discussing.

In the year 1916 the Carnegie Institution had an income of but $50,000 for publications of all sorts. An income of several times that amount for subsidizing publications in humane scholarship would not be more than enough to start with, in the enterprise here recommended. The sum of £5,000 was contributed to the Clarendon Press by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths towards the production of Volume VI (containing the letters L, M, and N) of the great Oxford Dictionary of the English Language; this sum, nearly one-half the said income of the Carnegie Institution, did not suffice, it would seem, for the cost of that single volume—one volume out of ten.

One cogent reason for the establishment of a press with ample funds for scholarly undertakings is the high cost of superior printing in this country. Under normal conditions in England the price of high-grade printer's composition may be estimated at one-half the price in America; and good printing is as cheap or cheaper on the Continent. This assertion is based upon a comparison of the estimates submitted by English, Continental, and American firms for scholarly works that have come under the immediate notice of the present writer; it is borne out by the testimony of American publishers, who confess that they dare not venture in such enterprises with the freedom ordinarily shown by publishing-houses in Great Britain and Germany. In Germany, before the war, humane scholarship was on a solid pecuniary basis, the cost of printing being low, and good scholars being numerous enough to create an adequate demand for published

investigations of a non-popular sort; in England the inherited or accumulated wealth of the great university presses, and of a few long-established private concerns, has encouraged scholarly publication in a high degree. Furthermore, in both England and Germany the pecuniary rewards of the scholarly life are greater than in this country; university salaries are larger, and living expenses (in time of peace) are lower; and hence the scholar himself has on occasion been able to supply a subvention for a non-popular work which he wished to give to the world for the sake of a small number of his fellows whose need of it was great.

In America the poverty of scholars is proverbial. Nine out of ten students who enroll for the humanities in the graduate school are poor; and when they reach the goal of their efforts, and become, let us say, university professors, their incomes are so poor as to excite the commiseration of their brethren in the universities of Europe. Of course, the main rewards of the scholarly life are not pecuniary. And it is a pernicious state of affairs when young men and women are imbued with the notion that, as special students, they deserve to be paid—in 'scholarships' and 'fellowships'; it is a notion we frequently observe in the graduate school. They should not be 'paid'—and yet scholarship must be supported, and the scholar must be free from worldly care. Similarly, the ripe productive scholar must not expect to be paid in full, with coin, for his investigations—and yet scholarly research must be supported, and scholarly publication, not merely

made possible, but directly encouraged. So it has always been when humane scholarship has flourished. So it was in Greece when the investigations of Aristotle were aided by the princely Alexander. So it was at Alexandria under the Ptolemies. So it was in the Renaissance, when modern scholarship began in the Italian cities under the protection and encouragement of the ruling houses and certain of the popes. And so will it always be. So must it be in America, where, under the conditions of a democracy, the State will tend to advance the interests of the common schools, of industrial education, and of agriculture; and where the higher scholarship, if it is to thrive at all, must depend upon judicious but ample, nay generous, benefactions from men of wealth and insight.

Here follow a number of suggestions respecting the organization and activity of the proposed university press.

The endowment for the publication of books should be proportionately very large—five times the amount of endowment for the salaries of officers, clerical assistance, and the like, for the necessary buildings, and for the machinery of manufacture. But the press should have funds enough for the best material equipment, for the employment of the best skilled workmen, and for the payment of experts whose advice might from time to time be sought outside the immediate staff.

The press should make a point of developing the taste of the country in matters of typography, paper, and binding.

Those who were called upon to organize the press would do well to study the history of the great Italian publishing-houses in the Renaissance, and of their followers in other lands, and the history, organization, and present methods of the Clarendon Press, and, after that, the methods of other university presses, including those connected with Yale University and the University of Chicago.

Two kinds of experts would be needed in working out the details of organization—men of experience in finance, and a number of superior productive scholars. The experts on the scholarly side should, above all, *not* be drawn from the class of university professors who have produced little or nothing of a scholarly sort. They should be known for lives of industry in linguistic, literary, and historical research.

From these business men and these scholars there should be selected a business head or president, a secretary or editor, and an advisory board.

The press should be ready to accept works of merit from any source, and in time might itself originate them. Its first publications should be of the highest quality and importance, irrespective of the source. But in general it might aim to provide a channel for

those American universities and colleges of high rank that have no adequate outlet for the publications of their scholars. In time it might become the centre of organization for all, or many, of the particular university presses throughout the country.

The most important scholarly press in the world has been several times mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs—the Clarendon Press, at Oxford, England. It derives its name from Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, 1608–1674, who contributed to the foundation. The history of that press serves to indicate how a man of wealth and public spirit could perpetuate his good name, and confer an incalculably great benefit upon the higher life of our own nation, by providing the funds for a press that should rival the one at Oxford.

XIII

THE DOCTORAL DEGREE IN ENGLISH[1]

'WHEN found, make a note of,' advises Captain Cuttle in the fifteenth chapter of *Dombey and Son.* The counsel of the aged scholar Routh was similar.

' "Every studious man," ' said Burgon to Routh (aged 92), ' "in the course of a long and thoughtful life, has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept. Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?" . . . He bade me explain—evidently to gain time. I quoted an instance. He nodded and looked thoughtful. Presently he brightened up, and said: "I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice"—here he looked me archly in the face—"always to verify your references, sir!" '[2]

A writer in the *Nation,* commenting upon the doctoral degree in English, quotes with a slight inaccuracy a passage, on the aim of literary study, which (so he says) may serve 'as the creed of the

[1] This article first appeared with the title (not chosen by the writer), ' Scholarship and Humanism,' in the *Nation* 108. 911–913 (New York, June 7, 1919), and is here reprinted with the kind consent of the editor. The principal changes occur at the beginning of the article.

[2] Burgon, *Lives of Twelve Good Men,* 1891, p. 38.

humanist.'[1] The quotation may as well be given correctly:

'What, now, is the aim of literary study? Since literature is a *liberal* art, its function must be in some way connected with *liberty;* and since the study of literature belongs among the *humanities,* it must, if properly pursued, tend to make the student more *humane;* that is, more thoughtful, more reverent, and more fearless—more wise, sympathetic, and just. As a liberal art, poetry helps to free us from the slavery of fear; as a humane art, it disentangles us from the bestial part of our natures, and renders us more like the best and happiest, the most typical, men.'

It would seem from the context in the *Nation* that the sentiments were drawn from the writings of Wordsworth; but in reality the passage is mine, and may be found preceding an authentic quotation from Wordsworth on page 55 of my *Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature*—a volume the general tendency of which is not in accord with the drift of the article by our alleged 'humanist.'

Since my creed, or a part of it, has the sanction of this amiable writer, and is accepted by him as a basic ideal for the training of teachers of English, it seems proper to look into his subsidiary contentions; and the more so because his utterances echo what a number of well-intentioned persons of late have been thinking or saying, and will evoke the applause of men who, through an imperfect induction

[1] Mr. Norman Foerster, in the *Nation,* May 10, 1919, pp. 747–750.

into scholarship, cannot perceive the eternal bond subsisting between scholarly (that is, scientific) investigation and the ennoblement of humane learning.

His main positions, subsidiary to his 'creed,' are these. There is a class of men called investigators, who control the studies leading to the doctoral degree, and compel the graduate student in English to busy himself with the Middle Ages, and with the earlier stages of the language, to the neglect, on the one hand, of modern literature, and, on the other, of those classical studies which are known as the humanities. Since English literature is said to begin with Chaucer, and since Chaucer apparently belongs to the Renaissance rather than to the Middle Ages, we may set aside the study of Old English, and of mediæval sources, as not pertinent to the needs of the day. Above all, we may omit mediæval studies from the course of the graduate student who promises to be a man of literary taste, and whose finer aspirations may be killed by forced preoccupation with research. An opportunity should be given to this kind of student to write a dissertation upon some topic that does not require investigation of the sort hitherto expected of all candidates for the doctoral degree. (No clear conception appears regarding the type of subject upon which he actually should write; yet the inference is legitimate that he may substitute for the results of investigation his own chance reaction to a modern author, or his own combination of the thoughts of others upon some literary question

that has awakened his interest, or even that he might submit a specimen of his own creation, spun from his inner consciousness, in the way of literary art.) In any case, it is held, the dissertation should be *original,* should constitute the most weighty part of his work for the degree, and should not be a piece of useless 'German' scholarship.

With as many of these positions as are half-truths the man of sense will find himself half-way in agreement. One is justified in deploring the excessive over-emphasis (where it really exists) upon linguistics, for those who are not to give their lives to linguistic research; the study of the Middle Ages, and of the classics, too, where that study is unrelated to the inner life of the present; the direction of research, and the pursuit of it, by those who lack perspective; the acquisition of the doctoral degree in English by men who cannot develop a tolerable English style; and the inferior quality of some of the dissertations that are accepted by one or another university.

If our amiable 'humanist' spoke for himself alone, there would be no need of assailing his positions in so far as they are not tenable. But he has made himself the mouthpiece for a number of critics who have not thought out the problem to be faced by the teacher of special students in English, and who nevertheless are outspoken in denouncing recent methods of advanced study. It is therefore desirable to consider the views which he represents, and the subject upon which he has written.

First of all, he makes a distinction between the dilettante, the investigator, and the humanist. But the distinction is false. The great investigators in language and literature have been humanists, and the great humanists have been systematic scholars and investigators; examples readily suggest themselves, from Dante and Petrarch down to Boeckh and Ten Brink and Gaston Paris, and the leading American scholars of our own day. For clarity of thought we need an Aristotelian distinction embracing a desirable mean and two undesirable extremes, the one more undesirable than the other—thus: (1) the dilettante, or sentimentalist; (2) the pedant; (3) the scholar, representing the golden mean—the investigating humanist. Of the vicious extremes, the sentimentalist, possessing a naïve or a sophistical eloquence, or a specious show of breadth, yet deficient in scientific curiosity, in exact knowledge, and in a real power of generalization, will be more acceptable to the crowd. The pedant may be useful, at least to the investigating humanist; for the pedant will hew wood and draw water, and something may be done with what he collects.

Whence comes the notion that scientific research is not humane, or that there is any kind of study, rationally conducted, that is not scientific? Certainly not from an examination of the lives and activities of inquiring men. Plato was the central figure of a group of scientists and scholars.[1] Aristotle, whose place as leader in the study of poetry and rhetoric is still

[1] See Hermann Usener, *Organisation der wissenschaftlichen Arbeit*, in *Vorträge und Aufsätze*, 1907, pp. 69ff., esp. pp. 82–4.

secure, was a biologist; he, too, was the centre of a group, some of whom did a great deal of intellectual hewing of wood and drawing of water for him; while he himself never disdained to share in these fundamental labors. Nor may any scholar, 'humanist,' or doctor of philosophy wisely pass a lifetime without often undertaking the simplest inductions. As to language and literature, Dante was the first of modern investigators—in the service of poetry. And Milton, great poet that he was, eschewed neither the humbler nor the higher tasks of scholarship. Not to speak of his collections for a Latin thesaurus, or to track him far in his varied scientific and scholarly pursuits (every one of them reflected in his poetry), we may note his geographical work on Muscovy as an example of integration from original sources. And his *History of Britain* in itself is a reply to those who would exclude the period of Old English (the writer in the *Nation* calls it 'Anglo-Saxon' [1]) from the studies necessary to a qualified teacher of our language and literature. Was Professor Child of Harvard less human, or more human, for his monumental work on the English and Scottish ballads? The sentimentalist comes short of full humanity in not recognizing the great human law of obedience to the facts. The pedant (not the humble scholar, fired with a love of humanity, and therefore laying the lowliest duties upon his heart) is inhuman because he lacks philosophy. The scholar, the humane investigator, is faithful in little things,

[1] But see J. R. Green, *A Short History of the English People*, chapter 1.

and, with the help of that *prima philosophia* recommended by Francis Bacon, he also rises to an elevation from which he can survey details in a right perspective.

Though America has had few examples of industry to match the unwearied application of a Littré or a Grimm, a Migne or a Rohde, or many another Continental scholar, what our teaching of English mainly wants, if I mistake not, is this 'first philosophy' that enables a man to rise above the level of the study in which he engages, so as to relate the details to one another, and the whole to the scholarship of his time and all times. The defect, evinced in many ways, is notable in our mishandling of general terms, such as 'science,' 'investigation,' and 'philology,' which are employed with some unconscious restriction, while the writer thinks he is generalizing. And the cure? For the aspirant to the doctoral degree in English the cure is to be found in the *Encyklopädie* of Boeckh and the systematic treatises on the study of language and literature that have followed it; the work is better known in France than here, and to the humanists than to the narrower students of language.

All study is scientific, is methodical. All study is investigation—proceeding step by step. The first step consists in observing some one thing in particular. But doubtless too many of those who assume the direction of graduate students are in haste to put the raw recruit in the advance-guard of scholarship. In the first year the recruit should learn the manual of arms —should investigate certain things that have already been studied to advantage. How crude, how unfur-

nished, he often is, in comparison with the product of a French *lycée* or of the Continental schools in general! We dare not consume too much of his time with matters that are not well-known to his precursors in the same field. The desire of such a student for discovery, for learning, can be satisfied in the acquisition of first principles, most of them being new enough to him; with adroit instruction, he will assimilate and reconcile the great critical treatises of the ancients, of Aristotle and Horace, of Plato and Longinus, with the modern works of Sidney and Shelley. Examining these for himself and reporting what he finds, not hearing about them at second hand in lectures, he will make the principles live within himself by supplying illustrations from his own reading of masterpieces. This organization of his own knowledge is itself a scientific procedure. Even so, it is well to whet his desire by an occasional glimpse of the undiscovered country. Eventually he must have more. A qualified teacher of English needs the experience, at some time a prolonged one, of ascertaining and combining facts that have not been interpreted, in an untrodden realm where there is no escape from first-hand observation, comparison, and inference. He is to be a leader in the advancement of learning throughout the nation; he cannot become such without this experience, which is necessary to the development of a directing mind; if he is potentially unfit for a lofty calling, the sooner he is frightened out of it the better for him and his country. No man shall say that his soul has performed the exalted functions of a humanist until he

has endured the test of intellectual independence. Transcendent genius may include the quality of mind that is excited by research, without the actual experience, though we do not know this; in Plato, Dante, and Milton, genius did not dispense with investigation. For the high degree of talent that we must demand of our teachers of English in the future, participation in research is indispensable.

If we are to ennoble the doctorate in English, we may not proceed *in vacuo,* nor yet on the basis of surmise by men who are afraid of scholarship; we must build upon what has been accomplished by men of long experience in the training of graduate students. In order to improve on the past, we should first try to equal the best that has been done in this country, and in England, and on the Continent. This emulation involves a direct scrutiny of certain schools of the humanities and their leaders. If I may speak for myself (since the critic gives my creed his approval), I have tried to formulate my demands on a candidate for the doctoral degree in English to some extent by abstracting and combining elements from the theory and practice of Yale University (as represented by Professor Albert S. Cook), of Harvard University (as represented by Professor George L. Kittredge), and, to go to the field of the ancient classics, of Johns Hopkins (as represented by Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve); for from these three centres have issued humanizing influences that have been potent for good in the country at large; the teachers who owe their training to the three scholars mentioned have been

marked by breadth of perspective, artistic precision of knowledge, and a disposition and ability to vitalize the forces of society. But in considering what we should expect of candidates for the doctorate, we still have something to learn from an elder generation also, from the generation of Child and March and Shedd, of Longfellow and Norton.

We have something more to learn from the scholars of Great Britain and the Continent; which brings us to what is called 'German' scholarship. Every thoughtful observer has been well aware of the injury to humane studies in central Europe and elsewhere through the recent commercialization of applied science. But the objections to 'German' scholarship usually proceed from writers who have glanced at the titles of a few dissertations, who know almost nothing of the leading Continental scholars of whatever nation, and who have failed to note that the system of university training is virtually uniform from Scandinavia to Sicily. The complaint, if made, should include the scholarship of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Flanders, and Switzerland—not to mention Austria and Russia. I suppose it should include the work of Menéndez y Pelayo in Spain and Pio Rajna in Italy! Nor does the average German scholarship in the narrower sense lie open to the strictures commonly passed on it—of pedantic dullness and accuracy, and tame submission. When poor, it may be charged rather with inaccuracy, and with forced hypothesis and frantic

generalization. But we are not considering the average—or what should we say of the average scholarly output of the American professor of English or Latin? If we are thinking of classical scholarship in Holland, Germany, and Austria, it owes its special impetus for the last century and a half to England and Richard Bentley. Moreover, the German tendency to the organization of studies owes much to the French encyclopædists of the eighteenth century.

The great tradition of scholarship, of humanism, goes back to Plato and Aristotle. The learning they bequeathed was developed, yet gradually dissevered from philosophy, in the Alexandrian age, but found a sort of unity again in Cicero, and again in Plutarch. It was kept alive in Europe in the earlier Middle Ages by the Benedictine monks, but throve in Arabia and Syria, and in Ireland and England; whence it returned to the Continent, first from England (as when Alcuin carried the learning of Bede and Egbert from the school at York to the court school of Charles the Great, and to the school at Tours), and then, in the later Middle Ages, through the Saracens, though rills had all along trickled in from Byzantium and Toledo; and, partly through influences from Byzantium, Græco-Roman culture was revived in Italy in the Renaissance, thence spreading northward. In the earlier Renaissance, the tradition was rather Latin and Ciceronian than Greek and Platonic. More recently—in Boeckh, for example—the Greek tradition reached a point of

culmination. Meanwhile the tradition of Biblical scholarship, originating in the Fathers, had never wholly failed, nor had the scholarly tradition of the Hebrew commentators. With the Reformation, at least in England, begins the history of a scholarship devoted to the modern vernacular literatures. Something like an organization of this scholarship appears in the latter half of the eighteenth century, at least for English literature; for Italy, both the beginnings (in the critical work of Dante), and the first efforts at organization, come earlier. But the organization proper of scholarship for the Germanic and Romance languages and literatures follows the synthetic work of Boeckh and his age for classical studies. Like the organization of classical and Biblical scholarship, it has centred in Germany and France, yet has been the accomplishment of Europe as a whole, the North building upon foundations laid by the South.

Since the English have shown no special genius for the organization of studies, we must chiefly look to the Continent for sound traditions in rebasing our demands for the doctorate; reviewing the entire history of classical and Biblical scholarship, in order to plot the curve of development in English and subjects thereto related. Nor may the notable scholars in modern subjects, such as Ten Brink, Gaston Paris, and many others, be disregarded in our survey.

Of course the dissertation should be our main requirement for the doctorate. Who has thought otherwise? But the nature of the thesis, the subject

of the dissertation, cannot be wholly determined in advance; it will vary, not only with several types of mind, but with the needs and capacities of the individual student, so long as the fundamental habits of thoroughness and accuracy are not imperiled. Furthermore, the dissertation should not be useful only to the man who writes it, or only to him and his preceptor. If the subject is well-chosen and well-treated, the monograph will subserve the vital interests of at least a few persons in this country, possibly of more in Great Britain, and of yet more upon the Continent. The choice requires knowledge and imagination in the teacher. Here, again, the imagination has excellent models in the best of the *Yale Studies in English;* of the *Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature;* of the monographs produced by students of Professor Carleton Brown, Professor Manly, Professor Bright, and others. At Columbia University a great many excellent subjects have been hit upon. In England, we have the admirable series inspired by Professor Herford at Manchester, not to speak of the stimulating influence of Professor Ker, the late Dr. Furnivall, and many others. In France, the doctoral dissertation is the work of a more mature student than in Germany, appearing ten years or so after the author has become established as a teacher; such are the monographs produced by pupils of men like Beljame and Angellier, or frequently of classical scholars like the brothers Croiset. The German dissertation, commonly written by a young man of wide reading,

does not often display or utilize his general attainments. It is too often perfunctory, too much subordinated to other parts of his training. Yet very few are useless, and some are of great value; the quality has always differed in different universities. Of late, the topics suggested by Professor Kaluza at the University of Königsberg will bear inspection. In Denmark, under the same kind of training, the monographs written under the direction of Professor Jespersen offer hints that may enter into our synthetic conception of the range of subjects suitable for the dissertation in English. This conception must arise in part from the philosophy of scholarship, and in part from experience—through inference from the best work already done under the best teachers. Alas, how few of us can know what we ought about the great scholars, the great humanists, of the Italian Renaissance, or of that Alexandrian learning, so often decried, which in the end gave rise to a Virgil!

The classical Renaissance reached a temporary culmination about the year 1850. We are now in the midst of a renaissance of the Middle Ages, of the life from which sprang Dante and the ecclesiastical architecture of France. Though the mediæval elements in Spenser, Shakespeare,[1] and Milton are

[1] Compare *Nouvelles Françoises en Prose du XIVe Siècle*, ed. by Moland and d'Héricault, Paris, 1858, Introduction, p. xlvii: 'Nous devions à Shakspeare, qui est pour nous moins un poëte anglois que le représentant sublime de la poésie du Moyen Age, nous lui devions ce travail. . . . Nous espérons que cette étude

obvious, the more definite reintegration began with the poets and scholars in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and was carried on by their successors in the nineteenth—for example, in the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* of Wordsworth and in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. The brothers Grimm, Montalembert, Longfellow, Ruskin, illustrate various aspects of the same revival, which has indeed been multiform. The great English historians contemporary with Ruskin—Freeman and Stubbs, for instance—were mediævalists. And the great productive scholars of the present day are mediævalists. The most eminent American architect is a mediævalist. This vital movement, which is now becoming unified, assuredly has yet some time to run; and it will sweep on regardless of falsetto protests from neo-pagans, or from unoriginal minds that contemplate mere eddies on the surface of life and learning.

For Europe and America, for the colonies of Europe, the two fountain-heads of modern culture are the ancient Mediterranean civilization (of Greece, Rome, and Palestine) and the Middle Ages. Modern times, modern languages and literatures, are unintelligible apart from the ancient and mediæval sources from which they sprang, and from which they still proceed. Thus the recent war can hardly be understood by one who is ignorant of political

servira tout à la fois à la gloire de Shakspeare et à la gloire du Moyen Age, en montrant d'une part avec quelle puissance et quelle sympathie le poëte adoptoit la poésie du passé, en indiquant d'autre part combien étoit déjà riche ce fond que le Moyen Age livroit au génie du dernier et du plus sublime des trouvères.'

theories and political conditions in the Middle Ages, or, say, of English ideals from the time of King Alfred. The statement might be deemed a truism, were it not often denied by implication; the fact has a necessary bearing upon the demands we make on our doctors who are to propagate the English tradition.

That the ideals we hold dearer than life were formed in the Middle Ages is the primary reason why we cannot dispense with the study of Old English. It is astonishing to find a man who affects some interest in those ideals contending that the serious student of them may forego an acquaintance with the language, literature, and general civilization of England before the time of Chaucer. Not to mention the poetry of Cynewulf, one of the six or seven foremost English poets, how are we to grasp the full meaning of Chaucer, or of Langland, or of Wyclif, or of the *Pearl*, or of the earliest English drama, without a previous familiarity with Old English? Are we actually to consign the age of Alfred, the early history of the Church in England, and the development of Biblical English, to the limbo of oblivion? What would Milton and Wordsworth say to this? Or Tennyson? Or Mr. Kipling? To observe English literature, English ideals, from the time of the Renaissance alone is to observe them in their period of diffusion. Before the age of colonial expansion, the ideals of English culture lie all together, as it were, and are clear and distinct; subsequently, they are scattered, overlaid, often more or less dim

and tarnished. We test the genuine English tradition in a Wordsworth, a Tennyson, a Kipling, by reference to parallels in the Middle Ages.

Thus we may justify a seminary course in Chaucer, or at all events in some topic requiring a study of the Middle Ages. There is good reason for selecting Chaucer himself: he is remote enough to insure the perspective that intensive courses in Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or a more recent author or period, are not certain to develop in a graduate student; and for the ends of investigation the scholarly apparatus is now more adequate for Chaucer than for any later poet save Shakespeare. Again, he is a meeting-point for Old English scholarship, mediæval French and Italian scholarship, and (through Boethius and the like) classical scholarship. Nearly all our studies lead to him, or away from him to modern times. The uncritical assumption that he may be dealt with in scholarly fashion by one who has neglected Old English may satisfy the purveyor of information in a finishing-school for young ladies; it may even echo a lecture by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; it will hardly do for a modern humanist and a censor of university studies in English. What Chaucerian scholar of note has lacked a complete linguistic training? Tyrwhitt? or Child? or Skeat? or Ten Brink?

We have heard too much ill-considered talk about 'mediævalism' and 'Anglo-Saxon,' and about the classics forming 'the great tradition and inspiration of English literature,' and English literature as be-

ginning with Chaucer—as if Christian culture meant nothing to our poets, or as if there were no classical culture in Bede and Aldhelm, in Alcuin and Ælfric. Such notions are tags by which the real humanist of the present may detect the sham or one-sided humanist who has lagged behind the march of scholarship. One may venture to say this with the more emphasis, whose lot it has been to do what he could, in teaching, in research, and in publication, to promote the study of the ancient classics in relation to English. But nearly all I should like to say concerning false notions of mediævalism, and of literary and linguistic investigation, and of the relation of the Middle Ages to the humanities, has been anticipated by two writers who are more adroit and learned and humane than ever I can hope to be. I refer all who wish to consider the creed of the humanist, and to formulate requirements for the doctoral degree in a modern subject, to the address on *The Dark Ages* by Professor Grandgent, and that on *The Province of English Philology* by Professor Cook, in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*.[1]

Quench not the spirit; but prove (investigate) all things, and hold fast that which is good.

[1] Charles H. Grandgent in *PMLA.*, New Series 21. xlii–lxx (1913); Albert S. Cook in *PMLA.*, Old Series 13. 185–204 (1898).

XIV

TWO VIEWS OF EDUCATION[1]

POETS, according to Horace, may have any one of three ends in view: they may aim to instruct, or to entertain, or at once to profit and delight.[2] What of teachers?—for they in a sense are poets, that is, literally, *makers;* not makers of verse, to be sure, or of fiction in words, but makers of character and moulders of intellect, by the instrumentality of pleasure and pain, their principal tools. If their means are pain and pleasure, censure and praise, have they also two main purposes, or is the final object of education always one and the same? The chief end of education, I take it, must be allied to the chief end of man; and this, in the words of the Catechism, is 'to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.' There we have, as it seems, a double aim—not quite that of Horace, but reminding us of his distinction. A good education may therefore be defined as one which leads us to glorify the right things, and to enjoy the right things, in the right measure; for in truth when we discover what a man really enjoys, and what he deems profitable and praiseworthy, we know his inmost nature, and the essential effect of all his training.

[1] Reprinted from *The Sewanee Review* 26. 333–350 (July, 1918), with the kind permission of the editor.

[2] *Ars Poetica* 333–4.

I have dwelt, not by accident but intentionally, upon these several pairs of terms—instruction and entertainment, profit and delight, pain and pleasure, censure and praise, glorification and enjoyment; I would gladly add other examples—the old and the new, tradition and the present, a fixed curriculum and free choice, discipline and content—upon which the following discussion may directly or indirectly bear; for my subject is '*Two* Views of Education,' and I would fain believe that these two views are fairly comprehensive, that they include the opposite opinions, however disguised or transmuted, underlying the most varied discussions of pedagogical theory and practice. Meanwhile we shall do well to remember that for every pair of opposites there is commonly a third or intermediate term to be found, as the dictum of Horace on poets might easily suggest. In fact, our topic is not adequately described until we call it 'Two Views of Education, and a *Tertium Quid*'; for neither view completely reckons with the contradictions in human nature—at once the best thing and the worst with which we are immediately acquainted.

The two views in question are as old as humanity, and as young; as ancient as the Greeks, and as modern; as remote as the Old Testament, and as near as the New; they belong quite as much to America as to Europe. Both are traditional, and like tradition itself they are, properly speaking, neither old nor new, but eternal. We might therefore illustrate them in many ways and from many sources; but I shall select as representative of these opposite views two men who

belong to the modern Protestant tradition, rather than the ancient classical, or the mediæval Catholic. Both men are associated with democratic rather than monarchical institutions; both are connected in our minds with republican Switzerland and the Protestant city of Geneva. For good or ill, the influence of each has been powerful, as it has been obvious, upon the education of Protestant America. The two main educational tendencies in our country, I submit, may be fitly designated if we link one with the name of John Calvin and the doctrine of human depravity, and the other with that of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the belief, as he expressed it, in the original goodness of man. I invite the reader's attention first to the Calvinistic doctrine of original sin.

In Europe, and hence in America, the influence of Calvin is prior, and now might almost seem to have run its course. He was born in the year 1509, two centuries before Rousseau—not, like Rousseau, at Geneva. However, during his relatively brief career (for he died at the age of fifty-five) he was mainly active there; and from Geneva the effect of his life and learning spread through the countries of the Reformation, for example to Scotland, and thence to the American colonies. Thus the rigorous classical tradition of Princeton may easily be traced to him. But in general, of course, we are right in connecting the type of learning, and the view of life, which once prevailed throughout our Eastern colleges with the ideals of Calvin, even though these ideals were shared by other leaders of the Reformation.

For him and his followers, the taint of sin is in every man and woman:

In Adam's fall we sinnèd all,

as the New England Primer has it. The whole man is infected. The natural process of generation is evil; the babe in the womb is guilty; each and every infant born into the world is a sinner,[1] subject to the power of the devil, and under condemnation of the law of God unless the badness ingrained is driven out with a scourge. Education, therefore, cannot be purely delightful. To teach is not to please, and to profit is not to entertain. The native motions of the individual soul toward glory and delight lead straight to self-assertion and self-enjoyment. They must be killed; for learning means self-mortification in order that we may glorify and enjoy in the right fashion.

The doctrine of original sin finds no great favor in America at the present time among so-called persons of cultivation. For that matter, sin itself is not a word to argue with, as are heredity, environment, and so on. The belief in the doctrine is supposed to rest upon a way of interpreting the story of the fall, in Genesis, which is no longer countenanced. That story, we are told, represents, not literal, but poetical truth; the Church Fathers themselves for the most part treated it as allegory. But after all, interpret the story as we may, it corresponds to something in human nature; the notion that we come into the world with

[1] Calvin, *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, Book 2, chap. 1 (trans. by Beveridge, 1845, 1. 286–294).

evil tendencies is borne out by the inner experience of every one of us. Call the thing by whatever name we like, what Calvin termed original sin represents an ultimate element in human life. It is, accordingly, something to which the honest educator dare not shut his eyes. Let him strive to render his teaching as positive and constructive as may be, he must yet be prepared to be negative, and to act in a destructive manner, when the occasion shows the need. He must make the pupil learn how to deny himself, and we have never seen this accomplished in a living human being without the infliction of pain, whether mental or physical, or both. There is, then, something to be said for the Calvinistic mode of education. For one thing, beginning with Calvin himself it produced many scholars of wide and deep learning.

Not least among these was Milton. The great poet of the Reformation well exemplifies what may be expected of the traditional rigor in teaching and studying the classics under the best of circumstances. It is true, in his tractate *Of Education* he clearly recognizes the desirability of introducing an element of pleasure in education, and the need, not of forced, but of 'willing' obedience on the side of the student. But in his own exceedingly effective practice as schoolmaster he did not follow the principle of 'reading without tears.' Aubrey says of him that he 'took into his tuition his sister's two sons, Edward and John Philips, the first ten, the other nine, years of age, and in a year's time made them capable of interpreting a Latin author at sight, . . . and within

three years they went through the best of Latin and Greek poets.' The biographer adds: 'As he was severe on one hand, so he was most familiar and free in his conversation to those to whom most sour in his way of education.'[1] Indeed, it is said that his first wife left his house in part because she could not endure the cries of distress from the pupils.[2] To adapt his own words, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, but chiefly by his own example, he kept them plying hard and daily until they knew the chief and necessary rules of a good Latin Grammar; and shortly had them reading the authors of works on agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella—'for the matter is most easy, and if the language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years.'[3] Doubtless he would have failed in giving boys the ability to read (not to puzzle out) Latin in a year, or to do as well with Greek in another, had there been no sourness in his procedure.

I might go on to show how the tradition thus ennobled in the hands of Milton held sway, in teaching that was not always equally successful, throughout Protestant Europe and America well into the nineteenth century. Under less competent teachers, of course, the pupils did not learn to interpret Greek and Latin with ease; and the plan of driving out the

[1] *Of Education, Areopagitica, The Commonwealth,* ed. by Lockwood, 1911, p. xli.

[2] *Ibid.,* p. xlii.

[3] *Ibid.,* pp. 13–14.

old Adam by forcing him to grind gerunds no doubt led to many an abuse. Nor can we defend a study of language that does not quickly lead to the free communication of ideas from the author to the reader. At the same time we must not forget that virtually all the culture we had in America during the formative years of the Republic was essentially classical, essentially Calvinistic, and in the last analysis centred in the doctrine of original sin. Even to-day, the stronghold of the old classical type of education is the South, in the sections where the stricter forms of Protestantism still maintain their integrity, and where parental authority has not relaxed.

Somewhat less than a century and a half after the death of Calvin, there was born at Geneva, in the year 1712, a child whose mother died in giving him birth, and whose irresponsible father allowed him to grow up without a semblance of discipline. This boy soon found himself in conflict with the traditions of his native city; his entire life might be described as a long rebellion against society as he found it, and against the education by which society is formed. Himself undisciplined and self-educated (which means to some extent badly educated), in time he became known as a writer on the practice of education. Whether we give the credit to Rousseau himself for the ideas which have circulated as his, and which his native eloquence rendered intelligible to the masses, or whether he gave utterance to beliefs which were common property in his age, is immaterial. We are amply justified in associating with

his name a conception of human nature, diametrically opposed to that maintained by Calvin, which we may term the doctrine of original goodness. With it goes a corresponding theory of education.

Coming from the hand of the Author of all things, contends Rousseau, the child, like every other part of creation, is good; whereas in the hands of man everything degenerates. The depravity we observe in those about us is not inborn; it arises from the first contact of the individual, a vicious contact, with his kind. From this first depravity all others come in succession; the entire moral order is changed, and natural feeling is extinguished in all hearts. Do you wish, then, that the child shall preserve his original form? Help him to preserve it from the moment he enters the world. As soon as he is born take possession of him, and do not let him go until he is a man. The Author of nature has given children an active principle, but in a state of nature He leaves them with little power to indulge it to their own injury. But no sooner do those about the child permit him to regard them as the instruments of his will, whom he can set in motion, than he uses them in following his own inclination. In this way he becomes disagreeable, tyrannical, imperious, perverse, unruly; a development, not arising from a natural spirit of domination, but creating such a spirit. The child, then, in the main, must be treated in such fashion that he seems to be left to himself. Our pedantic mania for instructing constantly leads us to teach children what they can learn far better

for themselves, and to lose sight of what we alone can teach them. What, then, must be thought of that barbarous education which sacrifices the present to an uncertain future, loads the child with every description of fetters, and begins, by making him wretched, to prepare for him some far-away indefinite happiness he may never enjoy?[1]

It is no concern of ours to explain away the inconsistencies in these sentiments from Rousseau's *Émile*. We need not ask why, if the natural inclination is always good in all men to begin with, the inevitable result should be that in the hands of man all things, including his own children, degenerate. Nor are we bound to reflect how it comes about that Rousseau, whose general tendency was inimical to Christianity, and whose life was far from a model for the Christian, should nevertheless on occasion draw close to the utterances of Christ respecting children and the necessity of our becoming like them. We are simply dealing with the ideas of Rousseau as he published them, and as a subsequent generation of educational theorists received them. The child, in his view, is a child of God, and is therefore good. If we free his inborn tendency from hindrances, nature will do the rest. The teacher is simply the power that affords nature a chance of which nature will

[1] The paragraph is made up of sentences adapted from the earlier parts of *Émile*, sometimes in language close to the original, and sometimes word for word. See *Émile*, Books 1 and 2 (*Œuvres complètes de J. J. Rousseau*, Paris, 1852, 2. 399, 406, 408, 423, 428, 429).

gladly avail itself. In general, under the scheme of Rousseau, the child is to escape censure; he is not to do anything because it is traditional; he is to live in the present, not forced to perform actions with a view to his subsequent welfare; his studies are not fixed, he is free to choose what he will learn; he knows nothing of discipline. In this arrangement, obviously, to teach is to please, and to profit is to furnish entertainment. The chief end of man is present glory and enjoyment. If the child reads at all, let him read without tears. But so far as I know, it is not recorded that Rousseau ever actually taught a living individual to accomplish anything, much less to read Latin or Greek in either one year or more; and, if pushed to extremes, we should have to admit that on the whole he was not well educated enough to be both happy and useful, always promoting and relishing the highest and best things in life. To employ the words of Milton, on 'a complete and generous education,' Rousseau was never fitted 'to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.'[1] Yet it would be idle to maintain that his reflections are without value. On the contrary, if I am not mistaken, many of us would find it difficult not to assent in some measure to the truth of most of his contentions.

At all events, America at large has found it impossible not to assent to them. And the history of American education, as we can see by a glance at the change

[1] *Of Education* [etc.], ed. by Lockwood, p. 9.

which occurred in the last fifty years of the nineteenth century, has meant a gradual movement away from the ideals of Calvin and the Protestant Reformation toward those of Rousseau and the French Revolution. We have come to aim less at ultimate improvement, and more at immediate satisfaction. Not discipline, but content, is the watchword. We are not to trouble ourselves and our students with what is old, difficult, unnatural, and far-away, when we and they crave what is new, easy, natural, and close at hand. The chief end of man is to make a living and to adapt himself comfortably to his environment. Let him know the objects that lie about him—and this means, we may say, not the books of permanent value (though libraries existing at this very moment are full of them, so that they are always a part of our environment), but the geology of his native region, and the latest number of the *Outlook* or the *Review of Reviews*. Strangely enough, no one objects to the study of geological strata, near in point of space, but in point of time many thousand years more remote than the Greeks and Romans; but indeed our theorists on education tell us to occupy ourselves with our neighbor and with proximate interests before they give us any answer to the question, 'Who is my neighbor?'—though the answer, as in the parable, is generally not the one that first occurs to the casual observer. The *Republic* of Plato and the *Ethics* of Aristotle have, after all, been neighbors to more well-educated minds than ever the *Outlook* or the *Review of Reviews* will be. Furthermore, remembering that Plutarch formed an

inspiring item in the surroundings of the young Rousseau, one is tempted to recall that Émile was to be reared, not in a chance, but in a carefully selected environment; the principle might involve the removal of any given book or pamphlet from his clutch, and the substitution of *'The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans,* compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer' of Chæronea. In the type of pedagogy inspired by Rousseau, the accidental circumstances and the natural leaning one betrays at the outset count as the determining factors in one's instruction. And so in our time we study English, French, and German, and, newest of all, Spanish, since the peoples seem to be our neighbors; and we do this to the disadvantage of Greek and Latin, good Samaritans able and willing to care for the boy who is wounded in the head by ignorance. So also we have the elective system in place of a fixed curriculum, with lectures to listen to instead of recitations to make, so that our students know more about taking pleasures than about taking pains; and we educate them for the first ten years of life after they leave school, rather than (to quote Rousseau again) 'for some far-away indefinite happiness they may never enjoy.' We will educate our boy for the chief end of man if you do not put the end too far ahead. But why not go at least as far as the pagan Plato, and train our youth with a view to their activities at the age of fifty?

It seems reasonable to believe, however, that the pendulum has again begun to swing the other way.

An excess of rigor and inelasticity in education is likely to be followed by a period of greater freedom; and again, when liberty of choice runs into wild license, the natural good sense of mankind will reassert the principles of moderation and restraint. If the cause of discipline and the classics suffered more and more in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it would appear that a reaction has already set in during the first half of the twentieth. For unlimited choice in studies we have a well-marked tendency to substitute groups of studies, and fixed conditions within the group. And though theorists declaim against the recognition of formal discipline in the schools, here and there the nation shows signs of welcome to a universal military service as a means of inculcating punctuality, obedience, and the love of order, in a lax and careless generation. The complaint of business men that the college graduate has done what he likes so long that he has no power to do what he ought has brought the faculties, trustees, and even the alumni of universities to consider ways and means of improving scholarship. At least one of our colleges, Amherst, has definitely announced its intention of returning to ancient ways, in the direction of rigor and of Greek and Latin—a motion, let us say, toward the glory of God and perpetual felicity. We might go on to note other signs of a better time to come; for instance, the resentment aroused in the public schools by the interference of a heavily-endowed private board in favor of a shallow kind of education in which the country had begun to lose faith; or the

recoil against a type of belief, or unbelief, 'the religion of the future,' so-called,[1] which has, like the free elective system, already had its little day and been found wanting. If the reaction against these things is already in motion as an undercurrent, calling attention to them will serve to hasten its progress.

But it would never do to imply that the belief in the natural goodness of man is wholly misplaced, or that the notion of universal human depravity is the sole, and an adequate, basis for the practice of teaching. What we need to insist on is the happy medium. In educating man we have to deal with him as he is, neither an angel nor yet a demon. Those who have to do with children know that there is a conflict from the outset in the human heart. The child, and mankind, are, we know not how, at once originally good and originally sinful.[2] The process of educating man does mean eliminating the original sin and setting free the original goodness that constitute his heritage. It makes no difference at what stage we meet him, so long as he is not fully educated; in the long run the first time we come in contact with the individual, whether immediately after birth, or before or after adolescence, or whenever it may be, we have to reckon with a contradiction in his very nature. Nevertheless this nature is not dual, but one. Life itself is full of contradictions, irreconcilable in the abstract, which are somehow unified and even harmonized in practice. Now the reconciliation is effected

[1] See above, p. 163, and footnote.

[2] See the myth of the soul in the *Phædrus* of Plato.

by an art which is an imitation and fulfilment of life, and which is likewise contradictory in itself; for the artist—the poet, or painter, or musician—is a conscious and self-restraining workman, knowing what he does, and directing his own action, even while he gives way to the creative impulse; so that in some inexplicable manner he is both conscious and unconscious at one and the same time. In fact, successful art, like successful life, is the systematic regulation of irregular impulse for the attainment of a predetermined end.

In the art of education, then, we have what looks like a double task, and yet is a single one. It is our function as teachers in some way to say with Calvin that crude impulse is bad, and with Rousseau that crude impulse is good. We must know how to kill it, and, even in the act of doing so, to make it live again. The teacher must be a kind of fate to his pupil, and at the same time must bestow upon him the supreme good gift of free will. Pain, the thwarting and crossing of inclination, discipline, unintelligible hardship, cannot be omitted even from the earliest stages of a preparation for life, for in life every individual is certain to meet each and all of them; nor can their opposites be omitted. The original sin of the individual must be scourged and purged away; his original goodness must be cherished and encouraged. We have to recognize and harmonize the contradictory views of a Rousseau and a Calvin both.

There is, as it were, a third view, comprehending and reconciling the other two, and free from the ex-

cess or defect of either. This we may find, as Aristotle found each several virtue, in the mean between two extremes. Thus courage was for him an intermediate state between cowardice and rashness, being neither of these, and yet in a sense partaking of the nature of both, since the brave man is both cautious and bold; and so on throughout the list of human virtues as he knew them. Similarly in teaching we must strive to reach the golden mean. We cannot do away with the notion of discipline; we cannot ignore an ultimate something in human nature which defies the lure of gentle persuasion and the promise of enjoyment—a something for which no better name can be found than 'original sin,' a something very close to the real nature of the individual. Call it how you will, it is there, and the teacher must deal successfully with it or fail in his effort to benefit the pupil. Nor, on the other hand, can we neglect the assistance of the native impulses of the human heart. Between constant rigor and constant yielding in the treatment of inclination lies the virtue of the teacher.

But we observe that the Aristotelian mean never lies precisely midway between the two extremes. It is always nearer to one of them than to the other—as courage has a greater resemblance to rashness than to cowardice. In practice, accordingly, we must drag ourselves away from the extreme to which we naturally tend, and struggle toward its opposite. The rash man is exceptional; most of us are by nature cowardly, and must attain to a measure of

courage by aiming at boldness. Are we, then, in the matter of education to aim at severity or at softness? Must we seek to provide discipline, or to arouse interest in content? Are we to direct our efforts toward the eradication of original sin, otherwise letting nature have her way, or toward the positive inculcation of excellence, keeping the pupil active in useful and noble pursuits, and allowing the evil in his nature to die for want of exercise?

Perhaps the answers would vary in different periods of history, for different periods in the life of the pupil, with different pupils, and with different teachers.

No doubt the excessive drudgery of much of the older classical training was not sufficiently tempered by a desire to enlist a willing obedience in the pupil through legitimate appeals to his curiosity and emotions. If so, the time-honored formal drill, blind to the surpassing interest and beauty in the tale of Ulysses, brought its own penalty; just as a pernicious abuse in the subsequent elective system in studies bids fair to bring down destruction upon its own head. A given period in education must be studied as a whole; its guardians may be called on to interfere with its drift toward a vicious extreme.

Again, in the life of the pupil there is a time for the infliction of less pain, and a time for the infliction of more. Yet tender plants are not the worse for a little pruning. With allowance for the occasional exceptionally delicate flower, the judicious teacher will not permit young America, even in the

kindergarten, to fancy itself in a world devoid of shock. The most successful teacher of infants I happen to know about was Susanna Wesley, the mother of nineteen children, two of whom, John and Charles, became eminent, and afford an easy comparison with Rousseau or his Émile. In later years (July 24, 1732) she wrote to her son John as follows:

'Dear Son: According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family. . . .

'The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth. . . . When turned a year old (and some before), they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house, but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

'As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid which attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. . . . Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants when they were at meat; if it was known they did, they were certainly beat, and the servants

severely reprimanded. At six, as soon as family prayers were over, they had their supper; at seven, the maid washed them, and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight; at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of in our house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep. . . .

'In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which is hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond as in sport to teach their children to do things which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. Whenever a child is corrected, it must be conquered; and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertences may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only

strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind. . . .

'The children of this family were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bedtime constantly; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

'They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught without saying, "Pray give me such a thing"; and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word. Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude ill-bred names, were never heard among them. Nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names, without the addition of "Brother" or "Sister." . . .

'There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of, but every one was kept close to their business, for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Every one of

these, Kezzy excepted, could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live.' [1]

Again, the individual teacher must consider himself and his own tendency, and, if he be convicted of sin, must strive toward the opposite pole in an attempt to become a virtuous master of his art and craft. Does he harp immoderately on the rudiments of diction and grammar, and never bring his pupils to think of Latin as a means of communication between intelligent human beings? Do these pupils halt and stumble through four, or it may be six, books of the Æneid without ever discovering how the whole great epic works out at the end? Do they toil through some hundred lines of the Odyssey, unaware that the entire story is in fact the most captivating romance that could possibly fall into their hands? In a word, does the teacher see to it that the values of little things (and I do not underrate their value) are properly subordinated to the values of great?

But leaving the possible differences in the needs of other times, and the probable differences of tendency among individuals, what shall we say of the general need in American education at present? Do we err on the side of too much or too little severity in dealing with the inborn and acquired inclinations of our charges? Who will contend that as a nation we are rigorous enough in our demands upon students? I do not mean that we are not asking or permitting

[1] John Wesley, *Journal,* August, 1742, in his *Works,* fourth ed., 1840, 1. 363–7. Mrs. Wesley did not have a free hand with 'Kezzy.'

them to do too many things, since the very multiplicity of studies in our scheme of general education savors of laxness and not of rigor. But what has become of the training that will lead a boy or a girl to take pains? I know there are schools where the intellectual discipline is effective. But in general have we not lost sight of the truth that the subjects we teach are a means and not an end; that by aiming to produce character we succeed better in instilling knowledge? Is it any longer the common belief that the promising youth is the one who, to speak in terms of Plato, will endure the lower, immediate pain for the sake of the higher, ultimate satisfaction? who delights in meeting and overcoming difficulty in the things of the mind? who will take up his cross daily with gladness, and endure it with joy, for the sake of the crown gleaming in the distance? who will glorify the humble toil, and will enjoy the high reward in prospect?

We need more of the spirit of Calvin, and less of the spirit of Rousseau, in American education. When the nation has been tending to excess in one direction, the educational leader will not try to drive it into a greater excess of the same kind; he will help, where he can, to restore the golden mean. All honor, then, to the teachers of the ancient classics. They constantly plead for those studies which in former years have proved themselves capable of furnishing the discipline that preserves the intellectual life of the nation. They are not misled by superficial distinctions between the old and the new, the near and the remote; for, being nourished on the literatures of Greece

and Rome, from which the chaff has been blown away, and of which the wheat alone remains, they hold fast to the permanent and the essential, irrespective of time and place.

Yet we cannot return to a former age save in imagination. If it be true that, to be well educated, we must be born again and must become *as* little children, nevertheless we cannot actually re-enter the womb of time and again *be* little children. The study of the ancient classics can never again be what it was before the advent in the curriculum of English and the modern Continental languages and literatures. But it can be more than ever it was in the past if the teachers of all the humanities will co-operate in handing on the tradition, not of words, but of ideas. If classical culture is to perform its proper function in American life, we must not simply give heed to the mint, the anise, and the cummin of diction and syntax, neglecting weightier matters, such as the meaning of a work of literary art as a whole. We may glorify the detail only as a means to the enjoyment of the entire masterpiece.

But, after all, it is for the teachers of the classics to tell us moderns, us teachers of English, French, and German, what to do. It is our place to encourage them, and theirs to admonish us. It is for them to insist that in literary and linguistic studies we should give more of our time to what is lasting, and less to what is transient—more to the works of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and Lessing, than to Storm's *Immensee,* Gerstäcker's *Germelshausen,* Heyse's *L'Arrabbiata,*

Baumbach's *Das Habichtsfräulein,* Leander's *Träumereien,* and Arnold's *Fritz auf Ferien;* more to the works of Corneille, Pascal, Boileau, Molière, Racine, and Bossuet, than to Brunot's *Le Tour de la France par deux Enfants,* Malot's *Sans Famille,* Saintine's *Picciola,* Énault's *Chien du Capitaine,* Halévy's *L'Abbé Constantin,* and De la Brète's *Mon Oncle et mon Curé.* Let us not contend that contemporary literature has no place in the curriculum, but let us say that its place is very limited, since only a small fraction of it will survive and prove useful in the future. The Greek and Latin authors, as we have them, leave no room for an altogether faulty choice of subject-matter in a teacher with an inclination toward the trivial. It is for devotees of the classics to insist that we pay more attention to the ideas of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton than to those of the *Outlook* and the *Review of Reviews;* and more to the educational theory and practice of Milton—a great writer, a successful teacher, and perhaps the best-read man of modern times—than to the shallow and ephemeral speculations of those who have never thought out the relation of the past ten days, or weeks, or years, to the vast remainder of human experience. It is for them to insist also, with Milton, that 'though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.' It is for students of Greek and

Latin to insist that there is no 'discipline' without the acquisition of 'content,' nor any true acquisition of content without strict adherence to the letter. Is it not their own Horace who finally teaches and pleases, both in one? Is it not he and his master Plato who unite precept and illuminating example in such fashion as to convince us that no lasting pleasure is unprofitable, and no true learning ultimately unpleasant? 'The labor we delight in physics pain.'

The frequent reference to Milton's tractate *Of Education* throughout this discussion has not been undesigned. The work makes more profitable reading than our current pedagogy, or, as he well knew, the current pedagogy of his own day. I only wish that words of mine might cause many teachers in the land to take its wise precepts and sound philosophy to heart. We may without impropriety think of the author as a follower of Calvin—so are we all, in a sense; but he was not so in any narrow fashion. We might, on some grounds, regard him as a precursor of Rousseau. Certainly in the tractate, as elsewhere, he rises above the level of dogmatism and empiricism to a conception of a higher expediency, in physical, mental, and spiritual training, not far short of the highest. If he errs at all, he does so in ways that cannot harm any one in our generation. In trying to suggest an ideal by approaching it from either side, we may use him as an illustration of one aspect rather than the other; but he actually approximates the ideal more nearly than any one writing in the present day. Need I explain that I

have in mind the Christian ideal of education? This is the education that gives a man absolute power over himself—the power to lay down his life and the power to take it up again, that is to say, complete capacity both negative and positive. It enables the individual to treat his neighbor as well as himself, and himself as well as his neighbor; to flee from pain or to face it; to reject pleasure or to accept it; to offer his face for a second blow from an enemy or to chastise a friend—or to forgive a wife or a brother; to follow a line of conduct in steadfastness or to take up another with the swiftness of lightning; to be both flexible and inflexible; to bring forth out of his treasure things new and old. In education, as Milton knew, the emphasis will commonly lie upon one side more than the other; more upon duty to one's neighbor, less upon duty to oneself, or the true balance will not be struck; more upon facing pain and rejecting pleasure, and upon steadfastness of aim, than upon their opposites. Need I add that the stress will be more upon the tradition of the last twenty-five centuries and less upon the tradition of the last twenty-five years; more upon training in the classical languages and literatures and less upon training in French and German; more upon 'discipline' in a higher sense and less upon 'content' in a lower? Let me illustrate. Is it not better to learn a few passages of Homer, Virgil, and the New Testament by heart than to read the contents of the Sunday newspaper?

We have heard of late, from persons whose names will be forgotten in a very little while, that disci-

pline is of very little value. In opposition to this superficial view I venture to quote another passage from an author whose name will be remembered, and whose words will be listened to, so long as the English language shall be intelligible to educated men—Milton, *On the Reason of Church Government:*

'There is not that thing in the world of more grave and urgent importance, throughout the whole life of man, than is discipline. What need I instance? He that hath read with judgment of nations and commonwealths, of cities and camps, of peace and war, sea and land, will readily agree that the flourishing and decaying of all civil societies, all the moments and turnings of human occasions, are moved to and fro as upon the axle of discipline. So that whatsoever power or sway in mortal things weaker men have attributed to fortune, I durst with more confidence (the honor of Divine Providence ever saved) ascribe either to the vigor or the slackness of discipline. Nor is there any sociable perfection in this life, civil or sacred, that can be above discipline; but she is that which with her musical cords[1] preserves and holds all the parts thereof together. . . . And certainly discipline is not only the removal of disorder, but, if any visible shape can be given to divine things, the very visible shape and image of virtue; whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears.'[2]

[1] Milton plays on the word, which in his orthography is equivalent to *chords*.

[2] Milton, *Prose Works*, ed. by St. John, 2. 441–2.

APPENDIX

A COURSE IN TRANSLATIONS OF THE CLASSICS [1]

'English Translations of Greek and Latin Classics' is the title of a course I have for more than fifteen years given annually at Cornell University, with what the reader will pardon me for deeming excellent results. For the sake of those who may be tempted to give, or to follow, a similar course, I shall set forth the principles underlying this one, and shall sketch the actual work done by a typical class preparing a weekly written report or paper for some thirty-two weeks.

It must first of all be noted that the work in question, while intended to serve the special ends of students of English (in select groups of ten or twelve), is not designed to supplant any part of the intensive study of Greek and Latin literature in the original tongues. Actually, those who have hitherto done best in the course have with few exceptions been students of Greek and Latin to begin with. Others, coming to the university with no knowledge of Greek, have been convinced by their work with translations that an educated man cannot afford to be ignorant

[1] My description of this course was first published in *The Classical Weekly* for November, 1917, at the suggestion of the managing editor; materials there appearing are here utilized with his kind consent. In its present shape the description is somewhat expanded.

of that language, and accordingly have promptly taken up the study of it.

Yet the course is based upon the assumption that the teacher of the classics has not always made the best use of his opportunities. The mainspring of the work is the application of classical theories of literary art to masterpieces of classical literature, in so far as this is possible through the best English translations. And through this medium it is possible to enforce lessons of the utmost value, which so far as I can learn have been sadly neglected in almost every part of America. Through this medium, with principles supplied by the ancients themselves, one may teach a Sophomore to regard the Odyssey as an organic work of art, with a beginning, middle, and end—as a unified whole, in the light of which every detail is to be interpreted; and then to regard the *Œdipus Rex* of Sophocles in a similar fashion; and to go on to other masterpieces, with the same intent —learning the universal laws of artistic structure as they are not learned in classes where fifty lines a day are read in the original, chopped off irrespective of the natural joints, where the emphasis is laid first upon diction and syntax, and secondly upon *realien* (appropriated by American text-books from German ones), and where the pupil at best makes an occasional inference concerning the portrayal of character, the structure of a speech, or the treatment of an incident in and for itself.

The course is, then, I trust, formal in the better sense of that word: fundamental laws are illustrated by specific examples, the union of the two being ef-

fected by the student for himself, with the minimum amount of obvious help from the teacher. However, much substantial information in the usual sense is absorbed by the student; for throughout the academic year he thrice returns to tasks requiring a survey of ancient mythology; a rough chronological sequence is generally maintained in all he does; and at the close of the second semester he applies what he has previously learned to the study of several topics in English literature. It will be seen that an attempt has been made to convert the whole into a kind of drama, itself with a beginning, middle, and end, the successive efforts of the class being, as it were, so many incidents following one another in a natural, if not always an inevitable, sequence. Ideally, no doubt, the sequence of any course of study should be inevitable; but in practice incidental concessions must now and then be allowed to the actual needs of the student. This course in translations may therefore be described as sufficiently theoretical, but with a slight leaning to the practical because most of those who take it wish ultimately to specialize in English.

At the first meeting of the class, I am in the habit of making a few remarks, in substance as follows:

There are persons who decry translations. Yet men of sound learning and good judgment make and publish them. Why do they? According to Lord Morley, 'Scholars of great eminence and consummate accomplishments, like Jowett, Lang, Myers, Leaf, and others, bring all their scholarship to bear, in order to provide for those who are not able, or do not care, to read old classics in the originals,

brilliant and faithful renderings of them in our own tongue.' And he adds: 'Nothing but good, I am persuaded, can come of all these attempts to connect learning with the living forces of society.'[1] There is the answer in a nutshell. If it needs corroboration, we have only to recall that the most valuable and influential book ever printed in the English language is a translation—the Authorized Version of the Bible.

The object of this course, stated in one way, is to connect learning with the forces of the student's life. Much of the classical study that is done in our schools is regarded, and to some extent justly, as a study of 'dead' languages. At the moment, we do not need to ask whether the Greek and Latin tongues can be revived in most of us. Let us say that they should be whenever they can be. But we all know that, as these two languages are taught in America today, very few students ever reach the stage of proficiency where either of them becomes in all essentials a living medium of communication between the author and the reader. How many of you have ever been able to appreciate an entire work of literary art like the Æneid or the Odyssey in the original? Even a thorough scholar is likely to find that his attention is divided; he must now and then stop to puzzle out the words, and cannot always give his whole mind to the substance of what he is reading. Yet every time the mind is forced to halt over the meaning of a phrase, some part of the effect of a piece of literature as a whole is almost certain to be lost.

This is a course in literature. You will treat individual masterpieces as works of art, taking up important things one by one, a whole one at a time. In your work in Greek and Latin you have been accustomed to pay more attention to small details than to large ones. Here you will give more attention to

[1] *Studies in Literature*, p. 192.

the larger details of structure. No detail, however small, is unimportant in a work of art, but we have authority in the words of Aristotle, the greatest critic produced by antiquity, for believing that some details are of more consequence than others, and that the plot or main idea of a poem is by far the most important thing of all—just as the plan of a building is more important than the particular sort of stone employed in its construction. The plan is not independent of the kind of material in which it is to be worked out; yet, after all, one may use virtually the same plan for a house of marble or a house of granite; either building would serve the same purpose—it is the plan that counts. The same is true of an epic poem, whether in the original Greek or in a faithful English translation. And for us the structure is more easily discerned in an English translation than in the Greek or Latin original.

The wealth of material at our command necessitates selection, and where all is good selection is difficult. We cannot avoid the omission of works that every one should read. You must therefore regard the books we are now to study as but a centre for your own individual reading later on.

Human culture is continuous. Until you have read and meditated for some years, you cannot afford to bear very heavily upon what seem to be the differences between ancient and modern times. As far as possible give up the distinction between 'ancient' and 'modern,' and substitute the distinction between 'permanent' and 'transitory.'

Pay only moderate attention to what you read or hear about the classics, but much attention to what you can find in them for yourself. Observe for yourself; never relinquish the process.

After these remarks I distribute copies of a printed leaflet containing a number of requirements and

recommendations for the course, and a brief list of books for general reference, as follows:

A knowledge of Greek and Latin, though desirable, is not required, the work of this course being independent of any language but English. Rapid reading will be done in the best translations, with emphasis upon Greek masterpieces—for example, the Iliad and the Odyssey, selected plays of Sophocles, and selected dialogues of Plato. Translations from the Latin will be chosen for the bearing of the originals on modern literature. There will be papers and discussions.

1. Students are urged to own as many of the books employed in the course as circumstances permit, and to form the habit of marginal annotation.

2. A general knowledge of the life of each author studied may be obtained from the works of reference recommended in the accompanying list.

3. Students must become familiar with classical geography; see the atlases noted in the list. It is desirable that each secure a map of the eastern Mediterranean, to be hung near his desk.

4. Punctuality in work and attendance is imperative. Under ordinary circumstances work that is behindhand will not be accepted. By an unexcused absence the student indicates his willingness to fail in the course.

5. The work of the first semester is so related to that of the second that it is desirable to take the course either throughout the academic year, or not at all.

6. The formal work of the course will consist of weekly papers or reports, to be read and discussed in class. These papers and reports each student is to preserve, in proper sequence, in a note-book kept solely for this purpose. The note-books may be called for at any time; they will be submitted to the instructor at the last meeting of the class before the term examinations.

7. Appointments for personal conference will be arranged.

Careful reading should precede all writing. The object of each paper or report should be thoroughness and truth. Literary finish and individuality of expression are desirable.

The aim of the course is a lasting acquaintance with classic story and ideals, as an indispensable basis for the appreciation of English literature.

Among works of reference the following are recommended:

Histories of Greece
Grote
Curtius
Bury

History of Rome
Mommsen

Atlases
Sieglin
Kiepert

General Encyclopædia
Encyclopædia Britannica

Encyclopædia of History
Ploetz, *Epitome*

Histories of Greek Literature
Jebb, *Primer*
Mueller
Croiset
(The best work under this head, Croiset, should be consulted, by those who read French, in the unabridged edition.)

Histories of Latin Literature
Duff
Sellar
Teuffel

Dictionaries of Classical Antiquities
Smith
Harper
Seyffert

There are bad books as well as good; for the purposes of this course make use of no work save those that are recommended, without consulting the instructor.

The leaflet, it will be observed, aims at simplicity. It would be a mistake, for example, to discourage the undergraduate by mentioning too many unfamiliar books at the outset. The class is expected to procure

my version of the *Poetics* of Aristotle (Ginn[1]), *The Greek Genius and its Influence* (Yale University Press), Jebb's translation, in one volume, of Sophocles (Cambridge University Press), the Iliad, in the translation of Lang, Leaf, and Myers (Macmillan), and the Odyssey in that of Butcher and Lang (Macmillan). In general, one may either own the books employed, or use the duplicate copies in the University Library.

Here follows a scheme of the work, arranged according to weeks.

1. Read at least three, and preferably more, of the selections in Cooper, *The Greek Genius and its Influence;* abstract what you deem of special importance; and combine in a paper of about 500 words.

2. Report upon what you think important or doubtful in the first fifteen chapters of the *Poetics* of Aristotle. The use of the introductory matter in my version of the *Poetics* is optional.

3. Report on the remainder of the *Poetics;* where you can, supply examples of your own.

4. Paper applying the principles of Aristotle to the Biblical story of Joseph in Genesis 37, 39–45. Memorize the speech of Zeus on fate and free will, near the beginning of the Odyssey (1.32–43; Butcher and Lang, p. 2), and the speech of Creon when he first sees the body of his son, in Sophocles' *Antigone* (lines 1261–9; Jebb, p. 169).

5. Report on Butcher, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art* (Macmillan), chapters 6, 7, 8, 9, in the commentary following the *Poetics.*

[1] Now (1922) published by Harcourt, Brace and Co.

6. Paper on the plot of the Odyssey, in the translation of Butcher and Lang.

7. Report upon Longinus *On the Sublime,* trans. by Havell, in Cooper, *Theories of Style* (Macmillan), or by Prickard (Oxford University Press); compare the edition (with an excellent translation) by Rhys Roberts (Cambridge University Press), especially pp. 23–37.

8. Characters: Aristotle, *Poetics,* as before; *Rhetoric,* trans. by Jebb (Camb. Univ. Press) or by Welldon (Macmillan), Book 2, chapters 12–17; *Nicomachean Ethics,* trans. by Welldon (Macmillan), Book 4, chapters 6, 7, 8, 9; Plato, character of the Philosopher King in *Republic,* trans. by Davies and Vaughan (Macmillan) or by Jowett (Oxford Press), Book 6; Theophrastus, *Characters,* trans. by Jebb (Macmillan) or by Bennett and Hammond (Longmans, Green)—read a number of the sketches. Optional: Gordon, *Theophrastus and his Imitators,* in *English Literature and the Classics,* ed. by Gordon (Oxford Press). Report.

9. Paper applying the principles of the *Poetics, Rhetoric,* and *Ethics* of Aristotle to the agents in the Iliad, in the translation by Lang, Leaf, and Myers.

10. Report or, preferably, paper on Hesiod, *Works and Days* and *Theogony,* trans. by Mair (Oxford Press) or Evelyn-White (Loeb Classical Library). Suggestion: apply the principles of Longinus to Hesiod.

11. Grote, *History of Greece* (Everyman's Library, Dent or Dutton), Volume 1, chapters 1 (as far

as 'Hymn to Dionysus'), 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 13. Note four centres of early Grecian story; in particular, the Calydonian Hunt, and the tale of the Argonauts. Report, condensing and paraphrasing.

12. Grote, Volume 1 (partly in Volume 2 in Everyman's Library), chapters 14, 15 (as far as 'Historicizing Innovations'), 16 (as far as 'Gradual Development of the Scientific Point of View'). Note in particular the legendary history of Thebes, and the Trojan Cycle. Read also Virgil Æneid, Book 2, in the original or trans. by Mackail (Macmillan) or by Conington (Scott, Foresman) or by Jackson (Oxford Press). Compare Jebb's account of the Trojan Cycle in his *Greek Literature* (Literature Primers, American Book Co.). Report.

[12a. Paper applying the principles of Longinus to Pindar, *Odes,* trans. by Myers (Macmillan) or by Sandys (Loeb Classical Library), *Olym.* 1, 2, 3, 7; *Pyth.* 1, 3, 4, 10; *Nem.* 5, 10; *Isth.* 2, 7. Consult Gildersleeve's edition of the *Olympian and Pythian Odes* (Harper), Introduction, pp. vii–xlvi. Those who read French are referred to Croiset, *La Poésie de Pindare* (Hachette). (The work on Pindar is given or omitted according to the capacity and maturity, or the reverse, of the class.)]

13. Report on Haigh, *The Attic Theatre* (Oxford Press), 1907, pp. 1–17, 23–4, 30, 34–5, 39, 44, 49, 51, 53, 60–61, 65–6, 68–9, 72, 79, 179–180, 186, 195, 202–5, 209–10, 213, 215, 227, 238, 242–3, 245, 252–3, 268, 272, 285–6, 289, 291, 311–2, 317, 319, 323, 325, 338, 342–8. Consult *The Greek Genius and its Influence,* pp. 77–

84, especially 77, note 2, and Flickinger, *The Greek Theater and its Drama* (University of Chicago Press).

14. Paper on Æschylus, *Agamemnon,* trans. by Headlam (Bell) or by Plumptre (Heath) or by Swanwick (Bell). Refer, possibly with caution, to the edition by Verrall (Macmillan).

15. Paper on Æschylus, *Choephori,* trans. by Tucker (Camb. Univ. Press) or by Verrall (Macmillan), and *Eumenides,* trans. by Tucker (Macmillan) ; or use any one of the translations mentioned under No. 14.

16. Paper on Sophocles, *Electra,* trans. by Jebb.

17. Paper on Sophocles, *Œdipus Rex,* trans. by Jebb.

18. Paper on Euripides, *Iphigeneia in Tauris,* trans. by Murray (George Allen) or by Way (Macmillan) or by E. P. Coleridge (Bell). Note the references to Euripides, and to this tragedy, in the *Poetics* of Aristotle.

19. Read Croiset, *Abridged History of Greek Literature,* trans. by Heffelbower (Macmillan), pp. 229–264; paper on the *Birds* of Aristophanes, trans. by Rogers (Bell) or by Frere (World's Classics, Oxford Press).

20. Paper on Aristophanes, the *Frogs,* trans. by Rogers (Bell) or by Murray (George Allen). Refer to Cooper, *An Aristotelian Theory of Comedy* (forthcoming), and to Starkie's edition of the *Acharnians* (Macmillan), Introduction, pp. xxxviii–lxxiv. Optional: Meredith, *An Essay on Comedy,* ed. by Cooper (Scribner's Sons).

21. Read Duff, *A Literary History of Rome* (Fisher Unwin), pp. 156–201; refer to Aristotle and

Theophrastus on the Characters (see No. 8); paper on Plautus, *Trinummus,* trans. by Sibley (Syracuse, N. Y., 1895, C. C. De Puy) or by Riley (Bell) or by Nixon (Loeb Classical Library). Optional: consult Legrand, *The New Greek Comedy,* trans. by Loeb (Putnam's Sons).

22. Read Duff, pp. 203–219; paper on Terence, *Heauton Timorumenos,* trans. by Sargeaunt (Loeb Classical Library) or by Stock (Oxford, Blackwell). Optional: consult Bond, *Early Plays from the Italian* (Oxford Press).

23. Paper on Plato, *Phædrus,* trans. by Jowett (Oxford Press).

24. Paper on Plato, *Apology,* trans. by Jowett (Oxford Press); test the dialogue by Aristotelian principles as a work of the imagination, designed to produce an effect upon the emotions.

25. Paper or report on Plato, *Ion,* trans. by Jowett (Oxford Press); *Republic,* trans. by Davies and Vaughan (Macmillan) or by Jowett (Oxford Press), opening of Book 1, end of Book 2 and beginning of Book 3, beginning of Book 7, and Book 10.

26. Paper or report on Quintilian, *Education of an Orator,* trans. by Butler (Loeb Classical Library) or by Watson (Bell), Book 1, chap. 1, chap. 10. 9–26; Book 2, chap. 1, chap. 5. 5–8, chap. 19, chap. 20; Book 7, Introd.; Book 8, Introd. 1–22, chap. 1, chap. 2. 22–24, chap. 3. 1–11, chap. 5. 26–34, chap. 6. 1–23; Book 9, chap. 4. 1–14, 16, 19, 33–37, 45–78, 116–119; Book 10, chap. 1 (except 52–60, 62–64, 74–75, 87–92, 97–98, 101–104, 118–131), the rest of Book

10 (except chap. 6); Book 11, chap. 1. 1–9, chap. 2. 1–5; Book 12, chap. 1, chap. 2, chap. 3, chap. 4. Optional: compare Ben Jonson, *Discoveries,* ed. by Castelain (Hachette), pp. 81–116, and Milton, *Of Education,* ed. by Lockwood (Houghton Mifflin). (*Of Education,* ed. by Oliver M. Ainsworth, in preparation.)

27. Paper on Horace, *Ars Poetica,* trans. by Howes, in Cook, *The Art of Poetry* (Ginn), or by Conington (Bell).

28. Paper on Seneca, *The Daughters of Troy,* trans. by Harris (Oxford Press). Consult Osgood in *American Journal of Philology* 26. 343, and *Cambridge History of English Literature,* Volume 5, Index, s. v. 'Seneca.' Optional: consult Cunliffe, *Early English Classical Tragedies* (Oxford Press).

29. Paper or report on Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* trans. by Golding, in *Shakespeare's Ovid,* ed. by Rouse (King's Library, De La More Press), or trans. by Riley (Bell), Books 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, and in Book 4 the story of Pyramus and Thisbe. Optional: compare Hawthorne, *The Snow Image* and *Feathertop;* Ruskin, *The King of the Golden River,* chap. 2; Shakespeare, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream;* Thackeray, *The Rose and the Ring.* Suggestion for a paper: the relation of the 'metamorphosis' to the Aristotelian 'discovery.'

30. Paper or report on Root, *Classical Mythology in Shakespeare* (Yale University Press). Consult Anders, *Shakespeare's Books* (Berlin, Reimer, 1904). Optional: consult Tucker, *The Foreign Debt of English Literature* (Bell).

31. Paper on Osgood, *The Classical Mythology of Milton's English Poems* (Yale University Press).

32. Study Milton, *Paradise Lost,* Books 1 and 2, ed. by Cook (Boston, Sibley). Study Preface, Introduction, and Notes to Book 1, lines 1–49, in this edition, and otherwise read as much as possible of the poem. No paper or report.

[32a. No. 32 may be divided into halves, if the schedule permits, and then the intensive study of a few lines at the beginning of the poem will constitute the final task for the year. At the last meeting of the class, the students are advised to read further in Milton during the summer.]

I shall not attempt to defend particular choices in respect to the masterpieces read, or the books used, or the order of the assigned tasks. The selection of the parts and the order of the whole have been modified, though not essentially, in the lapse of years, and may be said to represent the best I can devise in view of the accessible means, and the kind of student to be dealt with. I have a firm belief in the efficacy of the course. A somewhat detailed account of it has been given, because frequent inquiries are made concerning it, because there would be no great difficulty in adapting it to conditions in other institutions, and because, in my opinion, too much, relatively, is said and printed on the ways in which teaching should be done, and too little on the actual working out of courses in which theory and practice are combined, and which have lived long enough to justify their existence.

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[The names of authors and titles of books listed on pp. 300–307 of the Appendix are here omitted, together with a few names and titles, mentioned only for precision of reference, in the footnotes at the beginning of each article in this volume and in a few other footnotes.]

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